

For the Love of Manhunt

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For the Love of Manhunt

by [Toasted_Poison](#)

Summary

Sapnap's character had come to an abrupt stop, switching from his axe to a pork chop.

"I'm out of stamina!" He complained.

"As usual." Dream teased.

"What the fuck's that supposed to mean?"

or Dream is a competitive asshole and swears he can last longer than his friends, and no, we're not talking about the manhunt.

Notes

Disclaimers!!!!

- Do not share this content with any of the CC's involved, if it does happen this fic will be deleted immediately.

- All CC's mentioned they are comfortable with explicit fan fiction being written about them (to my knowledge) if that happens to change or I am told otherwise, the fic will be deleted.

- Please be respectful in the comments, I haven't posted my works in a long time so it may be a bit rough.

-ALSO I MADE A TWITTER!!!

<https://twitter.com/ToastedPoison>

You can follow me or whatever!! :D

The Competition

Dream's nimble fingers danced over his keyboard as his green eyes focused on the game ahead. His green blob of a Minecraft character ran across the sand biome as three hunters were right on his tail. Through his large headphones he heard the quick clicking of George's keyboard and mouse as Karl tried his hardest to entertain the audience that would soon be watching this video on YouTube within the next month; if Dream could compel himself to edit it in such a timely manner. The smack of the damage sound made him jump back into the conversation again. Sapnap had hit him in-game for the first time during this recording.

"Fuck you!" Dream shouted, speed-bridging across a deep ravine.

"Get him, Sapnap!" Karl shouted as Dream changed the camera angle to face backward.

Allowing him to stare at the three other characters in the realm he watched Sapnap's character come to an abrupt stop, switching from his axe to a porkchop. The distant sounds of chewing coming from the character.

"I'm out of stamina!" He complained.

"As usual." Dream teased.

"What the fuck's that supposed to mean?"

Dream was competitive to say the least, everyone knew that. He had no shame when it came to winning. A little smack talk never hurt anyone, and friendly banter would make for a great video!

"Means you can't last long," George added onto the teasing causing Sapnap to angrily question where his loyalties lie, "You asked!"

Dream loved these conversations with his friends, was it weird? Yes, but he longed for them. Small arguments at odd hours of the night that wouldn't mean anything the next morning. Little secrets and whispers from his friends that, in the moment Dream hadn't even heard, but he got to relive when he edited.

"I can last long!" Sapnap complained quietly.

Sapnap was almost as competitive as Dream, George could feel where this was going.

"Now, now boys, you're both pretty," Karl's character stopped moving as well, but he wasn't filling up on food in game, no.

Dream knew the man had removed his hand from his mouse to cover his mouth to suppress his giggles in real life. He felt his proudest when his friends laughed at his jokes, whether those jokes were at his expense or not. Dream took pride in hearing the contagious giggle of Karl or the screaming laugh of Sapnap. Even George's breathy laughs made Dream's heart skip in his chest and fill with pride, he loved his friends just as much as the next guy.

"I can last way longer than all of you," Sapnap defended, picking up the mouse again and racing to beat Dream with his iron axe.

"I'd love to see that," Karl scoffed and Dream's ears burned with excitement.

“Why do I feel this isn’t about Minecraft anymore, Karl,” Dream laughed as he bridged over yet another ravine.

“Shut up! I’m joking! There’s no way this is making it into the final video,” Karl giggled.

“Should just throw out the whole recording,” Everyone could feel George’s frustration, “I did not stay up until 4am to listen to you idiots cry about who can last longer wanking.”

“We never said it was wanking,” Sapnap mocked the Brit’s accent.

“Yeah, George,” It was Dream’s turn to tease, “God, you freak, want to have a jerk off competition or something? See who out of the four of us could last the longest?”

“Don’t suggest that,” Dream was unsure if George’s mic cut out or his breath genuinely hitched as he said the statement out loud.

“You don’t sound too opposed there,” He pressed further, “Georgie wants a cum contest, winner gets bragging rights and 100 gifted subs from the first to cum, 50 from the second, 20 from the third.”

The joke was *very* funny to Dream. He turned his attention back to the game as a thick tension filled the call. It was eerily quiet, he missed Karl’s quiet giggling or George’s frustrated huffing with every swing of his axe he missed.

“Okay, fine, I took it too far,” Dream said, “Can we please talk again?”

Dream’s mouth was getting dry as he waited in silence for his friends to speak up again.

“100 gifted?” Sapnap asked and Dream laughed a little too loudly into his mic.

“A lot of money you’d be losing, Dream,” George huffed.

“Scared you’ll lose?” Karl’s participation in the conversation startled Dream the most.

He had known George and Sapnap for years before this, but he only met Karl last year, his willingness to add to their banter made his heart swell. They’ve joked about this before, but never to this extent, never to the place where Dream actually pictured it now.

Everyone’s cameras on, sitting in a discord call with the Minecraft title screen still playing in the background. Dream knew how to perfectly angle his webcam where it cut off right under his chin. He could picture the four different videos on his monitor. Starting with his own then Sapnap, glowing in only the light of his computer. If you looked hard enough you could see the wrongly placed Texan flag on his wall behind his smug smiling face. Karl, room dark with just a bedside table lamp to light up his features and the permanent look of innocence plastered on his face, but it was all a hoax, he wasn’t as innocent as he made himself out to be. Then there’s George. The bright light of the room reflecting back on his pale skin, eyes dark and lustful as he kept his eyes to the camera instead of the video chats below on his monitor.

Dream shook his head, his mind running rampant.

“I will not lose,” George said pointedly.

“I think Dream will be out first,” Karl uttered.

They were talking about him like he wasn’t even in the call, like he wasn’t the one to suggest this

in the first place.

“What makes you say that, Karl?” Dream asked, his mouth moving before his brain could even process what he was saying.

“Well, you’re the only one attracted to men,” Karl said, “Won’t seeing us jerk off help you cum?”

Dream was fucked.

“No, because I’m not attracted to any of you,” He sneered.

That was a lie.

“Why are we actually talking about this like it’s going to happen? Shut up.” George complained.

Another smack sound came from the video game. George had found Dream in-game, hitting him with the axe and killing him instantly.

< Dream was slain by Georgenotfound.

< Dream has left the game.

“Dream!” George groaned and glanced at his other monitor, Dream’s camera was on, “What are you doing?”

The camera angle didn’t reveal too much to the other three. Dream was sat in his desk chair, wearing one of George’s merch hoodies in George’s favorite color, light blue. It didn’t show above his lips, but it still showed some part of his face. His full and pink lips, he had been chewing on them out of nerves and it was noticeable, or maybe just to him.

“Getting ready to brag to all of you that I have the best stamina,” Dream smirked, licking his raw lips, he knows they were watching his every move. But the silence was almost deafening, not even a quiet breath through the mic. “*Oh come on now*, what’s a little friendly competition between friends? And honestly George, when was the last time you even got off? You seem so tense.”

George only answered with an annoyed scoff on the other end of the call.

“We really doing this?” Sapnap’s camera turned on next.

Dream jumped slightly, seeing his best friend already shirtless.

“Where is your shirt?” George ridiculed.

“Don’t wanna get cum on it,” Sapnap answered, “Idiot.”

“Isn’t the goal not to cum?” George didn’t sound as annoyed as he did before.

Was he warming up to the idea? Dream wondered, did he feel pressured to do this?

“No, the goal is to cum last.”

Karl’s camera turned on next, he was drowning in a large sweater fit for a husky old man, with his hair sweeping over his face almost covering his eyes. He looked so tired but willing, Dream couldn’t help but stare in awe at the older man.

“Hope this puts me to sleep,” Karl glanced to the clock in the bottom corner of his monitor, only

slightly joking, "Haven't slept in days."

"Jesus fucking Christ," George's voice pierced Dream's ears as his camera finally turned on.

"Hi George," Dream breathed out slowly, he was wearing the oversized black hoodie Dream had sent him with his stupid smile logo plastered on the front of it.

The same hoodie Dream had so many secret pictures of him in and soon it would be covered in his cum. A shiver ran down Dream's spine at the thought, he swallowed thickly as he carefully thought his next sentence through.

"Should we have rules?" Dream asked.

"Well, first," Karl spoke up, the sleeves of his sweater falling over to cover his hands as he spoke, "Is everyone okay with this?"

"More than, I want those gifted subs," Sapnap laughed.

"George? Dream?"

"I'm the one that came up with it, aren't I?" Dream shrugged, angling his camera down a bit further to now get from his neck down.

A pregnant silence plagued the call as the three awaiting men looked to George. George was sat in his desk chair, hands in his lap, looking over at the monitor. Dream would never want his friend to feel uncomfortable, the more they waited for George the more Dream regretted even turning his camera on.

"Yeah," George nodded, "Need to have a proper wank anyway, been ages."

"The goal is not to cum," Sapnap echoed George's initial reaction to all of this.

"No, to last the longest," Karl giggle filled the call and Dream let out a breath he didn't even realize he was holding.

"The rules," George reminded the others, "What are the rules, *there has to be rules.*"

"We all start at the same time. Don't stop, can't stop until you're finished, if you lose you lose," Dream explained, "If you stop you're out. Can't turn off your camera or mic at any point."

Three heads nodded as he stuttered through the only three rules he could think of. Silence filled the call again as Dream tried thinking of more rules. He shrugged, shaking his head as if to say 'I got nothing else to add' but then remembered his face was cut out of frame.

"I've got nothing else."

"Okay let's start then," Sapnap said excitedly, toying with the elastic of his sweatpants.

Dream was at a disadvantage here, he knew that as soon as Karl brought it up. He was bisexual, proudly out to his friends, but not the fans, no not yet. He was nervous sitting in the chat with 3 gorgeous men and their bare cocks out to him. Not only 3 gorgeous men, his three closest friends. But he was also at a great advantage as well, being able to make any face of pleasure and not to be seen, he could stare at Sapnap's blushing chest, George's lips, Karl's hands, anything. He could stare at any of them the entire time if he wanted.

"We're just doing this?" George nervously adjusted himself in his seat as Sapnap pulled his sweats

clean off, leaving him only in a pair of black boxer briefs.

They hugged his thighs so nicely, Dream thought to himself. Dark fabric against the pale flesh of his thighs, Dream licked his lips and looked over to George who was now sitting bottomless on his gamer chair. The Dream hoodie covering his bottom half perfectly, ready to lift it when the game started. Karl on the other hand was nervously curled into himself, stroking the sleeve of his sweater between his fingers.

“Ready, Karl?” Dream leaned into his microphone watching the man look up to the monitor.

“Y-yeah,” Karl swallowed and unbuttoned his jeans, palming himself subconsciously through his now exposed underwear, “Should we start?”

A shiver ran through Dream. Watching the older man shimmy out of his jeans and slowly pulling at the elastic of his briefs. Dream so badly wanted to speak, to tease him, say something, *anything*. He stayed silent.

“Go!” Sappnap said excitedly, pulling down his underwear without a second thought, the others following not too far behind.

Dream’s eyes went directly to Sappnap’s video, watching the youngest of the group wrap a hand around his flaccid penis. *Fuck* none of them were hard like Dream was; he was so worried someone was going to notice as he was pulling down his pants and gripping his cock at the base, stroking it slowly. His eyes ripped away from Sappnap’s unusually fast pace, this was a competition after all. If Dream thought he was going slow, Karl gave him a run for his money. Karl was slow on the upstroke, running a quick thumb over the head, but maybe Dream was wrong after all, because it seemed as though Karl was at least half hard.

His eyes dragged over to George’s camera, he was looking down, obviously embarrassed to be doing this, but so involved anyway.

“George,” Dream didn’t mean to say anything over the panting breaths of his mates.

Fuck.

George’s head snapped up, Dream was guessing his eyes were on him now and Dream’s breath caught in his throat. Oh god, he was looking at Dream’s dick, in his hands, his very hard dick.

“What, Dream?” George’s face was painted red with something Dream could only assume was embarrassment.

“You look like you don’t want to be here,” Dream choked on his dry laugh, razors scratching his throat at the awkward wheeze coming from his diaphragm.

“I just want to win,” George smiled quickly, eyes still glued to Dream’s video.

“Okay,” Dream threw his head back as he accidentally quickened his pace, “Fuck.”

“Dream, you’re so loud,” Sappnap complained, “Shut up.”

“Sorry – I –” He cut himself off as he felt the familiar feeling building in his gut.

No, no, not now!

Dream looked to the clock on his monitor, they’ve only been at it for 2 minutes. Dream’s eyes

dragged over to his friends again, the three of them fully hard now, just as hard as Dream. He looked to Karl first, he stayed quiet as soon as this started, only little whimpers or quick breaths filling headphones. Dream wanted so desperately to speak to him, push him over the edge, just to spite the fact he thought Dream would lose.

“You okay Karl?” Dream faltered, Sapnap spoke up before Dream could even process what was going on.

“Shut up,” Karl said breathily, “Shut up, Sapnap.”

“You look close,” Sapnap smirked, competitive prick.

“M’not,” Karl mumbled, pushing his hair from his face with his free hand, his dominant hand still slowly stroking himself, no one has stopped yet, faltered maybe, but not full on stopped.

“I think you are,” Sapnap leaned into his microphone, squeezing slightly at the head of his cock, “Come on, Karl.”

“Why don’t you bother Dream,” Karl sunk his teeth into his bottom lip so hard, Dream swore it was going to bleed, “Please.”

Karl’s begging went straight to Dream’s dick. He choked back a moan, squeezing his eyes shut as he slowed his hand.

“Oh Dream,” sung Sapnap, “Gonna cum? Karl begging make you lose it?”

“Nah,” Dream sounded a lot more collected then Karl, “Not even close.”

Karl choked on a whine, throwing his head back as he went even slower than before, “This isn’t fair, it’s been a while since I’ve –“

“Shut up,” George grumbled, Dream turned all of his attention to him.

“Gonna cum George?” Dream teased and George gasped, his head thrown back and eyes squeezed shut, *fuck*.

Fuck. Dream was making him feel like this? Dream glanced down at George’s cock, red and angry at the head, precum beading at the top, some of it spilling over to his fist, fuck was he as close as Dream was?

“Damn, George,” Dream stated again, “You really are gonna cum.”

“No,” George’s hand slowed but didn’t stop.

“Come on, gonna be a good boy and cum for us?” Dream breathed out a soft laugh to make it seem playful, but *god* Dream was so turned on.

“Fuck! Fuck you,” The voice cried out, it definitely wasn’t George’s.

All eyes snapped to Karl who was now covering his sweater in strips of cum. He gasped as he thrust into his fist to help him get through his climax. Now he was vocal, a broken moan falling between red bitten lips, ending with a small whimper that made Dream almost cum.

“Holy fuck, Karl,” Sapnap choked out, squeezing the head of his dick, but continuing to stroke himself.

“Fuck you guys,” Karl looked down at himself, wiping his hand on his now soiled sweater, his face red with embarrassment.

“Who would’ve thought you were into that?” Dream laughed, trying so hard not to think about running his tongue through the mess now sinking into the fabric of Karl’s sweater.

“I – I – shut up,” Karl reached over to grab something, pulling a box of tissues into frame to clean himself up, “Well Dream, if you want to play dirty, I can too.”

“Karl don’t,” Dream warned, stern voice causing someone to whimper quietly in their mic.

George.

Dream turned to him, watching him writhe in his chair, one hand stroking himself as the other lingered on his upper thigh, fingers shaking to be closer to somewhere else.

Did he want to –

No, Dream.

“What’re you gonna do about it?” Karl teased Dream, right, Dream completely forgot he was arguing with him.

“Don’t be a – *a brat*, Karl, you already lost,” Sapnap gasped, hips stuttering upwards into his fist.

Karl moaned jokingly, close to the mic, “Mmm say it again, Sapnap.”

“Fuck,” Sapnap fell back in his chair, “Karl you absolute *brat*.”

Karl giggled, wiggling in his chair as he uncomfortably pulled his underwear back up, his jeans taking permeance on his floor, “Gonna cum George?”

“Can we please not talk to me?” George had his arm covering his face, the sleeve of his hoodie slipped down to his hand getting dirtied with precum.

“What’s wrong, Georgie?” Dream glanced at him, “Gonna cum?”

“Yes,” He cried out, “Yeah.”

“God,” Sapnap cleared his throat, “Maybe we *should* just shut up.”

“Gonna cum, Sap?” Dream laughed, “Told you I have the best stamina, just cum and get this over with.”

“Didn’t win yet, daddy,” Karl teased in a high pitched moan and Dream’s eyes widened, the feeling building in his stomach again.

He didn’t even *like* the nickname, it usually turned him off when his past partners called him that, but hearing the word tumble from Karl’s lips made him change his mind entirely. His pace quickened on himself, head leaking with the need to cum.

“Oh my god, you don’t actually like that, Dream!” George laughed, red face uncovered now.

How did he know? George can’t even see his face!

“How did you –“

“You –“ George held back a subtle moan, “Never mind.”

“No, tell him Georgie,” Sapnap smirked, leaning close to his microphone.

“Yeah, tell daddy.” Karl giggled and George licked his lips.

“You – you’re –” George choked, “You’re so *red*.”

“George, stop,” Dream gasped, he *could not* finish second to last, he needed to win.

George noticed the squeeze of Dream’s hand on himself, the oldest man bit his lip hard.

“You want me so bad, don’t you?” George asked and Dream’s mouth fell open, nothing coming out of course, his breath was gone.

Dream glanced to Sapnap who squeezed his eyes shut and threw his head back. Dream turned a laser focus to George, watching his confidence grow.

“George,” Sapnap gasped, “Fuck.”

Where is this side of George coming from? Before he knew it, Dream was covering his fist in cum, spilling onto the blue hoodie with George’s name on it.

“Fuck!” He slammed his fist on the table.

“I win.” George smiled pulling his hand off of his achingly hard dick, and now Dream’s eyes landed on Sapnap and his cum covered belly.

“Fucking how?!” Dream yelled and George reached out to turn his camera off, “No wait, finish.”

“What?” He pulled his hand away from his mouse.

“Finish yourself off.”

“Dream,” George said in a nervous, yet warning tone.

“Come on, you got to see us,” Sapnap spoke up, now fully cleaned off, “M’sure Karl’s already getting hard again.”

He laughed loudly as Karl rolled his eyes, “Shut up, nimrod.”

“Such a sore loser,” Sapnap continued laughing.

“Would it make it better if we turned off our cameras?”

“No,” George whispered, reaching to touch himself again, “No, that’d just make it weird.”

“So finish,” Dream crossed his arms, cock still out.

George let out a harsh breath, leaning back in his chair and gripping himself again.

“Anything we can do to help?” Karl asked and George rolled his eyes as a blush crept up to his face.

“Shut up,” George stated.

“Okay,” Sapnap continued to watch.

“You close yet, George?” Karl licked his lips.

“He said shut up, Karl,” Sapnap frowned and George groaned.

“I hate this, I can’t get off to you two arguing.”

“Will fingering yourself help?” Dream asked, licking his lips and adjusting his camera to show his mouth again.

George choked as Dream watched both Karl’s and Sapnap’s eyes shift to look at George’s video. George let out a desperate whimper and Dream knew he got him.

“I saw you before George, fighting not to touch there,” Dream spoke with such a deep and soothing lull to his voice, “Go ahead, put a finger in.”

“I don’t have lube,” George complained, “I –“ He looked frantically around his desk.

“Put your finger in your mouth then, get it wet,” Sapnap spoke next, Karl whimpering quietly to himself thinking nobody heard him.

George quickly brought his finger between his lips, circling his tongue around the tip of his finger, coating it in saliva. He moaned around the digit as he drawled it out of his mouth and began circling his hole.

“Fuck, George,” Dream breathed down his mic and George threw his head back as he inserted the finger in himself.

Dream’s eyes burned holes into his monitor, watching George’s every move. His trembling hand quickly stroking himself closer to the edge as his finger hooked inside of him hitting the spot he needed to be touched most.

“Oh my god,” George cried out, hips thrusting in the air, “M’so close.”

“You’re doing so good George,” Dream spoke up glancing over to a very flushed Karl sitting there watching, palming himself over his pants, “You okay, Karl?”

Karl looked up, eyes wide and pleading, Dream had all the power right now, he realized. He licked his lips as George moaned again begging for the attention to be back on him.

“What’s wrong George?” Sapnap laughed and George whined again, “Want all the attention on you, huh?”

“Yes,” George choked out, eyes squeezed shut as he coated the bottom half of his hoodie with cum, “FUCK!”

Silence filled the call, Karl’s camera was first to turn off. Then George quickly jumped to disappear, Sapnap and Dream followed shortly after.

“That was kinda gay,” Dream laughed into the mic, “Good job, George.”

“Shut up, Dream, please,” He was out of breath, embarrassment prominent in his tone.

“Gifting your stupid 100 subs now,” Karl grumbled.

“I’ll do it in the morning, Georgie, I’m tired.”

Dream looked down at himself, mess still present as ever in his lap. He cringed at the thought of standing up and waddling to the bathroom between his bedroom and office.

“This was fun,” George finally spoke up, sounding less embarrassed as before, “I bet I could win again.”

“Right now?” Karl asked nervously.

“No, god of course not,” George rejected the idea quick.

Dream licked his lips at the thought, the things he knows now to get the others out. He could totally win! He’s a self-proclaimed competitive asshole, he had the next round in the bag! Dream didn’t even think as he leaned into his mic, his hand hovering over the ‘leave call’ button.

“Clear your schedules soon boys, next round is in person.”

The chime of the Discord disconnect sound played loudly through their headphones.

First in Flight

Chapter Summary

“Why make that a rule? M’not gonna touch anyone’s dick,” Sapnap laughed winking at Dream, “Unless that was a rule for just you.”

It was.

“It wasn’t! It was mainly for Karl, he’s a very touchy person, I don’t need anyone touching me when I jerk off.” Dream laughed as the others joined him, calming his nerves slightly.

or Circle Jerk IRL! Who's gonna win this time around?

Chapter Notes

- Yes the title chapter plays off of the North Carolina license plates on purpose
- Sorry this is so long, I really wanted to focus on the way each of them interact with Dream separately but I didn’t want to deprive you lot of the long awaited smut so I had to cram it all into one.

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

Dream was so thankful nothing was weird after their competition, they finished the Manhunt the following day with complete normalcy, they even picked a day to come visit Dream. Karl booked his flight first, a flight landing at 2:05 pm, George found the first red-eye he could find, his plane only landing 40 minutes after Karl, and of course, Sapnap wanted to drive, ready to stay for more than just the week.

The day before the big day, Dream spent the day panic-cleaning his house for 6 hours straight. Patches rubbing up against his face once he collapsed onto his living room floor after throwing the overused broom across it. He gently blew her soft fur from under his nose as she rolled onto her back in front of his face.

“Hello sweetie,” He rubbed her exposed belly, “Ready for our guests?”

She purred loudly at his caresses, closing her eyes and rubbing her head into the floor below. Dream sighed, hiding his face in her side with panic sat low in his gut. When his friends got here, would they expect something from him? Would they continue the dumb competition the day they got there? Would they tell the fans?

Not of the competition, of course, Dream isn’t that stupid.

Well –

No, he won’t tell a soul of what happens between the four. He needed to change the rules a bit, immediately, they *were landing* tomorrow afternoon. He sat up – Patches flipping onto her feet and sprinting away from his sudden movements.

“Sorry!” He called after the nervous cat and pulled out his phone to open his notes app.

RULES

1. No stopping, stopping results in disqualification
2. No

Dream was at a loss now, three rules have now become one all because they would be in person. He stared intently at his phone, should he make the rule of no touching? Realistically the only person who would really want to touch the others was Dream himself. A shiver ran down his spine at the consideration. He looked over to his couch, he could picture it now.

Dream sitting to the left of the sectional, shirt pushed up to avoid any collateral damage, and to his right George, practically begging for Dream to touch him. His leg hooked over the arm of the chair he was sitting in to have better access to his –

He had to snap himself out of this, he was getting distracted. He looked down at his phone, stroking his chin watching the time tick on, 3:07 am. Sapnap planned to leave at midnight in hopes of getting to Dream by 1 pm to take the trip with him to the airport, so he probably already left his house. Dream jumped up from his comfy spot on the hardwood floor and called Karl, the only one not yet in pursuit to Dream’s home. The older man answered almost immediately. Karl looked lovely tonight, wrapped up in a black sweatshirt hiding the bottom half of his face, sitting at his desk.

“Karl go to bed, you have a plane to catch.”

“Make me,” Karl smirked and Dream rolled his eyes but then remembered Karl couldn’t see him, his face just out of frame.

“What can I do to get you to go to bed?” Dream almost tripped over Patches as he walked to his bedroom.

“Tell me a story,” Karl stood from his chair, leaving his office hopefully heading to bed as well.

Dream threw his phone face down on his mattress, diving into his bed and pulling the phone up to show only his bare chest. He watched Karl subconsciously lick his lips also flopping into his bed. Dream recalled a story from his childhood, anything to get Karl to go to sleep at a somewhat decent hour. The story dragged on, Dream’s phone slipping out of his hands often.

“You know, it’d be a lot easier to hold your phone if you weren’t so worried about hiding your face from me,” Karl yawned into his fist.

“Shut up and let me finish my story,” Dream interjected.

Karl groaned, “Screw your story, show me your face, and then I’ll sleep, I promise.”

Dream laughed, his tired voice getting gravely as sleep crept through his body. Clawing at his throat forcing a yawn out of him. Karl followed suit with a mocking yawn, pushing his hair from his face and getting into a more comfortable position in his bed.

“Come on! Sapnap knows what you look like, I bet George does too!”

“George doesn’t,” was the only thing Dream could fire back.

“Dream please, we’re seeing each other tomorrow,” Karl begged, hiding half of his face in his

pillow, words being muffled by the memory foam, “What’re you gonna wear a mask for the entire week?”

“And what if I do?” Dream smirked to himself.

Words spoken with hidden flirtatious undertones he hoped Karl would pick up on.

“Then I won’t do the competition,” Karl grinned, satisfied with his half-assed answer.

Although there was no obvious truth behind his statement Dream faltered a bit, the sentence cracking his confidence bubble slightly.

“You would never, you liked it way too much.” Dream shot back, a question sitting on the back of his tongue, crawling its way between his lips, “Do you act like this with Sapnap and George too?”

“Act like what?” Karl pulled his bottom lip between his teeth, biting down so harshly his lip turned white from the pressure.

“Like a *brat*,” The word was heavy, just as heavy as it felt on his tongue, wading the waters of flirtation.

Dream almost missed Karl’s eyes fluttering closed at the word, but Karl recovered quickly with a giggle and a roll of his eyes. He ended the FaceTime call abruptly. Dream’s face fell, *he ruined it*. He desperately struggled to find Karl’s contact again, clicking the FaceTime button as soon as his eyes caught it. This time his face in full frame of the camera, Karl’s hesitation to answer gave Dream just enough time to actually look at himself. He will admit, he looked a mess, he needed a haircut in the morning before Sapnap got here. His unkempt dark blond locks obviously unbrushed, the hair long enough to almost reach his green eyes. Sclera’s red from staring at a computer screen for hours on end. Cheeks and nose splattered with dark freckles and a slight sunburn from his yard work yesterday.

Karl’s eyes were wide and grey when he answered the call. His hair was just as messy as Dreams, falling over his eyes. The sleepy look suited him, but the look was gone now, replaced with an expression of shock and awe temporarily on his face as he stared at the faceless man he had befriended a year ago.

“D-Dream,” Karl frowned and Dream shrugged in response, “You didn’t have to –“

“Shut up Karl,” Dream smiled now, turning in his bed comfortably and staring at the shaggy-haired man, “Like what you see?”

“You’re so – *so pretty*,” Karl almost whispered, nervous fingers running across his pouted bottom lip as he continued to stare into the green eyes through the screen.

“You too, Karl,” Dream beamed, “Now go to sleep!”

“Yes, Daddy Dream,” Karl yawned yet again and Dream rolled his eyes hoping the sunburn across his face would mask his blush.

“Stop calling me that,” Dream groaned.

Karl ended the call and Dream turned onto his stomach and fell asleep.

—

After a much-needed trim Dream pulled his ringing phone from his pocket as he hopped into his car to head to the airport. Sapnap's name graced his screen for the first time since yesterday.

"Hey man, where —"

"Dream, I overslept," Sapnap complained, "I'm sorry man, maps says I'll get there at 3."

Dream's world stopped; he wouldn't have his best friend, *his comfort*, with him when he met Karl and George for the first time.

"Sapnap," Dream groaned.

"I'm sorry, are you mad?"

Dream didn't respond.

"Okay fine, be mad, but at least I'll be there," Sapnap scoffed.

"I could choke you," Dream groaned, connecting the iPhone to his car to hear Sapnap's voice flow through his speakers like his favorite song.

"Oh! You promise?" Sapnap laughed and of course Dream couldn't help but join the laughter, "Three o'clock Dream, no later."

"I know," Dream sighed, leaning his forehead on his steering wheel.

"I know you're nervous, keep me on speakerphone if you need to when they land. Karl's a nervous wreck, spoke to him this morning."

"You're his comfort person too?" Dream laughed, "You ruin everything."

"It's weird to think we're all coming over just to jerk off." Sapnap changed the subject.

"Don't bring that up, we're doing this for work too."

Dream could try to convince himself all he wants that they were there to work, but he hasn't been able to get the thought of his hands squeezing Sapnap's thighs out of his head since he first saw the pale flesh under black boxer-brief material.

"Dream?"

Dream blinked, lifting his head from the steering wheel and glancing at the clock on his stereo system, 12:56 pm.

"Sorry I was —"

"Distracted by the thought of George sucking your dick?"

Oh!

Now that's something that hasn't come across Dream's mind yet.

"No!" Dream pulled his phone from his pocket, pulling up the notes app once again.

RULES

1. No stopping, stopping results in disqualification
2. No touching each other

“I’ll call you when I’m at the airport, Sap,” Dream needed time to himself.

“Got it.”

“Love you,” Dream hovered his thumb over the red phone button on his steering wheel indicating the call to end.

“Love you too, 2 more hours.”

Dream was so thankful for his friend's comforting words. The words wrapped his heart in a warm hug, calming the fast rhythm. He typed the address of the airport into his maps app and stared at his estimated time of arrival. 2:10 pm, 5 minutes after Karl’s plane lands.

—

Everybody knew what Karl looked like, he wouldn’t be hard to pick out at the disgustingly crowded airport. He would be the only one in an obscenely heavy sweater in 98-degree weather and long locks covering the top portion of his head. Dream was pleasantly surprised to see a slightly above-average height man pulling at his passenger door handle. He jumped as the tugging continued and Dream unlocked the doors quickly, watching as Karl opened the door and slid in the passenger’s seat with ease.

“Don’t you have bags?” Dream laughed as Karl opened his arms to hug him.

“Wanted to hug you first,” Karl leered, pressing his face to Dream’s neck as they embraced.

Yeah, Dream’s glad he put a no touching rule on the list. He was now very aware of his hands, clutching to the fabric of the thin black t-shirt. Karl smelt so delightful for just being on a packed plane for 2 hours, Dream’s hands crept up from the center of Karl’s spine to the base of his neck, squeezing faintly as Karl pulled away from the hug.

“Okay, now I’ll get my bags.”

Dream breathed harshly, opening his door but being stopped by his seatbelt before he could get out.

“Nimrod,” Karl laughed, snaking his hand between Dream and the center console to press the red button releasing his seatbelt.

Dream shook his head and laughed, throwing the seatbelt off him and following Karl to his waiting bags. It wasn’t much, just a large rolling suitcase and a backpack.

“Planning on staying a while?” He laughed throwing the large bag into the trunk with ease.

“If you’ll let me,” Karl batted his eyelashes, Dream knew he was teasing but he would love for the three of them to take permanent residence in his large empty home.

“Fuck off,” Dream slammed the trunk closed, “We can get food before George’s plane lands, there’s a –“

Karl was already nodding, and Dream couldn’t help but notice how he was watching Dream’s hands intently as they typed a restaurant into maps.

“Are you nervous it’s just you and I?” Dream asked and Karl’s eyes raked up Dream’s arms, stare lingering on his neck for a few solid moments before looking into his eyes.

“Yes.”

“I was too, but don’t worry,” He pat Karl’s shoulder, “George’ll be here soon and we both know he’s going to be way more nervous than both of us combined.”

“That makes me feel better,” Karl crossed the seatbelt over his body happily.

Dream fought the urge to call him a brat. Speeding out of the chaotic airport only to be back in less than 40 minutes. Lunch was quiet, Karl just getting whatever Dream ordered and focusing sleepily on the food in front of him. Dream wanted so badly to question him, why was he so sleepy if he fell asleep the same time Dream did? But he knew lunch wasn’t the place for it, he paid the bill for the two of them and Karl took the to-go boxes from Dream’s hands, holding them on his lap in the passenger’s seat.

Dream questioned him as soon as they ended up in almost the exact same spot Dream was in 40 minutes ago and finally pulled the confession from Karl.

“I didn’t sleep last night, Sapnap called me and wanted me to keep him awake until he found a place to stop to get coffee,” Karl yawned.

“Fucking Sapnap,” Dream laughed, “He left late.”

“Yeah, he called me worried at like 5 am,” Karl explained further, “He was so scared you’d be mad at him.”

“I spoke to him, we’re fine, although I’m going to put him in a headlock when I see him,” Dream laughed and turned his entire body in his seat to look at Karl, “Hop in the back and go to sleep, George hasn’t even texted that he landed yet.”

Karl took an immediate interest in the idea, not even bothering to leave the car, just climbing over the center console, his ass fully in Dream’s line of sight. It took everything in the younger man not to reach out and *squeeze*.

Control yourself, Dream.

“You good?” Dream turned and watched Karl rummage around the small pile of clothes in Dream’s backseat.

Karl hummed in response as he pulled up an old prototype for a hoodie he had lying on the floor. He stared as Karl pulled the large rainbow smile hoodie over his head and hugged the pink material to his face.

“Night, Karl,” He reached back and pat Karl’s thigh.

His phone pinged with a text from George.

< *How do I get out of this airport?*

< *I'm lost*

< *Dream help*

< *Dream*

Dream's phone began to ring so Dream stepped out of the car to take the call and let Karl sleep.

"Dream!" George shouted through the speakers of Dream's phone, "How do I get out of here?"

Dream could only laugh at his friend's confusion, he could tell how lost George was just by the pleading tone of his voice.

"Follow the signs idiot," Dream wheezed, arm wrapping around his stomach as he did so.

He listened to George's complaints as he squinted at the sun, then peered into the tinted windows of his car, making sure Karl was comfortably asleep in the back seat, he was.

"*Dream*," George whined, "it's so confusing in here, and I just got off a 12-hour flight, come and find me!"

"I can't," Dream's eyes remained on Karl for almost too long, he stood straight and turned his focus back onto the building, "Karl's asleep in the backseat and my car is running so he doesn't melt in this heat, also I don't even think I'm allowed to be parked here."

He heard George grumble in response, mumbling words to himself as he read the signs out loud to himself. After minutes of George mumbling to himself, Dream was getting tired of standing in the hot sun.

"Can you get out of there already? Sapnap's probably already at my house and he can't get in without a key and –"

"He knows about the key under the third rock by the porch steps," George explained. Dream could hear the squeak of the rotation doors to the entranceway through his speaker. George was close to getting out, "Is that you?"

Dream looked up from his focus on the concrete below him, glancing around the crowd of people rushing in and out of the airport. His sight focusing strictly on the rotating doors.

"What're you wearing?" Dream cleared his throat, trying a little too hard to not sound too nervous.

"Wouldn't you like to know, Dream?" He heard George's voice a lot more clearly this time, it wasn't coming from the phone, it was coming from the short man standing a few feet in front of him.

"George!" Dream breathed out his name like it was punched out of him.

"Wow," George looked up at him, "You're so ... pretty," George reached a hand up, almost as if to cup his face.

Dream wanted so badly to place his cheek in the reached-out palm but instead clapped his hand into it. Pulling George into the most heterosexual hug Dream could possibly imagine. He cringed inwardly as George laughed awkwardly.

“Hey ... bro,” George tried mocking an American accent failing miserably, “God that was horrible, I’m sorry.”

“Not as horrible as that hug,” Dream confessed, “Redo?”

Dream held his arms out forcing George to make the first move, clearly, Dream was in no state to do so. George quickly wrapped his arms around Dream’s middle, crashing his head into his chest knocking the breath right out of his lungs in the best way possible. Dream buried his face in the older man’s hair, closing his eyes as he inhaled the scent he’d longed to smell. Just like Karl, George also smelled incredible for being on a plane, the only difference is George was on his flight for 12 hours instead of 2, but Dream was in heaven breathing in the unfamiliar cologne.

“Welcome home, Georgie.”

“Soon enough,” George looked up from his chest, not daring to break the hug.

Dream then realized just how close the two were, they were honestly in a great position to kiss right now. All Dream had to do was lean down and peck the chapped lips below his, but he had to control himself.

“Could be sooner if you just married me,” George rolled his eyes and broke the hug, pulling at the passenger side door, “You’ve got my bags?”

“Do I have a choice?” Dream laughed as George got into the car and turned to look at Karl waking him quickly just to meet.

Dream dragged the bags to the open trunk, playing a game of Tetris just to get everything to fit. He pulled out his phone once he slammed the trunk closed and opened the ‘Find my Friends’ app. Watching as Sappnap’s icon moved down Dream’s street. He shot him a quick text before getting in the car.

< Be home in 30-40 minutes, don’t be mad.

He climbed into the car, glancing at George first watching as the Brit had his head against the window and eyes closed. Dream wouldn’t put it past him if he was asleep, he then turned to Karl, who was snoring softly into the air, seatbelt securely around his waist and chest.

It was definitely going to be a quiet ride home.

—

Sappnap was sat on the porch steps watching something oh-so hysterical as he laughed at the video on his phone. Dream pulled up honking once to not only get Sappnap to acknowledge them but maybe wake up the two sleeping men in his car. It worked partially, startling George awake and causing Sappnap to snap his head up, but Karl remained asleep.

“We’re here already?” George rubbed his hands over his eyes and moaned as he stretched.

Dream licked his lips as the sound went straight to his dick. He shook his head and released his seatbelt.

“Sorry for falling asleep,” George leaned his head back against the headrest.

“It’s okay, just means you’ll stay up later with me tonight,” Dream stopped himself from running a hand through George’s hair, “Wake up Karl, I’ll get the bags with Sapnap.”

George turned in his seat, leaning over to shake Karl awake as Dream stepped out of the car.

“Dream!” Sapnap yelled as he ran across the large lawn, stepping barefoot onto the driveway as he practically jumped in Dream’s arms.

“Hey! Jesus!” He laughed as the wind was knocked out of him yet again.

“Hiya buddy,” Sapnap giggled, the type of giggle he only used when he was nervous, “Did you suck George’s dick yet? Maybe Karl’s?”

“Oh fuck off and help me with the bags,” He popped open the truck, but not before opening George and Karl’s doors so they could meet Sapnap for the first time.

“Thank you,” George squinted at the sun assaulting his eyes, “Holy crap, that’s a big house.”

“And you live here alone?” Karl’s mouth was agape as he stared at his temporary home for the next week.

“Not anymore!” Sapnap said smugly as the newest permanent resident of the home.

“And soon enough George will be too, and if you want to Karl, of course.” Dream smiled leaning into George as he spoke.

Sapnap doing all the dirty work as he forcibly pulled the heavy bags from the low trunk. Karl smiled looking at George and reached out to hug him.

“I can’t believe I’m hugging Gogy right now. *THE* Gogy!”

“Shut up,” George shoved him away playfully, but hard enough for the 22-year-old to stumble backward and land right on Sapnap, who wrapped his arms around Karl’s waist from behind.

“Hi Karl,” Sapnap laughed, burying his face into the back of Karl’s neck, “Thanks for staying awake with me.”

“You’re all sweaty,” Karl pulled away wiping the back of his neck, and smiled, “It’s fine though, it’s not like I had anything important to do the next day.”

The four laughed as Sapnap and George hugged next, “Dream straight guy hugged me,” George recalled as he pulled away from the welcoming arms of Sapnap.

“Oh yeah,” Karl hugged himself as he visibly cringed, “George told me in the car when you were putting his bags away. I’m embarrassed for you.”

“Oh fuck off, and stop telling people that!” Dream groaned, dragging the bags into the house with Sapnap.

George and Karl following the two with empty hands.

The first day when perfectly, Dream set everyone up in their respected bedrooms and introduced them all to Patches. The poor girl was a little hesitant at the new company but quickly warmed up to them once she realized they weren't leaving anytime soon. On the second day, the four of them were sat on Dream's couch. They were speaking of new manhunt ideas before dinner. Dream was almost at the end of the sectional, his legs under him as he wrote everything down in a small notebook he found in a junk drawer.

George was squished between Dream and the armrest, he wasn't complaining as he quietly started to doze off, head leaning against Dream's shoulder. Not too far away was Karl, squished between Dream and Sapnap, his legs pulled up to his chest as his eyes were glued on the TV playing the last manhunt Dream uploaded. Sapnap was on his phone, typing everything Dream said into a notes app, not trusting to read Dream's sloppy handwriting.

"Callahan will find the seed, but I was thinking we add another person," Dream explained.

Sapnap looked up from his phone, "Another person?"

"Yeah, think it'd be fun," Dream shrugged.

"Add another person ... to the competition?" Karl licked his lips, eyebrows raised.

"What?!" Dream laughed, "No, no, no."

"When is the rematch?" George asked sleepily, "You were so desperate to get us out here."

He was cut off by his own yawn.

"Will you wake up if I said right now?"

George's hand dropped from his face as he looked into Dream's eyes. He nodded slowly and glanced to Sapnap who was cracking up.

"You are just putty in his hands," Sapnap laughed, shaking his head and throwing his phone to the other side of the couch.

Dream took notice in Sapnap scooting further from Karl and pulling off his shirt, oh god, it's happening.

The rules. *The rules, Dream.*

"The rules," Dream's voice broke, "I added a new one, you know since we – since we're in person now."

He watched Karl now scoot further from him, leaving his body pressed to George's.

"Okay read them," Karl smiled at him, hugging his legs and leaning his face on his knee.

"Right, yeah," Dream cleared his throat, moving away from George who whined as the warmth of the younger man went away. "Rule number one, no stopping."

"Duh, we knew that one," George rolled his eyes, pulling the hood of his hoodie over his head, "Are there any more?"

"No touching," He stared intently at George who knitted his brows together.

“No touching? How are we going to get off?” Sapnap laughed and Dream focused his attention on him.

“Not like that, nimrod,” Karl rolled his eyes, “No touching each other, right Dream?”

“Right,” Dream nodded.

“Why make that a rule? M’not gonna touch anyone’s dick,” Sapnap laughed winking at Dream, “Unless that was a rule for just you.”

It was.

“It wasn’t! It was mainly for Karl, he’s a very touchy person, I don’t need anyone touching me when I jerk off.” Dream laughed as the others joined him, calming his nerves slightly.

“I won’t touch you, Dream,” Karl smiled, “Unless you ask.”

Dream choked on his own breath, did he mean it? George pat his back through his coughing fit.

“He said no touching!” Karl laughed.

“We haven’t started yet, idiot,” George shot back.

“Fellas please, there’s more than enough Dream to go around,” Sapnap laughed, “We starting or what?”

“Why do you always take your shirt off?” Karl turned to him.

“Why don’t you,” He pulled at the pink hoodie Karl kept from the back of Dream’s car.

“Hey,” Karl pulled away from him and laughed, “Leave me alone.”

“Pants off, boys,” Dream said, they were all sat pretty evenly far from one another.

Dream stood, pulling his hoodie off and sitting in a plain black t-shirt and his pink and yellow boxer briefs. He looked down and laughed at himself, not a very attractive pair of underwear to jerk off in front of your best friends in. Karl adjusted his black boxers hanging loose on his thighs and hips. If Dream really tried, he could see right up them. George stood quickly, pulling both his sweatpants and underwear off, covering his bottom half with the light blue shirt he was wearing, and then there was Sapnap flaccid dick sitting between his legs, fully naked as nature intended, Dream couldn’t help but want to taste him.

Sapnap had said something or at least Dream assumed he did because now all eyes were on Dream.

“Hm?” Dream looked up at him quickly, Sapnap’s face already smug.

“Like what you see?”

“No,” Dream shrugged, “What did you ask?”

“Can we still talk? Or is that against the rules too?” Sapnap repeated.

“You can talk, I don’t care, talk away.”

“Great, I can’t wait to see you cum first again, Karl,” Sapnap reached out to him and immediately pulled his hand away remembering the rules.

It finally hit Dream, here they are live and in person. Only day 2 of 7 and here they are, it started off innocent enough, well as innocent as they can get with their dicks in their hands. Dream had to bite his lip to keep himself from making a comment.

“Ready?” Sapnap looked around at the other three, keeping eye contact with them all instead of his eyes traveling down, “I brought something that might help.”

Dream stared at the youngest as he reached over the couch to his discarded pants and pulled out a small bottle of lube. He popped the cap open and drizzled some over the head of his dick, Dream had to look away, instead focusing on Karl. He stared intently as Sapnap rubbed it all over himself and tossed the bottle to Karl.

“Fuck, Sapnap,” Karl swallowed slowly, pouring some into his open palm and grasping himself with a small gasp.

“Karl’s definitely going to lose again,” George laughed, leaning slightly closer to Dream as he did so.

Karl frowned, throwing the travel-sized bottle at George, completely skipping Dream’s turn.

“I’ve got you,” George said, squeezing some of the lube onto himself first.

Dream’s breath stilled, watching George lean over and coat Dream’s waiting hand, leaning over further to get his dick wet.

“George!” Dream wheezed as the cold liquid dribbled down the base and onto his thighs, “You’re making a mess!”

“Like you don’t love it,” George closed the cap and tossed it next to him, somewhere between his body and the arm of the couch.

“Go!” Sapnap shouted, everyone starting at the exact same time, this time sounds that were once muffled by terrible connection now fully flowing through open ears.

First to make a noise was of course Karl, whimpering quietly. His head tossed back, afraid to look at anyone around him.

“God Karl,” Dream turned to him, “Sound like a desperate whore.”

Karl whimpered again, this time louder and filled with confidence, “Don’t say that.”

“Would you rather be called a brat instead?” Sapnap added on and Karl turned to look at Sapnap, Dream felt a little pang of jealousy in his chest.

“Hey,” George’s voice was soft coming from his right.

Dream followed the voice quickly.

“Pay attention to me,” George licked his lips, his hand speeding up as Dream looked down at him.

Thumb running over the tip of his eager cock, George keened.

“So needy,” Dream laughed, wanting so badly to touch him.

He wanted to wrap his hand over George’s, moving his hand for him but he quickly brought himself back into the conversations around him.

“Oh poor needy George, always wants all of the attention,” Karl huffed, choking on a loud moan as he twisted his hand at the head of cock, “Fuck.”

“Karl’s gonna cum first again,” George said matter-of-factly, “Pay attention to me.”

“Finger yourself,” Dream said and George’s hand faltered, almost stopping completely but remembering the rules of the game, “You want all the attention on you, give us a show.”

“I-“ He scrambled to look to Sapnap, eyes burning holes into George’s skin.

“Do it George,” Dream bit his lip, throwing his head back.

“Be a good boy,” Sapnap crooned, “Look how good Karl is.”

Karl moaned, head thrown back trying to avoid looking at Sapnap, instead focusing his line of sight on Dream. He was panting heavily as his hand slowly caressed his aching dick.

“Dream,” Karl howled.

“What? What do you want?” Dream turned to him as George reached for the lube to coat his fingers.

“I wanna be good,” Karl hiccupped, choking on his own words.

“Fuck!” Dream could feel it, the familiar feeling building in his low stomach, “Karl.”

“Dream,” George’s teasing whine broke his conversation with Karl.

Dream’s head felt like it was going to explode, being in the middle of a Karl vs George tug of war. He leaned his head against the couch cushion behind him, staring at George finally inserting two fingers into himself easily and without warning.

“Oh my god, George,” Dream’s hips stuttered up into his fist, “Fuck, *fuck*.”

George grinned watching the cum dribbled onto Dream’s fist and thighs, his head thrown back as he cried out. Karl’s intense stare drew George away from the tall blond, he looked to Karl now.

“If you wanna be good Karl, cum,” Sapnap’s words were frantic like he was close to cumming as well.

“I wanna be good,” Karl repeated and George cried out as he hit his prostate.

“Oh my god,” George breathed, “Hurry up, I want to win.”

“Oh you’re not winning this one, Gogy,” Dream found himself extremely close to George but never touching.

George turned to him, the taller man so close he could kiss him.

No touching.

George’s breath fanned across Dream’s face.

“You want me to touch you so bad, don’t you?” Dream whispered, his cum covered hand slowly creeping up the couch, almost touching George’s thigh. *Almost.*

“Dream,” George gasped as he hooked his fingers again, “Dream, please.”

“Please what? Use your words, Georgie,” Dream smirked, leaning so close that the heat radiating off of George’s body could burn Dream, “Rather those be *my* fingers inside you? Maybe Sapnap’s?”

“God, yes, touch me, touch me anywhere, please,” George surged forward, leaning his body against Dream’s right side.

“Oh, George,” Dream laughed as he hesitantly placed his hand on George’s thigh and squeezed, “Closer?”

“Yeah,” George inhaled, hips stuttering up into Dream’s hand, “Oh fuck, yeah.”

Dream’s hand snaked further up the pale man’s thigh, squeezing slightly between the area where thigh met hip.

“You like breaking the rules, George?” Dream whispered filthily in the Brit’s ear.

He lost.

George coated his own (and even some of Dream’s) hand in hot bouts of cum. A shattered moan falling from his lips as he leaned his head against Dream’s shoulder panting.

“Good show, Georgie,” Sapnap’s voice broke Dream out of his little George bubble, he almost completely forgot the other two were in the room and still competing.

“Fuck,” Karl laughed, “You guys touched.”

Dream laughed, pulling his boxers up over his mess and stood from the couch, “You wanna be a good boy, Karl?”

“Yeah!” Karl’s eyes widened, “Yeah, I do.”

“Stop.” Dream stood over him, “Stop touching yourself.”

“But I’ll lose,” He pouted, “Wanna win.”

“Do you want to win or be good?” Dream crouched down in front of him now, almost at eye level with the older man’s dick.

“Dream,” Karl’s eyes squeezed closed, “Stop.”

“Okay.”

“No! Don’t stop, don’t –” Karl reached out for him, sobbing as he thrust into his fist, covering the bottom half of Dream’s hoodie in cum, “Oh fuck, fuck, *fuck*.”

Dream laughed so hard he lost his footing, falling back to the floor below him.

“This is so much fun,” Dream laughed and turned to Sapnap.

“Oh no, you fucker! Leave me alone!” Sapnap gasped as Dream stood from the floor, “I won.”

“Yeah, you win, *blah blah blah*, now cum.”

“Dream,” Sapnap’s eyes were wide, “Fuck off.”

“You want help getting off? Hm? Maybe Karl or George can help you out? Karl wants to be *so* good for us.”

The words were a whisper, only for Sapnap’s ears to hear. Dream turned to look at Karl, who was just staring wide-eyed at the two.

“God damn it,” Sapnap huffed, stripes of cum shooting up towards his chest, “Fuck.”

Dream turned, looking at his three best friends all fucked out in front of him on *his* couch, he could definitely get used to this.

No one spoke a word as they all cleaned up separately and Sapnap ordered dinner. It was a quiet night, and Dream was thankful awkwardness didn’t fill the air. He lost again, he wanted this competition to never stop until he won, but maybe then, he would just lose on purpose. As the boys said their goodnights to each other and disappeared into separate rooms, Dream closed his door behind him and crawled into his bed satisfied with the day he had.

Everything was going to be perfectly normal for the next 5 days they were all together, they got the rematch out of their systems and this time around no one brought up another round. That is until he was woken by the faint sound of a knock coming from his bedroom door at 3:35 am.

Chapter End Notes

Who do you think it is?

Maybe we'll find out in chapter 3?

- Kudos and Comments are much appreciated
- Thank you for reading :)

Dream's Best Friends

Chapter Summary

“I want to know you,” Sapnap toyed with a knob to one of the drawers on the dresser.

“You already do,” Dream swallowed nothing, just to calm his breathing as Sapnap let go of the knob.

“Everything?” Sapnap turned to face him now, one eyebrow raised.

or Dream has separate fun with his best friends.

Chapter Notes

- Okay jumped right out the gates with this one, you lot waited so long for smut last time let's just jump right in? (kinda)
- Again this chapter mainly focus' on Dream and one other person at a time
- Next chapter tho ? sheeeeeeeesh

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

The knocks stopped after 3, Dream tried to convince himself in his half-dazed state that it was all a dream. But the convincing came to a full halt when the knocking picked back up, a bit louder this time around. Dream stood, looking around his room nervously for a shirt feeling suddenly very vulnerable. After more knocking and no shirt to be found, he pushed his hair from his forehead and pulled open the door.

Sapnap was looking at the hardwood below his feet, his toes wiggling nervously as Dream leaned in the doorway.

“What’s up, Sapnap?” Dream could only imagine in his head what he looked like right now.

“My – my room is super cold,” Sapnap shrugged, “Let’s hang out.”

“In here?”

Dream pointed behind him with his thumb, Sapnap glanced past him and smiled, lips hiding between teeth. Dream moved out of the way letting Sapnap enter his private space, the first thing Sapnap did was touch the disheveled duvet on Dream’s bed. His fingers brushing the fabric softly as he walked over to the giant bookshelf in the room. The bookshelf that was once filled with actual books has now been replaced by items his fans sent him as his office was too full to take permanency in.

“This where you keep the not safe for work stuff?” Sapnap teased, trying to not stand on his tiptoes

to see the higher shelves.

“You wish,” Dream smirked, glancing over to the drawer by Sapnap’s ankles holding all of the smutty things some fans send.

“Do you have any?”

“Course not,” He lied, “That’s weird, they know better than to send that stuff,” Dream crossed his arms as he sat at the foot of his bed.

He watched Sapnap’s every move, his socked feet shuffling across dark wood and stopping in front of the framed picture of fan art on his wall.

“You love yourself too damn much,” Sapnap laughed as he moved his hands to his dresser.

“Not as much as I love you, Sappy, don’t worry,” Dream joked, arms unfolding and leaning back on his palms, “You’re nosy.”

“I want to know you,” Sapnap toyed with a knob to one of the drawers on the dresser.

“You already do,” Dream swallowed nothing, just to calm his breathing as Sapnap let go of the knob.

“*Everything?*” Sapnap turned to face him now, one eyebrow raised.

“What do you want to know, Sap?” Dream asked slowly, watching his friend turn back to the pictures on a floating shelf.

“Have you ever been with a guy?” Sapnap was smart with his movements, his back turned to Dream as he spoke, “Like sexually?”

“Are you asking if I’ve ever fucked a guy?” Dream laughed.

“Well, have you?”

“One.”

It was almost as if Sapnap deflated at the statement, returning to the bookshelf full of gifts. He said nothing in response to Dream’s answer, just picking up a small blob keychain made of clay.

“Why?”

“I said I want to know you,” Sapnap shrugged, “When?”

Dream couldn’t help the chuckle he let out.

“What?” Sapnap turned to face him now, “Why are you laughing?”

“Why do you care, Sapnap?” Dream spread his legs giving Sapnap the opportunity to walk between them if he wanted, “Jealous?”

It was Sapnap’s turn to laugh, he crossed his arms and turned back to the art. When Dream realized he wasn’t getting any more of a response from Sapnap, he gave in.

“I don’t know sometime last year? And before you ask, we did it in his truck bed in an empty Walmart parking lot at 2 am.”

“How very Florida of you,” Sapnap made a quick face of disgust, “Was he cute?”

“Well, he was no *you* –“

“Stop, Dream,” Sapnap warned, the grip on his own arms tightened, “I’m being serious.”

“So am I,” Dream shrugged slightly, staring at the underwear the younger man was wearing, contrasting so perfectly with the plain white t-shirt, “I’m going to ask again, why do you care?”

“I don’t – just curious,” Sapnap shrugged, turning to face Dream by leaning his back against the tall bookshelf, “You never talk about it. Being with another guy.”

He wasn’t wrong, anytime the topic of sex came up Dream spoke of women. He didn’t want to make any of his friends uncomfortable talking about his affairs with men. Not that there were many, hell, there wasn’t even that many women either but Sapnap looked interested in anything that tumbled out of Dream’s mouth.

“Do you want me to?”

“No.”

Dream hummed, standing from the bed and walking over to Sapnap who already had his chin tilted up giving Dream perfect access to suck on his Adam’s apple.

He didn’t though.

“Sapnap,” Dream ran a shaky finger down his throat.

“Hm?” Sapnap’s eyes closed at the contact, Adam’s apple bobbing with a nervous swallow.

“Do you want me?”

Hazel eyes snapped open, boring into green as Dream said it. Sapnap didn’t speak, eyes sparkling with lust as the finger that was once pressed to his neck trailed up to his lips.

“Sapnap?”

“Yes,” Sapnap breathed out, “I mean – since the competition – no – before that.”

“Sapnap,” Dream laughed.

“I want George and Karl too,” Sapnap bit his bottom lip, trying to stop the words racing to leave his tongue.

“Greedy,” Dream laughed, “Am I not enough?”

“You want them too,” It wasn’t a question, more of an obvious statement.

“Yeah,” Dream nodded, finger now pulling down on Sapnap’s bottom lip, “I do, but right now I kind of want just you.”

“Really?” Sapnap shuffled on his feet trying to lean up and kiss Dream.

Dream could barely breathe, watching how eager Sapnap was for him. He surged forward breathing Sapnap’s breath, tilting his head as he kissed his lips tenderly. They were a lot softer than how they looked, warm and smooth just like in Dream’s fantasies. Sapnap moaned into the kiss as

Dream wrapped a large hand around the back of his neck, pulling on the hairs at the nape of it.

“Dream,” Sapnap pulled away to whine his name, “Can you – suck me off?”

“Holy fuck, Sapnap,” Dream backed away from him completely.

“What?”

“You really want that?”

“Mhm,” Sapnap dropped to Dream’s bed, sitting right in front of him, “Then I’ll return the favor.”

“You don’t have to,” Dream laughed, leaning down and capturing Sapnap in another heated kiss.

All tongue and teeth as he pushed Sapnap back to lay down against the sheets, looming over him. Sapnap panted into Dream’s mouth, giving Dream access to stick his tongue into Sapnap’s mouth. Licking his tongue in the most filthy way he could think, Sapnap moaned in response. Large hands ran down Sapnap’s chest pushing his shirt up and pulling away from his tongue. Dream slammed his hips against Sapnap’s causing the man below him to cry out. He clapped a hand over his mouth with a smirk.

“They’re sleeping, Sap,” Dream laughed, “Do you want them to hear how desperate you are for my cock?”

“Dream,” Sapnap gasped as soon as Dream removed his hand, “Holy shit.”

Dream dropped to his knees immediately, hands going to the thighs he couldn’t get out of his mind for weeks. He pressed his fingers into fair flesh, pressing a bruising kiss on the inside of the left one.

“Oh god,” He gasped gripping Dream’s hair as he sucked another bruise into his skin, “Dream!”

“Ready, Sappy?” Dream stared up at his best friend, watching him huff above him, watching Dream’s every move.

Sapnap could only nod, watching Dream’s eager hands squeeze and kneed at his thighs before dipping his fingers under the hem of his underwear.

“Just take them off,” Sapnap complained and Dream instantly hooked his fingers in the elastic and pulled as Sapnap lifted his hips to help out the older man.

His dick slapped up to his lower abdomen, Dream’s mouth already filling with saliva as he watched the tip bead with precum.

“You want me so bad,” Dream laughed, taking it into his hand without hesitation, “So desperate for me.”

“Yeah,” Sapnap agreed, “Suck it already.”

“Demanding,” Dream laughed stroking him slowly.

This was it, Dream was about to taste Sapnap and he was just as desperate as Sapnap was. Dream was just a little bit more experienced in hiding his desperation. He wrapped his lips around the tip, kitten licking the pool of precum as Sapnap gasped, eyes squeezed shut as the fingers in Dream’s hair tightened. Dream went down the shaft a little further, glancing up at Sapnap to gauge his reaction.

Sapnap looked *beautiful*, head thrown back, mouth open yet no noise escaped his lips. The hand holding him up on the bed was shaking to his fingertips as the other buried in Dream's hair held a tight grip. Dream swirled his tongue around the tip as he pulled off going right back down as far as he could go before gagging. Running his tongue against a prominent vein at the underside of it, Sapnap tried so hard not to thrust his hips up.

"Dream," Sapnap sobbed, "Fuck."

"Fuck my throat," Dream licked his lips as saliva and precum dribbled onto his chin, "I can handle it."

"I'm gonna cum if I do that," Sapnap confessed to his best friend, looking down at him for the first time in a minute.

"Isn't that the point, stupid?" Dream laughed and went back to sucking his dick.

Sapnap almost screamed, bucking his hips up into Dream's face. Dream's fingers gripping Sapnap's thighs silently hoping to leave behind fingertip-sized bruises. Dream was convinced this was the best blow job he's ever given just by the way Sapnap moaned into the air, thrusting his hips up every time Dream pulled his head up slightly.

Dream's left hand slid off of Sapnap's thigh, snaking into his underwear to grip himself, he was hard and heavy in his palm, precum leaking down the shaft. He slowly started stroking at the same pace his mouth was moving. He could feel shaking fingers lace between his hair, pulling so harshly Dream almost pulled off. Instead, he moaned around the cock in his throat, causing Sapnap to exhale all of the breath from his lungs.

"Dream, I'm gonna cum," Sapnap warned.

Dream sped up the pace of his hand inside of his boxers, he was doing a great job for it being his non-dominant hand getting him off. He pulled off of Sapnap, but not before sucking just the tip, stroking him slowly and watching Sapnap shoot up with anger in his eyes.

"What the *hell*?"

"Want to cum in my mouth or on my face?"

"Oh fuck you, Dream," Sapnap fell back against the mattress again, hips bucking up into the slow-moving hand, "Anywhere, everywhere."

"Jesus," Dream laughed, licking the tip over and over again, "Come on, Sappy, wanna cum?"

"Yes," Sapnap choked out, "Mouth, *your mouth*."

Dream swallowed down his dick once again and Sapnap sobbed, pulling the blond locks between his fingers. Dream felt the shaking fingers push his head down all the way so his nose was buried in Sapnap's pelvis, thrusting up as he came down Dream's throat. Dream squeezed his eyes shut, trying hard to swallow everything Sapnap gave to him, his hand picking up speed and finishing in his boxers. He pushed off his best friend, stumbling back onto the floor coughing and wiping his spit and cum covered lips.

"I'm sorry," Sapnap said nervously through half-lidded eyes, sitting up to look at Dream "But fuck that was so hot."

Dream smiled at him as he wiped his messy hand on his ruined boxers, watching Sapnap fall

backward onto the bed once again and cover his face. Dream watched in admiration just for a moment, watching Sapnap's chest rise and fall quickly.

"You're panicking," Dream stood from the floor.

"I—" Sapnap sat up slowly, looking around the room for something, "My underwear."

"Wait, let's clean up first, just breathe." Dream stripped his dirtied underwear off wiping himself and Sapnap off with it, then pulled on a new pair.

He knelt back down to the floor picking up the small black boxer-briefs holding them at Sapnap's feet for him to step into them, "Here's yours," Dream's throat was fucked, he couldn't even speak without a sharp pain shooting through it, "Breathe, Sapnap."

"Oh my god," Sapnap scrubbed his face as Dream waited for him to step.

"Can you breathe, please?" Dream, still on his knees, rubbed Sapnap's thigh softly, "Sap, please."

Sapnap placed his feet in the leg holes of the fabric, allowing Dream to pull them up his thighs looking at the mess of hickies and bruises his mouth and fingers left behind. They were so *pretty*, and they're going to be even prettier in the morning once fully developed. He wanted to run his tongue over them, but he had to help his friend through his post-nut panic right now. Dream stood with Sapnap, pulling the fabric up to his hips and cupped his youngest friend's face.

"Sapnap," He whispered and Sapnap's eyes cracked open to look into green, "It's okay, *you're okay*."

"I—" He looked around the room and then back to Dream, "I'm sorry."

"For what?" Dream laughed, "That was hot as fuck, and it'll be even hotter as soon as Karl and George join too."

"Oh god, please don't."

"Do you not want that?"

"I do. I do, I just don't want to think about it right now," Sapnap covered his face as Dream smiled at him and pushed the man back onto the bed.

"Sleep here with me tonight," Dream watched as Sapnap settled onto the left side of the bed, pulling the duvet up to his chin.

"Thank you, Dream," Sapnap whispered as Dream crawled into the bed next to him, pulling him into his arms.

"I love you, Sap, and if it makes you feel any better, you were wearing socks the entire time," Dream wheezed as Sapnap placed both hands against his chest and pushed him away.

"Oh fuck off," Sapnap laughed with him, turning his back to Dream, "Goodnight, Dream."

"Goodnight, Sappy," Dream wrapped an arm around his middle and kissed the back of his neck, falling asleep almost instantly.

Dream left a sleeping Sappnap in his bed when he woke the next morning. He showered quickly before anyone even woke up and walked to the kitchen where he knew Patches would be waiting for her breakfast. He didn't hear the quiet mewls coming from the kitchen as he usually did when he stepped into the kitchen fully clothed. He took immediate notice of Karl, crouched on the floor watching Patches chew away at a meal he made for her.

"Good morning," Dream's voice was wrecked by both the early morning and the events of last night.

It startled both Karl and Patches, both of them looking up at him with wide eyes.

"Oh sorry, she slept in my room last night and woke me up for food – I hope it's okay."

"More than," Dream leered turning to the coffee maker, already full of freshly brewed coffee, "I expected you to wake up last."

"I was planning on it," Karl yawned, "But Patches."

"Right, I'm sorry."

"It's okay, she's lucky I like her." He pats her head softly and stood from the floor, "Breakfast?"

"Yeah I'll make –"

"No, I've got it," Karl insisted, "I wanna make eggs, you okay with that?"

Dream only nodded, a tired smile on his lips. He watched in awe, Karl search for supplies as Dream sat at the kitchen island with his head cradled in his hands. It was very domestic to watch, the sweater and boxers combo Karl wore didn't match in the slightest, but he loved the way the fabric rode up exposing his back when he reached high shelves. Dream licked his lips, eyes burning into the exposed skin. But the glance was quickly broken when Karl turned and complained.

"You just going to sit there and ogle at me or help me reach that bowl? Jerk." He pointed up and then crossed his arms.

"What? Can't reach it?"

"I can, I'm just too tired to try!" Karl rolled his eyes, knowing full well the bowl was just out of reach.

Dream stood, sauntering over to the second tallest of the four. Pinning Karl perfectly against the stove and his body. Dream's front pressed to his, Karl's hands reaching behind him to steady himself and to stop himself from reaching out to touch.

"God, it's really up there!" Dream stood on his tiptoes, rubbing his abdomen against Karl's, slotting their legs together so easily as Karl went pliant under his touch, "Got it!"

He grabbed the bowl he could have easily grabbed on flat feet. He looked down to Karl, eyes staring at Dream's fingers wrapped around the glass bowl. Dream tapped them against the glass as Karl swallowed the saliva building in his mouth. He snatched the bowl from Dream.

"You good there, Karl?" Dream laughed, closing the cabinet and pulling away from Karl.

"Yeah! Why wouldn't I be?" Karl laughed, his face going dark red as he turned away from Dream

and grabbed an egg.

Dream knows what he did, knows how he made Karl feel, he tapped his chin, wondering how far he could really push this. Karl's back was turned to him as he stepped to the side of the stove to crack the eggs against the marble countertop. Dream pressed himself to Karl's back yet again. Hands gripping his shoulders.

"What are you doing?" Karl groaned, "You're going to ruin our breakfast."

"You look good, just wanted to let you know. *So good*," Dream pressed his face in Karl's hair, he instantly regretted it as he felt Karl tense under his touch.

"Thank you," Karl shrugged Dream's hands off of his shoulders.

This only resulted in Dream wrapping his arms around Karl's middle, dipping his head down to lean it against Karl's shoulder. His slender fingers settled on the waistline of the older man's boxers, toying with the elastic and also caressing smooth skin under the hoodie. Karl breathed out slowly, his head tilting back to Dream's shoulder slightly as Dream rubbed his fingers across the skin of his abdomen.

"You're being so touchy," Karl leaned into the touch fervently, leaning his head against Dream's as he dropped the insides of the egg into the bowl.

Dream just hummed in reply, burying his face into Karl's neck inhaling. Karl couldn't stop the small whimper ripping from his throat. Dream smirked against his skin, hands trailing up Karl's chest, under his sweater, pulling him even closer to Dream. Karl's eyes slipped shut as he let out a small whine, Dream pressing a soft kiss to his neck. Karl's intensely smooth breathing began to pick up, shaky as ever as Dream's hand accidentally ran over his nipple during his caressing. Pink tongue jutting out past his lips to wet them as he turned to make eye contact with Dream.

"D-Dream."

"Hm?" Dream smiled pressing another kiss right under his ear.

"*Dream*," Karl dropped the second egg onto the counter, not even bothering to crack it into the waiting bowl.

"What do you want?" Dream whispered.

"Kiss me," Karl choked out, eggs long forgotten.

Dream backed away slightly, spinning Karl around quickly and pressing his lips against his in a bruising kiss. Karl whined between closed lips, wrapping his arms over Dream's shoulders. Dream meandered his hands to settle on Karl's hips, pulling him flush against his own.

"Dream," Karl whined as Dream dipped in to kiss him again this time deeper.

Lips moved together in sync like they were meant to be doing this for years. Dream tilted his head slightly as Karl's lips fell open, his tongue flicking out against Dream's bottom lip. He couldn't help but smirk against his lips, denying Karl's attempt to deepen it. Karl whined, obviously upset with Dream's decision, and dug his nails into the back of Dream's neck. Dream pulled away and glared.

"Hey!"

"I said kiss me," Karl pouted.

"I don't know, you're kind of being a *brat*," Dream shrugged, pursing his lips.

When Karl's eyes widened with both hurt and lust, his jaw slightly slack, Dream absolutely lost it. He looked so pretty, Dream wanted to slam him up against the countertop and attack his lips with his own, so that's just what he did. Pushing Karl up to help him sit atop the counter and wrap his legs around Dream's waist. Karl whimpered as Dream's tongue pushed its way past his lips, his fingers gripping onto his hips planning to never let go. Karl's arms snaked around Dream's neck, pulling him as close as he could get him.

Tongues running against one another, swapping spit between them like Karl's mouth was made for him. It *was* made for him. Dream ran a wet tongue across Karl's plump bottom lip, easily sucking it between his teeth and grazing with sharp teeth. Karl's eyes squeezed shut, as he pulled himself even closer to Dream. So many different sensations going through him just by a single kiss.

Karl continued making the most noise of anyone Dream has ever been with, Dream had to pull away, kissing his jaw.

"Dream," Karl whined loudly and Dream has no idea what came over him, but slowly dragged his hand away from the iron grip he had on Karl's hips, tapping the other's chin with his pointer finger.

Karl's jaw dropped open allowing his pointer and middle finger to slide between moving lips, sitting heavy on Karl's tongue.

"Gotta shut you up before someone hears you," Dream smirked, "Unless you want that – huh? Want Sapnap to walk in and use his lips on you like I am? Or maybe George will put his pretty mouth to good use?"

He watched Karl's eyes slip shut yet again, head falling back as he moaned filthily around the digits. Dream raised an eyebrow, licking his lips as he sucked a bruise onto the soft surface of Karl's neck right under his ear. The moaning continued, Karl sucking on his fingers, swirling his tongue around and between the fingers.

"Fuck Karl, you like this?" Dream licked his lips pulling his fingers from Karl's mouth, momentarily fighting the urge to stick his now-wet fingers into his own mouth just to taste Karl all over again.

"Yeah," Karl leaned his head back against the cabinet behind him, "Whoa."

Dream smiled, kissing a trail from his neck to his lips, he couldn't get enough honestly, "I could kiss you forever."

Karl sobbed at the statement, reaching out and taking Dream's wrist in his hand. He pulled the fingers between his lips again and Dream's eyes fluttered shut, burying his face in Karl's neck again.

"Holy shit, Karl," Dream kissed the flesh in front of him, adding another bruising kiss to the man's neck.

Karl moaned around his fingers, pushing Dream's other hand to his straining dick in his boxers. Dream squeezed as Karl's moaning got louder. Dream smirked against yet another bruise left on Karl's neck. A door creaking open and closing startled the both of them apart, Karl pushing Dream away in a panic. The sound of another door closing and a shower starting relieved the both of them.

“You okay?”

“I think I sat on an egg.”

Dream laughed, helping Karl down from the counter and turned him around. Broken eggshell sticking to the fabric of his underwear. Dream wheezed, gripping the counter as Karl turned to look behind him.

“Aw man,” Karl groaned pulling at the egg.

“Go shower,” Dream laughed cleaning up the kitchen, “I’ll order breakfast.”

Karl looked up at him, hair falling in front of his eyes but Dream pushed it back for him, “Go, don’t just stare at me.”

“I didn’t-“

He looked down at himself, aching hard in his boxers.

“Maybe I’ll take care of you later,” Dream couldn’t help but kiss him again, “Now go.”

—

Everyone was sat on the couch in the exact same position the four were in just a night before, but of course, only Dream would think of that. Everyone else was mindlessly watching the terribly long movie on the large TV screen. Dream brought his legs up to the couch, placing his feet under Karl’s thigh as the older man was leaned into Sapnap as they watched the movie. Dream glanced to George, head leaning on hand and dark brown eyes slipping shut every time the screen went to black. Dream leaned his body against George’s, burying his head in George’s side.

“Dream,” George groaned, lifting his arm accidentally giving the younger better access to wrap his arms around his torso.

“Cuddle,” Dream whispered against the grey t-shirt, looking up at George, “You mad at me?”

“What? Why would I be?” George huffed.

“Because you don’t have bruises like they do,” Dream whispered, his voice dropped so low he could barely hear himself as he spoke.

George tensed at the words, turning his head away from Dream and going back to the war film on the screen. Dream smiled, burying his head back into the cotton material, pulling himself closer to George.

“George,” Dream whined, “Are you mad?”

George continued to ignore him, blinking harshly to stay awake during the boring plotline. Who even picked this movie? Karl yawned loudly into his fist, curling up to Sapnap more than he already was.

“M’going to bed,” Karl announced keeping eye contact with Dream, a silent invitation to follow him.

Dream smirked cuddling closer to George, "Okay, goodnight Karl."

"Yeah, night Karl," George echoed.

"Okay," Karl stumbled as he stood, obviously hurt by Dream's rejection and looking back at Sapnap, "Goodnight."

"Night," Sapnap mumbled, eyes glued to the TV.

Karl turned, keeping his hurt eyes on Dream as he backed out of the room, finally disappearing behind the wall and going down the hall towards his bedroom. Dream glanced up at George, hoping he was looking back at him, and it was definitely his lucky fucking day because George was in fact looking at him. He smiled up at him and George only returned with a roll of his eyes.

"Hm, I'm going to bed," Dream stood, "Night guys."

Sapnap looked at him smiling quickly and turning back as the movie picked up. He turned to look at George who didn't even take his eyes off the screen. Dream left the room and now found himself quietly sneaking through a bedroom door, closing it so quietly he didn't even hear it click closed. He looked around the room, suitcase on the floor in the corner flipped open with its contents spilling out. It looked like a place Patches would take comfort in, and judging by the small amount of cat hair on the clothing, it seems like she has.

Dream stripped off his shirt, throwing it onto the floor and jumping into George's bed face first. It smelled just like him, like clean clothes fresh from the dryer mixed with a cinnamon-vanilla cologne that made Dream drool. He hugged one of the pillows that smelt the most of him to his chest, closing his eyes and inhaling. He stopped himself, wondering what he was actually doing here when Karl was just a room down waiting for him to do his absolute worst to him. What if George rejects him? What if George wanted him?

The door creaked open, Dream's face buried in the pillow hidden away from the intruder. He heard an annoyed huff coming from who could only be George. Dream smiled, pulling his face from the pillow and looking at George.

"Hi, George."

"Don't try to charm me into sleeping with you, it will not work," George groaned, "Where is your shirt?"

"Are you really mad at me?" Dream sat up in the bed watching as George placed his phone on a charger and sat on the edge of the bed with his back towards Dream, the blonde reached out to him, gripping his arm, "George."

"Are you trying to collect us like Pokémon?" George turned a burning glare to Dream.

Dream's eyebrows raised.

"I heard you and Sapnap last night and you practically draining moans out of Karl this morning."

So it was George that interrupted them this morning, and he heard *everything*. Dream couldn't stop the wheeze leaving his throat, George crossed his arms.

"Georgie, you could've joined," Dream said between broken laughs, "They both want you too, you should've joined."

Dream was now on his knees, practically towering over George as he leaned down to press a kiss against his shoulder, “Please don’t be mad at me.”

Dream rubbed down George’s arm apologetically, “I’m not,” George looked over his shoulder at Dream, “Now go to bed.”

“Lemme make it up to you, poor Gogy didn’t get his attention,” Dream placed another kiss on his clothed shoulder.

“Dream,” George breathed slowly, lulling his head back against Dream, “I’m tired.”

“Then I’ll do all the work!” Dream smiled enthusiastically, “Lemme give you that attention you so desperately need.”

“I –“ George’s face was covered in a deep blush, burning Dream when he pressed his lips to the older man’s cheek.

“Let me do this for you,” Dream murmured, pressing his lips to the corner of George’s mouth.

George’s eyes closed leaning into Dream’s touch. Dream ran his hands down George’s bare arms and wrapped around his torso. George stood from the bed, pulling away from Dream completely, Dream faltered. Watching George slowly pull the shirt from his body, Dream watched in awe. His eyes trailed over the now-naked torso of George, licking his lips, he wanted – no – *needed* to touch him everywhere.

“Come here,” Dream sat back on the bed, his legs spread allowing George to crawl in between them, and that’s just what George did.

On his hands and knees crawled right into Dream’s personal space, noses touching momentarily.

“So pretty,” Dream caressed his chin, tilting it up and pressing a quick kiss to his cheek, “Pretty.”

Another kiss.

George closed his eyes, smirking before pulling away and sitting back on his knees.

“What are you going to do to me?” He asked, watching as Dream’s twitching hands reached out to touch him again, not getting enough.

“Anything you’ll let me,” Dream whispered against his neck.

“What about Karl? He wanted you to be with him tonight,” George smirked, “The desperate slut,” the silent competition he and Karl had for Dream’s attention was something that Dream would never quite understand, but he loved the confidence boost.

“Well, when you’re coming undone just from my fingers you can scream out his name, maybe he’ll join,” Dream’s hands traveled up and down George’s sides giving the latter chills around every inch of his body.

“Sap –“

“You can call for him too, I know he’ll make you feel just as good as I’m about to,” Dream teased, pinching George’s nipple.

“Dream!” George pushed his hands away, “Stop – stop talking.”

“You don’t want that?”

“I –“ George swallowed, “I do.”

“So why stop?” Dream laughed, “Get on your back.”

George did everything Dream told him to do, slowly sliding onto his back with his hands trembling at his sides. Dream had to admit, he looked so pretty and delicate under him, Dream climbed on top of him, his knees on either side of George’s hips. He sat directly under George’s aching cock. Dream placed his hands just above it, running his large hands all the way up to his neck.

“Fuck,” George’s eyes fluttered shut as Dream’s hands wrapped around his neck softly.

“Can I – can I choke you?” Dream asked, his fingers itching to squeeze.

“No,” George said through a smirk, and Dream’s hands dropped from his neck immediately, George’s eyebrows shot up, “*Dream.*”

“You said no,” Dream said.

“God, you’re so hot,” George bucked his hips up into Dream’s causing Dream to fall forward, hands on either side of George’s head, “I want you to fuck me like this,” George wrapped his arms around Dream’s neck and finally, *finally* kissed him.

Dream whined into George’s mouth, rubbing his clothed dick against George’s letting him *feel* how hard George had made him. George gasped, pulling Dream’s body flush on top of him, lifting his hips to connect with Dream’s yet again. George whined as he thrust his hips up frantically.

“Georgie, wait,” Dream laughed, pushing the brunette down against the bed, “I wanna get my fingers in you, at least.”

“Dream!” George gasped, “You can’t just *say* that stuff.”

Dream laughed, pressing a sloppy kiss to his jaw, “Need my hands on you at all times.”

It was a true confession, one that made George’s entire chest and face flush. George looked away, staring at the door to avoid any eye contact with him.

“Look at me,” Dream commanded and George did exactly that, “Fuck you’re so good for me.”

George smirked, leaning up and kissed him, “Better than Karl?”

Dream chuckled, pulling George’s sweats down slightly to expose more skin he can get his hands on and humming in disagreement, George sat up on his elbows with a shocked expression on his face.

“You get all of my attention, Karl gets none.”

George scoffed, pushing Dream off of him and pulling his pants off with ease, “That’s just not true.”

Dream laughed louder now, “I like seeing you jealous. It’s hot.”

“I am not jealous.”

Dream continued to laugh, he went back to sitting on George’s thighs, touching him everywhere.

Dream loved the feeling of George's flesh under his fingers. He wanted to touch every inch of the man under him, he started with soft touches on his shoulders. Running his hands down across his clavicle, dipping within the concaves of his skin.

Next, he brought the burning fingertips to his chest. Flowing nimble fingers through the few strands of hair right on his sternum with quick mumbles of, "you're so pretty."

"You keep saying that," George blushed.

Dream dipped down to kiss him, "Because it's true and you need to know how pretty you are."

George rolled his eyes, "just get on with it."

"What do you want, Georgie?"

George blushed deeper, turning to look away from Dream as his fingers danced around the elastic of his boxer-briefs. The long fingers curled inside the elastic, pulling it away from skin momentarily only to snap back leaving behind the faintest mark. George moaned.

"I said, what do you want, George?"

George sighed, caving in to the touch, "Fingers."

"That's what I thought," Dream smirked, pulling the boxers down to George's mid-thigh, "Oh, honey, I don't have any lube, lemme go grab from Sapnap."

George grabbed Dream's hands before he could go anywhere, "forget it."

"George – are you – are you absolutely sure?" Dream raised an eyebrow watching George nod frantically.

"I can take it, you made me do it the first time," George recalled the first time, the competition, Dream told him to suck on his fingers.

A shudder ran down the back of Dream's neck, spreading throughout his entire body as he placed his fingers at George's mouth. George's tongue flicked out curling around the tip of his finger and pulling it into the wet warmth of his mouth.

"Jesus Christ," Dream exhaled, "Get 'em *real* wet."

George's eyes rolled into the back of his head as he swirled his tongue around the fingers in his mouth. After Dream deemed the fingers wet enough he circled the entrance of the man under him, watching George's dick twitch in interest. Dream licked his lips as George whined.

"Please Dream," George cried out, "*Please*."

"Please what?" Dream smirked pushing his finger in to the first knuckle.

"Fuck!" George screamed out.

"Oh you want them to hear you, don't you?" Dream teased pushing his entire pointer finger inside of him, "Go ahead, let them know."

"Dream," George whined, "*Fuck!*"

"It feels good?" Dream pulled his finger almost all the way out watching George whimper until he

pushed it back in, continuing the action multiple times before adding another.

George *howled* as Dream hooked his fingers into that spot George prayed he would touch.

“There!” George gasped, eyes shooting open lustfully as he grabbed Dream’s arm, “Wait, I’m – wait –”

“Okay, you okay?” Dream asked, fingers still moving but much slower this time avoiding his prostate.

Dream silently scissored George open as George nodded his head.

“I don’t wanna cum yet,” George mumbled.

“I’m not fucking ya,” Dream laughed and George’s groan turned into a high-pitched whine as Dream pressed his fingers into the sensitive spot inside of him, “Now shut up and take it.”

“Why?” George cried, “*Fuck me please.*”

“I haven’t got anything, we’ll go shopping tomorrow for stuff,” Dream explained, but George’s moaning canceled out all noise leaving Dream’s lips.

Dream loved the sounds but something in the back of his head was telling him to silence him, it wasn’t fair to Karl, but for all, he knew Karl could’ve been getting his back blown out by Sapnap right now –

“Dream, pay attention to me,” George complained, wrapping his arms around his neck and pulling him close.

“I’m sorry, honey,” Dream laughed kissing George quickly and picking up the pace of his fingers, “Close?”

“So close,” George threw his head back, giving Dream access to suck on his neck.

Dream pulled away from George sitting back and watching the man under him unravel just from his fingers.

“Can I suck your cock?” Dream asked and George pressed the heels of his hands into his eyes.

“Yes! Yes, yes! Please, fuck, Dream,” George shouted out as Dream took the tip of his cock in his mouth, “Fuck!”

Dream barely got his mouth on the man before George painted the inside of his mouth in cum. George moaned loudly through his orgasm, chanting Dream’s name. He thrust his hips up riding Dream’s fingers and fucking his mouth at the same time, riding out his high. Dream pulled off of him, sliding his fingers out slowly and sticking them in his mouth.

“Oh my god!” George groaned, “Don’t *do that!*”

Dream laughed around his fingers, pulling them from between his lips and wiping them on his boxers, “Let me cum on you.”

George nodded his head frantically, eyes staring as Dream pulled his aching cock from his shorts and started jerking himself off. George writhed beneath him, panting and reaching out to touch Dream. George leaned up just enough to replace Dream’s hand with his own, Dream will admit the angle was awkward but George was determined. He pulled Dream’s cock quickly, pressing his

thumb to the tip occasionally. Dream's orgasm was punched out of him, cum covering George's lower stomach, he fell forward, burying his head in George's neck trying to steady his breathing.

"This was really hot," Dream mumbled and George just nodded in response, "I can't wait to have Sapnap and Karl join."

George continued nodding as Dream pressed small kisses to his neck, "Looks like you need another shower."

George looked down at himself and just shrugged, eyes closing leaving Dream to do all the work. Dream stood, pulling his shorts up to cover himself up as he left the room to grab something to clean George with. Dream noticed the bathroom light was on but the door was wide open, he slowly walked towards the door, peeking inside before entering. His eyes widened as he watched Sapnap pressing Karl into the sink whispering something probably filthy in Karl's ear.

"Hello boys," Dream smirked as they pulled away from each other, their faces flushed with embarrassment.

"Could you two be any louder?" Sapnap laughed, "Karl here almost busted through and interrupted you."

"Should have," Dream pinched Karl's chin lightly before grabbing a cloth and adding water to it, Karl blushed from the touch, looking away from him.

"Are you mad Karl?" Dream teased as the older man ignored him, "Goodnight."

"Goodnight," Sapnap said back for the both of them, "We'll talk tomorrow."

"Yeah, of course," Dream nodded and headed back to George's room.

Chapter End Notes

- Kudos and Comments are welcome!!! :]
- Were you right on who knocked at the door?

Karl Wants to be Good

Chapter Notes

Sorry for the long wait, I saw a TikTok about this fic on my FYP and about had a heart attack.

But also lowkey loved it?? felt kinda ... nice being appreciated on different apps (this is me giving you lot permission to talk about this fic on different apps, just don't tell the cc's)

-TikTok gets too specific, how did they find me ...

- ALSO THIS HAPPENED???

- [https://www.tiktok.com/@honk.alyssa/video/6961659343108459782?](https://www.tiktok.com/@honk.alyssa/video/6961659343108459782?sender_device=pc&sender_web_id=6965292129488946693&is_from_webapp=v1&is_copy_url=0)

sender_device=pc&sender_web_id=6965292129488946693&is_from_webapp=v1&is_copy_url=0

- WTF IS THIS SAPNAP WHAT?!?!?!?

- STILL SCREAMING

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

Once again, Dream found himself and Karl awake at awful hours in the morning, but he will admit the older man looked so pretty in the 8 am sun. Karl was sat beneath a window in the kitchen with the sun glowing off of his skin watching Patches eat breakfast. Dream wandered the kitchen trying to find something, *anything*, to cook for breakfast. Alas, he found nothing; he needed to go shopping as soon as possible, but then he remembered his conversation with George last night.

He *really* needed to go shopping.

“Want to come shopping with me?” Dream asked and Karl’s gaze trailed up to Dream’s, nodding his head excitedly then suddenly stopping his nods, burying his chin in between his knees like he just remembered he was still mad at Dream.

“We’ve gotta get food, you monsters ate all of mine and other stuff we should probably get if we’re going to continue doing *things* with each other.” He laughed and Karl frowned, “Still not talking to me?”

Karl turned all of his attention back to Patches and her breakfast. Dream rolled his eyes, letting Karl throw his silent fit. He ran his hands through Karl’s hair roughly, pulling at the ends. Karl’s head tilted back at the touch, eyes slipped closed. Dream smirked suddenly getting an idea. He crouched down until he was almost eye level with Karl, Karl still avoiding his gaze as Dream pulled on the locks again.

Karl *whined*.

“Only good boys get to go to the store with me,” Dream licked his lips.

The tensions were high, both men breathing heavily as they kept strong eye contact, Karl trying to come up with a comeback quickly but failed.

Karl mumbled, “I can go?”

“I don’t know, can you?” Dream’s eyebrow quirked up.

Karl's eyebrows raised as his brain processed the words that left Dream's lips. He silently nodded his head, watching Dream stand from his crouched position.

"Go get ready, I'll be in the car. Don't wake anyone."

Karl nodded his head and practically sprinted to his room to get dressed. Dream grasped his keys in his hand looking around for his wallet.

"Going somewhere?" Sarnap's voice startled Dream slightly, drastically louder than his and Karl's whispers.

"Shopping with Karl," Dream said, "Why are you up?"

Sarnap hesitated, looking around the room and reluctantly looking into Dream's eyes, "Woke up and Karl wasn't there."

Dream averted loudly and Sarnap groaned, scratching the back of his neck trying to change the subject.

"He's still upset from last night, I'm making it up to him." Dream changed the subject for him.

Sarnap laughed and rolled his eyes.

"Suck the life out of him last night? Try to make him feel better?" Dream winked.

Sarnap laughed at that, throwing the older man his wallet that was lying on the kitchen island, "No, but he sucked my c—"

"Better than me?" Dream's eyes widened, filling with phony tears.

Sarnap shook his head, Dream taking pride in his confession. He smirked, swatting in the direction of Sarnap's dick just to annoy him, but Sarnap moved away.

"Well I'm a great teacher," Dream raised his eyebrows up and down dramatically.

"Can't wait to be the example," Sarnap added to the joke.

"Now go back to bed, I told Karl he can only go with me if he didn't wake anyone up," Dream pushed his shoulder and Sarnap followed his direction leaving the kitchen quietly at the same time Dream left the house to start up the car.

The weather outside was hot, the sun beating down on the concrete driveway, Dream was sure he can cook an egg on it. He pulled open his car door starting it as fast as he could and turning on the AC. Karl quietly left the house, turning to make sure the front door was closed securely behind him. He wore a pair of shorts and a shirt that definitely wasn't his, he's pretty sure he saw it last night sitting in George's suitcase. Karl walked over to Dream looking up at him through squinted eyes burning from the sun.

"Ready?" Dream smiled, "I'm just letting the car cool down."

"Okay," Karl shrugged pulling out his phone and silently typing away.

Dream didn't want it to drag on, but he was so curious if Karl was still upset with him from last night.

"Done being a brat?"

Karl looked up from his phone, eyes wide and nervous yet said nothing. He only opened the passenger's side door and stepped into the cooled-off car. Dream loved a challenge, *clearly*, he wouldn't be here right now if he wasn't such a competitive prick. Dream got into the car putting on his seatbelt silently. Karl reached for the radio, turning it up to break the silence but Dream turned it back off.

"You can listen to music when you talk to me," Dream pulled on a pair of sunglasses as he drove down his street, glancing at Karl before making a right turn out of his development.

"Why didn't you come last night?" Karl frowned.

"I did," Dream was going to laugh at his own terrible joke but looking Karl in the eyes he couldn't seem to bring himself to do it, "I'm sorry, Karl."

"You blew Sapnap and did whatever with George, but you just left me," He crossed his arms angrily, "You said you would take care of me, and you didn't."

Dream cursed himself for smiling so wide at Karl's little fit, he smacked a hand to Karl's inner thigh and squeezed.

"I'm sorry, baby," Karl whimpered at that, "I'll take care of you."

"Promise?" Karl pouted at him.

Dream's eyes were on the road but he could just picture his big grey puppy dog pout looking at him right now.

"Yes," Dream laughed, "I promise."

Dream pulled into the parking lot of the grocery store soon after that.

"Right now?" Karl asked, fingers pressing to the back of Dream's hand, pulling it further up his thigh.

"In a Publix parking lot?" Dream laughed parking the car in a spot far from civilization, "You want me to blow you right here and now?"

"I—" Karl stuttered for a moment, choking on his words, "I was *kidding*."

Dream threw his seatbelt off and leaned over the center console, his face right in Karl's, "Were you?"

"Dream, people can see us," Karl looked around nervously, "Let's just shop."

Dream nodded, pulling away from Karl, and stepped out of the car, "Okay fine, you're in charge."

Karl smiled at that, following Dream out of the car and into the supermarket. The pair stayed practically connected at the hip, Karl following every step Dream made. Like a shadow; when Dream stopped Karl stopped. The food shopping trip went smoothly, Karl making Dream do all of the heavy lifting while he pointed to high shelves for products he thought George would like to try. After a hefty total and a full car, the boys were ready to leave.

"I wish we didn't get ice cream, I wanted to stop by the sex shop on our way home," Dream sighed and Karl smiled.

"We can all go," Karl said, "Can we all go?"

“Of course,” Dream laughed, “After we put everything away.”

Karl smiled, setting his hands in his lap after turning up some music. Dream kissed him at the next red light, he couldn't help himself. Karl kissed back feverishly, placing his hands on Dream's cheeks and pulling him close. A loud honk from the car behind them was the only thing that pulled them away and continue the drive.

Karl's phone buzzed from under his leg, a text from George lighting up the screen. Dream glanced over to the shorter man, trying to look at his phone screen. Karl gasped as he opened the message, turning to look at Dream then back to his phone.

“What is it?” Dream asked as he pulled onto his street.

Karl turned his phone to Dream, a picture of George's inner thighs all bruised up. Dream smiled as his eyes floated down to the caption.

< Jealous Karl?

He locked his phone, placing it under his thigh once again, and stared at his hands. Dream knew he was upset seeing the damage Sapnap has done to George at such an ungodly hour in the morning.

“Dream.”

“What's up, baby?”

“Can we –“ Karl's fingers twitched in his lap, “Can we all hang out tonight, like all of us? In your room?”

Dream smiled, never answering and just driving home.

—

The sex shop was huge, Dream has never stepped foot inside, only sat across the street when he was a teenager with his friends and laughed at the people going in. Now, here he is, standing in front of an open display case of plugs, vibrators, and dildos with a giant pink one staring him in the face.

“It's not gonna bite,” George laughed, pressing himself to Dream's side, “Upset you're not that big?”

“Oh fuck off, George,” Dream laughed looking down at George's hands, “What're you getting?”

“Stuff that looked interesting,” He shrugged, “Prostate massager.”

“*Jesus* George,” Dream stared at the objects in his hands.

“Oh and lube, since you won't fuck me without it,” George rolled his eyes, “I'm going to look for Karl.”

Dream watched him walk away, his hand lingering on the pretty plug in front of him just picturing it between George's ass cheeks. He picked it up, inspecting the object, it was matte black in color but the gems on the end were blue, George's favorite color. Maybe he should get two, they did

have one with pretty purple gems for Karl. *Oh* – or three?

“Hey,” Sapnap bumped into him, causing Dream to drop the plug back into where it was displayed, “I got handcuffs and ankle cuffs and cock rings and –”

“Sapnap, Sap, calm down.” Dream laughed, looking at the full basket in his hands.

“Dream, I don’t know how this shit works, I just took anything the lady handed me,” He explained, “I’m kind of scared to say no.”

“Okay, get whatever you want,” Dream rolled his eyes running his hand through Sapnap’s hair, “I’m paying anyway.”

Sapnap smiled and ran off to find the associate again. Dream honestly felt like a dad with his kids in a candy shop watching the three practically run around the almost empty store, gawking and giggling at everything on display.

“Want me to gift wrap the plugs?” The lady at the register smiled at Dream, sporting a permanent blush on his face.

“Uh –”

“They didn’t see you looking at them, I’ll wrap them up, a nice surprise.”

Dream smiled at the woman silently thanking her as she found boxes to place them in. Dream turned his back watching Sapnap and George whisper back and forth to each other, Karl stepping up to Dream.

“What’d ya get?” Dream asked, but then realized Karl was empty-handed, “Hey, why didn’t you get anything?”

“Already got everything I want,” He smiled wrapping his arms around Dream’s middle.

Dream smiled wrapping his arms around him and watching George and Sapnap argue with one another over a pink box wrapped in plastic that Sapnap was holding.

“Hey! Idiots! Make this quick, I’ve been up since 8 am,” Dream laughed, leaning his head down to lean on top of Karl’s.

“George won’t let me get this fleshlight,” Sapnap shouted across the store, and Dream’s eyes widened.

He looked around at the few people wandering the store, no one even batted an eye at his comment, but Dream filled with embarrassment.

“Sapnap!” Dream groaned as the pair made their way to the register with full baskets.

George placed his basket down first, the associate started ringing, “All I’m saying is why do you need that when you have *me*?”

“*And me*,” Karl added, speaking directly into Dream’s shirt, face hidden in his chest.

“Well, we’re not gonna be together forever,” Sapnap rolled his eyes placing the box on the counter along with his basket, “Need something to fuck when you two leave.”

“Dream,” Karl laughed.

Dream looked to Sapnap and just shook his head, “Nice try.”

Dream turned to look at the price and instantly regretted it, just handing over his debit card to the waiting employee and sighed.

“Spent more money at the sex store than on food,” Karl laughed, yawning into his fist.

—

Dream stood in front of his three best friends, all sitting on the sofa, Patches taking a nap in Karl’s lap. Dream nervously paced in front of them as they opened the secret gifts Dream got for them. George thanked him with kisses, mumbling ‘thank you’ between each kiss. Dream knew he would love it, he was hesitant getting one for Karl but Karl seemed to love it just as much as George. His quick fingers running over the purple gem. He kissed Dream as well, thanking him quietly and going back to study it. Now for his problem child, Sapnap stared at the silver plug, orange gem on the base of it.

“What is it?” Sapnap laughed, “You want me to put this in my ass?”

“Sapnap, just say thank you and move on,” George scoffed.

Sapnap turned back to the plug then back up to Dream, “Thanks man, I’ll think about it.”

“It’s all I could ask for,” Dream smiled then sighed, knowing he had to get to the real reason they were all here, “So we all want each other,” Dream clapped his hands together causing Patches to stir in Karl’s lap, “We need to establish ground rules.”

George pulled out his phone, “I’ll write them down.”

Dream nodded watching George’s fingers type away at his phone. Dream willed himself to stop moving, just for a moment, fingers twitching to start moving again, “Do we need a safe word?”

“Yes,” Karl said before anyone else, “Yes, I want a safe word.”

“God, Karl that’s so ... hot,” Sapnap smirked at him, winking in his direction as Karl’s face went a deep shade of red.

“I just – I want to try stuff with you guys, things I’ve never done. I’d feel better with a safe word.”

“Manhunt,” George smiled, “Reason we’re all here anyway.”

The four of them laughed, George typed the word in all capitals at the top of the note.

“Color system too,” Sapnap added, “You know, green means you’re good, yellow means you need a break or slow down, red, stop everything.”

George nodded as he continued to type, “Can I wear a skirt?”

Dream’s fidgeting stopped completely, almost snapping his neck to turn to look at George.

“You want to wear a skirt?” Dream asked.

“Maybe,” He shrugged, “Just thinking out loud.”

“I want one too!” Karl expressed.

George scoffed, “Course you do.”

Karl knitted his eyebrows together in frustration.

“*Brat*,” George mumbled.

Dream crossed his arms, “George, now you’re being a brat.”

George’s jaw dropped, letting out a frustrated huff before he dropped it completely. His fingers continued to type, Karl leaning over his shoulder watching. They continued the conversation for another half hour, discussing kinks, punishments, limits, all of them seemed really up for it. Dream couldn’t be any prouder of his friends for trying to broaden the horizons of their sex lives.

“Should we start this?” Sapnap asked, “I really wanna get my hands on Karl.”

Karl sat up straighter on the couch, snapping his head to look at Sapnap and hide behind George.

“Sapnap,” Karl laughed nervously, “I – right now? Right here? Patches is asleep!”

“Well, I promised yesterday,” Sapnap stood from the couch, standing directly in front of Karl.

He leaned over the couch kissing Karl softly, “Remember that?”

“Sapnap,” Karl mumbled as Sapnap kissed him again.

Dream watched their every move. Watching as Sapnap’s hands cupped Karl’s face perfectly, Karl gazing into his eyes with pure lust, or maybe that was a hint of something more.

“Hey,” George kicked at Dream, “Let’s go to your room, they’ll join us when they’re ready,” He jumped up from the couch and wrapped his arms around Dream’s bicep.

Dream laughed, dragging George to his bedroom and slamming the door shut just to let the others know where they ran off to.

George groaned at the loud noise, only clinging closer to Dream as he fell back against the bed.

“Are you going to finally fuck me tonight?” George moaned at Dream kissing his neck.

Dream smirked, “I’ll think about it.”

“*Dream!*” He whined, pulling away from Dream, “*Please?*”

Dream’s eyebrows raised.

“You gonna beg for it?”

George licked his lips, looking towards the door quickly then back up to Dream’s eyes, “Yes. If I have to.”

“You *have* to,” Dream nodded and George sighed loudly, throwing his head back to give access to Dream’s mouth, “Beg for it, George.”

“Dream, *please* fuck me,” George cried out, “Please, I wanna feel you.”

Dream smirked, giving in and sinking his teeth into George's neck, instantly sucking on the marks he left behind. George thrust upwards, his back against Dream's sheets as Dream pulled away from his neck and stared down at him. George felt so small under the darkening gaze of Dream, fearful of being with a man for the first time, but shaking with excitement that the man was *Dream* doing this to him. He knows none of these boys would ever hurt him intentionally, he trusted them with his life. Dream stripped his shirt, tossing it towards the bookshelf and unbuttoning his pants as well, everything was moving so quickly, George's head was spinning.

"Wait, the lube," George breathed out, "It's in the other room."

"I've got it, honey," Dream kissed him fiercely as George lustily deflated at the pet name, "Want you naked and waiting for me when I come back."

"Prepped?" George licked his lips.

Dream couldn't help the desperate moan escaping his lips, "Yeah baby, finger yourself while I'm gone."

George whimpered, pulling off his shirt rapidly watching Dream leave the room. Dream closed the door behind him quietly and going back to the living room with all of the toys they bought earlier today. He wasn't really surprised to see Karl and Sapnap on the couch making out, Karl in Sapnap's lap kissing him with passion, Patches off somewhere in the house. Dream leaned in the doorway for a minute, just watching them. Sapnap's hands trailed down to settle on Karl's ass, kneading through the black sweatpants.

"God Sapnap, get a finger in him already, he's practically begging for it," Dream commented and Karl pulled away, hiding his face in Sapnap's neck as he moaned.

Sapnap just stared at Dream in disbelief at his words.

"Unless you don't know how to, you can just fuck George if you want."

Sapnap swallowed.

"He's in there prepping himself right now, you don't even have to do anything, just fuck him," Dream raised his eyebrows as Sapnap nodded his head, hands still on Karl like he was prepared to stand while holding the older man.

Karl stepped out of his lap after kissing him one last time, his head down eyes staring at his feet.

"You'll get your turn, Karl, don't be like that," Dream laughed, tilting his head up with a finger under his chin.

"I'm not being like anything," Karl mumbled and followed Sapnap into Dream's bedroom.

Dream followed not too far behind, staying close behind Sapnap whispering filth in his ear before he walked into the room.

"He's in there just begging to be fucked," Dream's hands found their way to Sapnap's hips, "If you ask nicely, I bet he'll beg for your cock."

"Dream," Sapnap sighed a bit nervously, "I-"

"Shh, you're okay," He pressed a soothing kiss to his neck, "I'm right here."

Sapnap walked into the room first, eyes landing directly on George. His head was thrown back, three fingers deep inside of himself, moaning Dream's name.

"Got a surprise for ya Georgie," Dream laughed as George's head snapped up and over to the door, looking Sapnap right in the eyes, "Sappy here is too scared to finger Karl, so he's gonna fuck you."

"I'm not –"

George groaned, "Fine, just someone fuck me already."

"Kiss him," He turned to Karl who was standing there awfully quiet, he watched the older man walk over to the oldest, climbing onto the bed and kissing him deeply.

Dream turned to Sapnap, "You need to calm down," Dream sunk to his knees, pulling at Sapnap's sweatpants, "Do you want to stop?"

"No," Sapnap said, watching George intently.

"Color?"

"Green."

Dream rubbed Sapnap through his boxers, mouthing at the fabric quickly and Sapnap's head fell back, hand going to his hair immediately.

"Dream," He gasped, pulling his hair slightly, "Dream, stop."

Dream smirked, "Gonna cum? Don't you wanna fuck George?"

"I do, so stop," Sapnap pulled his hair again, moving away from his wanting mouth.

George pulled away from Karl, letting the brunet kiss his neck, "Someone just fuck me."

"Beg for it," Dream stood from the floor helping Sapnap undress.

George glared at Dream, pushing Karl off of him completely.

"I don't beg," George glanced at Karl then back to Sapnap and Dream.

Dream licked his lips, "Only for me?"

A blush crept its way up to George's face, he turned away as Karl kissed his collarbones. He gasped when Karl ran a wet tongue over his nipple, swirling his tongue around.

"Karl," He wrapped his hand in Karl's hair, "Okay fine, please, *please* fuck me. I promise I'll do *anything*."

Dream couldn't help but kiss Sapnap sweetly on the lips once he was fully undressed, watching Sapnap stare at George's quick fingers inside himself, "Fuck him already, he's *begging* for it."

Sapnap nodded, stepping over to George and pat his knee, George pulled his fingers out with a loud whimper. Karl finally pulled off the moaning mess that was now George. Dream turned to Karl now, his shirt thrown somewhere in the room.

"The last one to cum, wins," Dream said, pushing Karl face-first into the mattress with his ass in the air, "Sound like a plan?"

It was quite the sight, George looking over at Karl's face pushed into the firm mattress, his feet on the hardwood, back arched. George's legs spread wide for Sapnap to sit between, Sapnap nervously stroking himself before he even touched George. It really was such a pretty sight for Dream.

"Dream," Karl whined wiggling his hips in front of Dream as the grip on the back of his head seemed to get tighter.

"Fuck, yes," Sapnap smirked looking down at George, now fully confident in his ability to last longer than the rest.

"You're not going to last 2 minutes fucking me," George mumbled as Sapnap rolled a condom onto himself, lathering himself in lube.

Sapnap smirked, "That a threat?"

"A promise," George pushed Sapnap backward, his head practically hanging off the foot of the bed when his back hit the mattress; George climbed on top of him, "Gonna ride you."

"That was *not* part of the plan," Sapnap swallowed, confidence slipping.

George smiled at him, "Don't worry Sap, I won't last long either."

"You hear that Karl?" Dream leaned down, "Maybe you'll win tonight."

Karl mumbled something into the mattress.

"If I even let you cum, tonight." Dream's hand came down on his ass, a loud slap echoed through the room as Karl cried out, holding onto the blanket his face was hiding in.

"Dream, please," Karl sobbed.

"Please what, baby?" Dream rubbed the glowing redness now present on Karl's ass cheek.

Karl turned his head, trying hard to look at Dream as he raised his hand for another hit.

"I wanna be good," Karl could barely be heard, George moaning so loudly, slowly lowering himself on Sapnap.

Dream smiled, letting Karl stand, "Wanna be good? Undress."

Karl nodded, beginning to strip his clothes while Dream climbed onto the bed completely naked, his back against the headboard watching Sapnap's cock disappear inside George.

"Fuck – *fuck* George."

Sapnap's hands were shaking against the meat of George's thighs. Dream couldn't differentiate if it was nerves or pleasure, he hoped for a little bit of both.

"Don't move, don't move," Sapnap said apprehensively.

George shook his head, "I won't, lemme know when to – *oh!*"

His own moaning cut him off as Sapnap readjusted underneath him. George steadied his hands on Sapnap's chest, nails digging into sensitive skin. Sapnap's shaking hands settled, rubbing up and down George's thighs trying to calm his own breathing.

“Can’t move until he fucks Karl,” Sapnap said, “Gotta start at the same time.”

Dream scoffed, “*Oh come on*, that’s not fair, Karl isn’t even prepped. We’ll do a tournament, first two to cum between the four of us are out, last two fuck and see who wins.”

“I hate how your brain works,” George groaned, lifting his hips and slamming back down against Sapnap’s hips.

“*Oh fuck*, there’s no way I’m winning.”

Dream turned to Karl, who was watching George and Sapnap quietly and intently. His hands in his lap as he watched the pair fuck for the first time. Sapnap cried out as George finally found a pace he was comfortable with. Bouncing slowly on Sapnap’s dick.

“Touch him, Sapnap,” Dream spoke, breaking Karl out of hypnotic gaze, “Welcome back.”

“Sorry,” Karl blushed.

Dream pulled him in and kissed him deeply, “Still wanna be good for me?”

Karl nodded and Dream couldn’t help but kiss him again.

“Get on your hands and knees for me,” Dream instructed and Karl did as he said.

Karl’s face once again buried in the sheets, right next to Sapnap’s shaking hand. Said hand fell into his hair, running his fingers through the locks drawing a moan out of Karl. He arched his back, giving Dream even better access to him, Dream licked his lips staring at the used bottle of lube laying behind a bouncing George.

“Fuck Sapnap,” George cried out, “Oh my god, *right there*.”

Sapnap’s eyes were squeezed shut like he was willing himself not to cum inside the condom. His left hand raking through Karl’s hair as the right one was wrapped around George’s cock.

“Shut up, George,” Sapnap threatened.

“Gonna cum,” George fell forward, slowing his hips as he did so.

Dream reached out, rubbing the red mark on Karl’s ass cheek, “Fuck him, Sap.”

“Yeah, fuck me Sapnap,” George echoed and Sapnap thrust his hips up eliciting a loud moan from George.

Karl whined, feeling left out, “Dream.”

“Thought you wanted to be a good boy?”

Karl pouted.

Dream drenched his fingers in lube, circling Karl’s waiting hole, “This what you wanted, baby?”

Karl nodded, leaning back into the circling fingers.

“Use your words,” Dream slapped his thigh as George cried out again.

A quick glance at the pair almost had Dream cumming instantly. George’s face was buried in

Sapnap's neck, leaving behind bruising kisses and red bites. Sapnap's eyes, although still squeezed shut, were a lot less nervous. His hands now shaking from pure bliss, one steadily wrapped around George's leaking cock, the other now pulling Karl's hair.

"Hands full there, Sap," Dream smirked, slowly inserting his finger in Karl.

Sapnap tried to laugh but it came out as more of a choked sob as he pulled Karl's hair harder the faster he thrust his hips into George.

"Gonna cum?" George breathed out.

Karl leaned back into Dream's fingers earning him another smack.

"Dream," Karl sobbed.

Dream rubbed the stinging skin under his palm, "Be a good boy, Karl."

"M'sorry," Karl hid his face in the mattress.

Dream slowly added another finger, scissoring the fluffy-haired man open. Karl mewled at the sensation.

"Put your fingers in his mouth," Dream spoke to Sapnap.

He got the message, pulling his hands from Karl's hair and dragged his fingers in front of Karl's mouth. Karl took them hungrily between his lips, sucking on the digits given to him.

"Such a good boy," Dream kissed his lower back, Karl keened, "Isn't he a good boy Sapnap? George?"

George just nodded his head, still lying on top of Sapnap's chest as the latter pounded up into his abused hole.

"Words, George."

"Yeah," George mumbled, stopping to moan, "So good."

Karl moaned around the fingers in his mouth as Dream finally, *finally* added a third finger into the mix. He wanted to take his time with Karl, he'd been waiting so patiently for this, taken so much from Dream, from being ignored to being *spanked*. Dream wanted to reward him for being so good.

"Fuck you, Karl," Sapnap groaned, slamming into George a few more times with sputtering thrusts.

He came.

Dream smirked, watching as George carefully moved off of Sapnap still aching hard.

"I'll be with you in a minute, George," Dream smirked hooking his fingers into Karl earning a loud moan as he hit his prostate.

"I fucking lost," Sapnap covered his face and Dream couldn't stop the laugh leaving his mouth, "*Fuck!*"

"Hard to accept, I know," Dream, knowing first hand, agreed.

His hand picked up, going quicker in and out of Karl. Hitting his prostate with each thrust of the slender fingers.

“Dream,” Karl moaned, pushing back against him, “Fuck me, I’m ready, I promise.”

Dream glanced at George who was glancing right back at him. He shot him a smile.

“Think I should?” Dream whispered to George.

The dark hair of George bounced first before the rest of his head as he nodded ‘yes’.

“Just hurry up,” George complained.

Sapnap sat up slightly on his elbows, “What if Karl wins? Who’s gonna top?”

“Me,” Karl and George said at the same time, both of them turning burning glares at each other as Dream laughed, slipping his fingers out of Karl and resisting the urge to pop them into his mouth.

“Fuck me please, *daddy*,” Karl cried out, eyes glazed over with lust and need.

Dream was starting to think this daddy thing wasn’t a joke anymore. He sat back, his back hitting the headboard as he rolled a condom onto himself and pat his thighs for Karl to crawl into. Karl rushed to his lap, sitting down with their dicks slotted together. Karl moaned at the contact, his head falling into the crook of Dream’s neck. Dream’s fingers trailed up his spine, kissing his hair softly.

“Want to ride me, baby?” Dream’s fingers were beginning to tickle.

Karl nodded his head, lifting his hips to give Dream better access to enter him. Dream pushed his hair back quickly, dropping his hand to grip himself and line his cock up with Karl’s hole.

“So good for me,” Dream whispered.

Words for just Karl to hear, it was music to the chestnut-haired boy's ears. He moaned as the tip of Dream’s cock entered him. He whined loudly, clinging to Dream for dear life as he lowered himself further onto the large cock beneath him.

“Such a good boy,” Dream pushed his hair from his face, “Doing so well, so *loud* for me.”

Karl nodded, head hidden in Dream’s neck. Any noise leaving his mouth went straight to Dream’s skin, burning and vibrating. Dream held him close as he bottomed out, waiting for Karl to adjust and start moving. He looked past Karl’s shoulder, Sapnap sucking a bruising kiss on George’s chest.

“Thank you,” Sapnap whispered to the pale man beneath him, “Thank you.”

George swatted him away, “Shut up and touch me.”

Sapnap laughed at his neediness, wrapping his hand around George’s cock and stroking slowly. Not enough friction or power behind it to actually make him cum, but enough to keep him hard while they waited for Karl and Dream. The latter pair were taking their time with it, and much to George’s dismay, Dream loved it. Feeling every part of Karl around him, listening to every whimper and whine that left Karl’s mouth as he slowly bounced himself on Dream’s cock.

“Feel good, baby?” Dream pulled his hair slightly, making the shorter man look him in the eyes.

Karl wanted so badly to hide his face again, just moaning in response as a deep blush grew deeper onto his cheeks.

“Why do you want to hide, pretty boy?” Dream thrust his hips up to meet Karl’s bouncing and Karl screamed out as a reply, “God, you love this, don’t you?”

“Yes,” Karl spoke as Dream thrust against his prostate again and again, “I’m - gonna cum, da - Dream.”

“Okay baby, you can, you’ve been so good for us,” Dream whispered, kissing Karl’s shoulder and wrapping a hand around him, “Go ahead and cum.”

Dream’s fist was covered two thrusts later, milky white liquid running down his fingers as Karl cried out, going lax in his lap and slumping backward towards Sapnap. Dream slowly pulled out of Karl with a wince as Karl quietly groaned into Sapnap’s thigh. Dream looked up at Sapnap, who was now cradling Karl’s head in his naked lap.

“You did so well, Karl,” Sapnap pet his hair, leaning down and kissing his forehead, “So good.”

George let out an extremely frustrated groan as all attention now on Karl, he was fed up.

“Can I win already?” George sighed, “I’m bored.”

Dream scoffed, climbing on top of George, eyes boring into brown.

“You’re such a slut for attention aren’t you?”

George shrugged looking up at Dream, “Gonna fuck me like this? Like you promised?”

“Anything for you, princess,” Dream teased, lining himself up with George’s hole, “Ready for me?”

Dream took both of George’s legs, propping them up on his shoulders, giving him such a pretty sight below him. He licked his lips, cock twitching to get inside the smaller man.

“Ready to lose?” George smirked and Dream pushed his cock inside of George without hesitation, immediately earning a gasp from George, “*Oh fuck, Dream.*”

Dream was happy to shut him up, thrusting in and out of him not even giving the man time to adjust. George loved every second of it, nails digging into Dream’s skin leaving behind red crescent marks he secretly wanted pictures of. George wasn’t the type to be loud, Dream discovered, tiny breathy moans came from his red bitten lips. Dream wanted to swallow the noises, taste them on his tongue to hold the memory forever. Eventually, he overlapped his lips with George’s to swallow every noise, just like he fantasized. George’s hands travel Dream’s body, tantalizing touches to Dream’s lower back burned in ecstasy. Dream felt the familiar feeling pooling in the pit of his stomach, the same feeling that doesn’t last long when it comes to these competitions.

“Close,” Dream whispered, lips attaching themselves to George’s neck right below his ear, “So fucking close, George.”

“You gonna cum in me, Dreamie?” George teased, eyes squeezing shut as Dream slammed the head of his cock into his prostate, “*FUCK.*”

He wanted so badly to cum inside of George, and honestly at this rate – *No Dream* - He groaned

loudly, so close to release, but pulled out of George, throwing the condom off quickly jerking himself off over George. George whined at the empty feeling inside of him, and the noise alone sent Dream over the edge. Hot stipes of cum covering George's thighs and cock as Dream fell forward, catching himself with his left hand before he completely crashed into George.

"Holy fucking hell," Dream laughed.

George was absolutely glowing with yet another win under his belt, Dream wanted to kiss him, mark him, make him cum without touching him, but all came to an instant halt when Sapnap's words turned all attention towards him.

"Suck him off, Karl," He licked his lips, a fist full of Karl's hair, "Still wanna be a good boy for us, right?"

Karl nodded quietly, following Sapnap's every direction without a second thought.

"Color?" Sapnap asked, slight nervousness evident in his voice as he watched Karl stare at Dream and George, "Karl sweetheart, color?"

"Green," Karl kept his eyes on George's leaking cock, licking his lips as it jumped in interest.

George gasped when Karl surged forward, taking the head of his cock between his lips. He cried out, trying hard not to thrust up into his inexperienced mouth. Dream's hand went to Karl's head, pushing down slightly causing Karl to gag and pull up.

"I'm sorry, was that too much?" Dream worried, but Karl shook his head 'no', "Karl are you sure?"

He nodded, immediately going back to swallow around George's length. George's hands rushed forward, ready to bury themselves in the fluffy hair in front of him, but Dream stopped him.

"No touching, George, do we need to have Sapnap hold you down?"

George raised an eyebrow, licking his lips, and slowly nodded his head. Dream glanced to Sapnap, winking at him and watching Sapnap grip thin wrists between his fingers. George's head fell back at the same time as Dream slowly carded long fingers through Karl's hair.

"Good boy," Dream praised and Karl moaned around George's cock.

George whined, hips thrusting up as Dream held Karl's head still, another gag came from Karl. Dream leaned forward, whispering in Karl's ear.

"Doing so well Karl, you're getting so good at this."

Karl closed his eyes, focusing on the words in his ear and the cock on his tongue.

"I'm gonna cum, Karl," George whined, Sapnap shutting him up with a kiss.

Karl glanced to Dream, trying to pull up but Dream's grip stayed.

"You can take it right, baby?" Dream asked, "I know you can swallow it."

Karl's eyes closed again, a few stray tears falling from them.

"If it's too much, tap my thigh," Dream said, pushing Karl down on George's cock a little further.

George's arms strained in Sapnap's grip, desperate to touch. Hips thrusting up as Karl struggled to

keep from gagging. A nervous hand settled on Dream's thigh, ready to tap if he needed to.

"Let go, Gogy," Sapnap laughed, nibbling his jaw as he spoke.

And George listened, cumming deep into Karl's mouth causing the other boy to tap Dream's thigh frantically. Dream pulled him up, George finishing on his stomach as Karl coughed into the air. Dream rubbed the back of his head, whispering much-needed praise in his ear. Sapnap stood, the cleanest of the four of them, pulling on his boxers and ready to leave the room to get a rag.

"We're the only ones in the house, nimrod, you don't need to put on clothes."

Sapnap rolled his eyes, "I don't need Patches seeing me naked."

Dream laughed as Karl fell forward, hiding his face in the mattress next to George. George reached over, rubbing his back.

"Did good, Karl," George yawned.

Karl peeked up from his hiding spot, "Really?"

Dream smiled as they interacted, watching George rub shapes into Karl's back and whispering kind words in his ear that if asked in the morning, he would swear he never said. Dream fell back into his pillows, closing his eyes just to relax and rest his eyes but ended up falling asleep before Sapnap even got back to the room.

Chapter End Notes

- Kudos and comments are appreciated! :D
- Anything y'all want to see in the future?
- More smut? Fluff? Hurt? Angst? all of the above may be in the works
- FYI Boys go home soon :((((

We have to Talk

Chapter Notes

Big talk with the boys. Kind of hurt/comfort ???

-Sorry this took a minute, I'm currently working on the next chapter tho!

- I want to get this out for you lot!! Enjoy! :D

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

When Dream woke the next morning, his room was dark and the sounds of rain smacked against his window. He really shouldn't be surprised, rain was bound to hit in Florida, especially since the weather has been so nice to them. It wasn't too crazy yet, just a small pitter-patter of rain and low rumbling thunder. No loud cracks or bright lightning *yet*. Dream assumed that would come later once the rest of the day carried on.

But now that Dream was fully awake, he realized someone was pushed to his chest, their arms wrapped around his naked middle keeping him warm. He buried his nose in the hair of the mysterious person, keeping his eyes closed, slowly inhaling.

"What time is it?" Dream mumbled, the person stirring in his arms at both his voice and the rattling thunder above.

They turned to look at an abandoned phone on the nightstand, the groggy morning voice of George made him smile.

"Too early. 8 am."

Dream laughed softly at his answer, "I'm sure Karl is up, I'm gonna go help him with breakfast."

"*No*. Too cold." George wrapped a leg around Dream's.

Dream pulled away, leaving George with a searing kiss to his hair as he unraveled himself and turned in the bed to leave, only to be surprised to see Karl sound asleep on the edge of the bed.

"*Oh you're kidding me*," He wheezed, "Where's Sapnap?"

Karl turned to face Dream, eyes barely open as grey met green.

Karl kissed him quickly, burying his head back into the pillow, "he wanted to be alone."

Dream sighed, knowing his best friend was panicking alone right now. Dream turned back to George's direction, looking for a way out.

"Can't leave us," George's fingers danced on his hip, "Stay. Sleep."

Dream rolled his eyes, slithering down the bed in the most unattractive way. Leaving from the foot of it, "If I stay, you two will sleep until 3 in the afternoon."

"What's so bad about that?" Karl mumbled quietly.

“Go back to bed,” Dream fixed the blankets, covering both of them and pulling on a random set of sweatpants he found on the floor.

They hung low on his hips and high on his calves, he was sure they were Sapnap’s, but they would have to do. He stumbled into the hallway, fluffing out his hair, he desperately needed a shower. He peeked into the kitchen first, Sapnap nowhere to be found. He huffed, not accepting defeat quiet yet while he entered the living room, finding Sapnap sitting on the couch on his phone and a lap full of Patches. The rain loudly pounding the roof now, Dream wondered how long the weather would last like this? Hopeful it might cancel a flight ... *or two*.

“Good morning.”

Sapnap looked up with startled eyes, “Morning.”

“You okay?”

Sapnap nodded, “Yeah, just tweeting Quackity.”

“Okay ... wanna shower?”

Sapnap looked around the room like he couldn’t believe Dream was asking *him* that, “Together? With me?”

“Who else?” Dream laughed, “Come on, you need it. You smell horrible.”

Sapnap rolled his eyes.

“Fuck you,” Sapnap chuckled with him, glancing back down at Patches who was now awake and looking for a plan of escape.

“Come on, Sap, I’ll give you the best head you’ll ever get in your life and even wash your hair for you.”

Sapnap groaned as Dream reached his hands out waiting for Sapnap to place his palms in his. The youngest complied, letting Dream lead him to one of the bathrooms in the house and stripping Sapnap naked. Dream gently kissed every part of his face, then his neck, then shoulders.

“You were so nervous last night,” Dream teased.

Sapnap suddenly felt very vulnerable being the only one naked between the two, “I wasn’t.”

He reached out, pulling down the familiar sweatpants settled on Dream’s hips.

“Are these mine?” Sapnap laughed and Dream shrugged in response, leaning over Sapnap to turn on the shower.

“Why are you so nervous?” Dream asked, running a hand under one of the many showerheads in the large shower, feeling for the perfect temperature, “Because this is kind of gay?”

“No,” Sapnap rolled his eyes.

“*I’m sure*,” Dream mocked, “What is it then?”

“Nothing.”

Dream backed away for a moment, running his now wet hand through Sapnap’s hair, “Are you

nervous for them to leave? Nervous it's just going to be us?"

Sapnap's eyes closed for a second, almost flinching at Dream's words. Dream cursed himself internally for even bringing it up, he knew Sapnap was short-tempered, any further prying could make the man's blood boil.

"Do we really have to talk about this now? We've got 2 days left and –"

"No, we don't have to." Dream cleared up, a loud crack of thunder blasting over the house.

Sapnap flinched, turning to the running water and placing the tips of his fingers under it, "Too cold."

"Oh my god, we're going to burn," Dream turned the heat up, watching the bathroom slowly fill with steam.

"I like it like that," Sapnap smiled, stepping into the water immediately drenching his hair, "You gonna keep your promise?"

Dream rolled his eyes playfully joining him in the large shower, wincing as hot droplets of water hit his skin. But Sapnap loved it so Dream did too. Dream ran his cold hands over Sapnap's hot shoulders, ice melting under lava, slowly caressing to get a rise out of the shorter man. Dream glanced down Sapnap's body, he wasn't fully hard yet but Dream wasn't insulted; it was all new to him.

"Of course, I'm going to keep my promise."

Sapnap said nothing, just turning away from him so the stream of hot water was now hitting his face. Dream exhaled, reaching a hand into his hair to push his face against the wall in front of him. Sapnap sighed loudly, closing his eyes as his hot, wet face rubbed against the cold tile. Dream wondered briefly if Sapnap would ever let him fuck him. He looked down to the arched back of Sapnap, his ass out and practically begging Dream to fuck it. He shook the thoughts from his head, eyes looking back up to Sapnap's relaxed face.

The lights in the bathroom flickered for a moment as thunder clapped loudly yet again.

"Are you scared?" Dream honestly doesn't know if he was asking about the storm or their current position.

But either way, Sapnap shook his head as soon as Dream let go of his hair.

"Do you feel safe with me?" Dream asked.

"Why are you asking me all these questions?" Sapnap groaned.

Dream gripped his hips, spinning him around and pressing his back to the cold tile. Sapnap gasped in a deep breath as the warmth on his back disappeared. Dream, sinking to his knees letting his hands slide down thick thighs, only chuckled at his shocked expression. He *had* to bite into the flesh, sucking a love bite right into the meat of his thighs. God, he loved doing that, and he knows Sapnap loved it just a little bit more than him.

"I don't want you regretting this, overthinking, panicking –" Dream could continue, but looking up from his long lashes he saw the worry on Sapnap's face; the concern growing deeper and familiar.

"I'm not –"

Dream gripped the hard cock in front of him, earning a small whimper from Sapnap, “This okay?”

“Shut up and suck my dick.” Sapnap groaned, already fed up with Dream’s deep and philosophical communication.

Dream didn’t respond, just licked the red tip of Sapnap’s cock slowly. Keeping eye contact with Sapnap was easy, he loved it *so much*, and Dream drowned in it. Dream knows two definite things when it comes to intimacy with Sapnap, eye contact, and hair-pulling. He closed his eyes briefly when he finally took the head of Sapnap’s cock into his mouth, running his tongue over the leaking slit.

“Dream,” Sapnap’s hand went straight to Dream’s wet hair, he braced himself for the pulling, “Suck it.”

Dream pulled off to laugh, “you’re so demanding for 8 am.”

Sapnap threw his head back as Dream swallowed him down, bobbing his head the best he knew how. Sapnap was soon a moaning mess, pulling Dream’s hair and fucking his mouth, knowing he could take it. It didn’t last long until Dream was pulling off, Sapnap whining into the steamy room and glaring down at Dream.

“What the fuck? I was close.”

Dream truly hated himself for this, but he simply could not shut his brain up about fucking the life out of Sapnap, he needed to ask.

“Can I fuck you?”

Sapnap’s eyes widened when the question left Dream’s lips.

“Right now?” He cleared his throat, hands falling from Dream’s hair.

Dream shrugged, “If you want, I mean all this water it shouldn’t be too painful –“

“Stop,” Sapnap groaned, a blush forming on his face.

“Or I can fuck you while George and Karl watch.”

Sapnap shook his head and Dream nodded.

“Okay, if you don’t want me to -”

“Not –“ He groaned, “Not in front of them, okay.”

Dream smiled up at him, “Okay, I’ll fuck you now, then.”

Dream rose from his knees, capturing Sapnap’s lips in a sickeningly desperate kiss. Sapnap kissed him back just as eager as Dream.

“I’m gonna be so gentle with you, I promise.”

Sapnap rolled his eyes, “How can I trust you when you didn’t keep your promise the first time?” Sapnap teased.

Dream surrendered, he wasn’t wrong, sure it was a great blowjob but it certainly wasn’t the best effort Dream could put in. He was too focused on getting *inside* of him. He kissed him again,

squeezing his hips in his hands and spinning him back around to face the tile again.

“Fuck Sapnap,” Dream moaned, slotting his dick between Sapnap’s ass cheeks before anything else, “Did you like the gift I got you?”

“Shut up, Dream,” Sapnap sighed, eyes squeezed shut.

Dream couldn’t stop his tongue, “Can you wear it today? Please, for me?”

“Dream,” Sapnap was warning him as Dream took a wet finger and pushed it into Sapnap without even thinking twice.

Sapnap winced, wiggling his hips hoping to adjust to the finger. Dream rubbed his back pushing the finger all the way in and kissing his spine. Sapnap didn’t make much noise from one finger and it was starting to annoy Dream, he wanted to hear him. He added a second finger into the mix, thrusting and scissoring open his fingers.

“How’s it feel?”

“Like something’s in my ass,” Sapnap confessed.

Dream rolled his eyes and twisted his fingers to find the spot to make Sapnap twitch. He watched Sapnap’s face contort in all different ways as Dream moved his fingers then finally –

“*Oh god*, Dream!” Sapnap gasped, “Fuck.”

Dream smirked, hitting the spot repeatedly allowing Sapnap to moan at the sensation.

“Don’t stop, please, don’t stop, I’m gonna –“

Dream pulled his fingers out and Sapnap groaned, obviously aggravated. Dream kissed his shoulder softly, grabbing his cock and rubbing the head at Sapnap’s hole. Sapnap stilled, hands braced on the tile wall.

Shit. Fuck.

“What’re you waiting for?” Sapnap turned his head to catch Dream’s eyes.

Dream sighed, “I don’t have a condom.”

“Oh shut the fuck up and fuck me,” Sapnap groaned.

Dream was shocked at his neediness, he wanted to fuck him raw, he really did, but he couldn’t. Maybe in the future, but today he was going to be safe.

“I’ll be right back, be patient,” Dream sighed, stepping out of the shower soaking wet and sprinting back to his bedroom, trying his hardest not to slip on the hardwood floors.

When he entered his bedroom, Karl and George were very much awake. Karl lost somewhere under the duvet as George moaned into the air, hands under the duvet presumably in Karl’s hair. Dream stood in the doorway quietly.

“Interrupting something important?”

George shot up from the bed, his face blushed and nervous.

“N-nothing,” George mumbled watching as Dream walked further into the room and pulled back the duvet to reveal a just as flustered Karl next to George’s naked lower half.

“Nothing, hm?” Dream snickered, “I’ll let you two back to it then.”

Karl sat up, observing Dream rummage his nightstand drawer for a minute.

“You don’t want to join us?” George asked and Dream shook his head, leaning down and kissing him softly.

“Go back to doing what you were doing,” He chuckled quickly running a hand through Karl’s hair and kissing his forehead.

Karl whined as Dream left the room, nearly sprinting back to the bathroom and finding Sapnap had turned the water to its hottest point. Before he stepped into the shower, he placed something on the kitchen sink. Then ripped open the condom, grimacing at the boiling water yet again.

“Jesus, you like this too much,” He shivered, begging himself to adjust to it.

Sapnap turned back around, hands pressed to the wall and his ass out.

“You ready?” Dream asked with a slight laugh, the steam in the room filling his lungs as he rolled the condom onto himself.

Sapnap nodded, pushing back towards Dream, “Hurry up, waters getting cold.”

Dream let out a small chuckle, pushing the head of his cock inside of Sapnap. He bit his lip, trying to stop himself from making any loud noise, but unlike Dream, Sapnap mewled at the feeling. He reached back, hand on Dream’s ass encouraging him to go deeper, so Dream did. His best friend looked so pretty like this, eyes closed and head hung between his broad shoulders. Dream gripped his hips tightly, thrusting the rest of his cock into Sapnap, they both let out guttural moans at the sensation.

“Fuh – fuck.”

Dream huffed, kissing Sapnap’s back, he wanted so badly to sink his teeth into the flesh. Sapnap’s grip on Dream tightened, digging his nails into the flesh of his ass. Dream took that as a sign to pound into him and that’s just what he did. Relentlessly thrusting his hips, slamming them against Sapnap’s ass. Sapnap cried out, face pushed to the tile as Dream’s thrusting picked up.

“I wish Karl and George could see you right now, how desperate you are for me to fuck you,” Dream groaned, *“Fuck Sapnap, you’re so tight.”*

Sapnap moaned in response, pushing back against Dream to meet his thrusts. Dream was so close, the familiar feeling building inside of him. He couldn’t turn his brain off, dreaming of filling Sapnap with his cum. He came into the condom, holding onto Sapnap as he did so, thrusting slowly through his climax. Sapnap sighed as Dream pulled out, his head hanging as he tried to stop himself from finishing himself off. Dream reached out of the shower and Sapnap felt something at his entrance yet again.

“Dream,” Sapnap gasped as he felt something being pushed inside of him.

He moaned when Dream pushed on the plug, then heard the sound of Dream dropping to his knees again, waiting for Sapnap to turn around.

“I’m sorry,” Dream was tired, he could tell.

Sapnap gripped Dream’s hair immediately, pulling his mouth over his cock.

“Don’t be sorry, that was – it was great,” Sapnap fucked his mouth until he came down his throat and over his face with a shout.

They continued the shower completely PG, well except for Dream pressing his fingers against the silver and orange plug inside of him just to get Sapnap to moan. Dream kept his promise, messaging Sapnap’s scalp full of shampoo and conditioner, kissing him every time he dipped his head under the water. When the water ran cold Sapnap stepped out of the shower drying himself off.

“Can you wear it all day?” Dream asked, watching the orange gems peeking through every time Sapnap bent over to dry his legs off.

Sapnap snapped up, turning to Dream with a smirk, “You really like it?”

“Yes,” Dream swallowed nervously, looking into Sapnap’s eyes.

With a nod, Sapnap left the bathroom.

—

The power never went out, but the storm continued to rage on outside, Patches hiding somewhere in the house while the 4 of them sat in the kitchen watching Karl pace. Karl wasn’t a great cook, but he knew the basics. He didn’t *need* a recipe, no matter how much George begged for one. He was great at making cupcakes, or at least he thinks he is.

“Just promise me you’re not going to burn my house down,” Dream sighed.

Karl turned a glare at him, “I would never put Patches in danger.”

Dream smiled, watching the man rush around the kitchen, dancing around George who was more in the way than anything. George gave up 10 minutes into Karl’s kitchen nightmare, taking a seat right on Dream’s lap.

“Guess what,” George whispered, wrapping his arms around Dream’s shoulders.

Dream looked at him, glancing behind him quickly to see Karl scowling. He quickly brought his attention back to George.

“What?”

George kissed him, “I uh – I’ve got the plug in.”

Dream’s eyes widened, looking in George’s dark eyes, lust clouding over the irises. He *had* to kiss him.

“You’re ruining my fun,” Karl huffed, “Can you guys please help?”

George turned away from Dream to look at Karl.

“Your jealousy is showing,” Sapnap laughed.

Karl whined again, “I’m not jealous, I just want to make cupcakes with my – my friends.”

Dream quirked an eyebrow at that, Karl fumbling over what to call them. Something deep inside Dream twisted, he wouldn’t have minded *another* title, but that was something to think about for another time. An expected crack of thunder immediately disrupted those thoughts.

“Brat,” Sapnap teased.

“Sorry Karl, how can I help?” Dream said, pushing George from his lap and standing.

George groaned replacing Dream in his chair and crossed his arms as Dream stood in front of Karl waiting for orders.

“I need milk,” Karl said and Dream nodded walking to the fridge, “Eggs too.”

Dream smirked at him as he opened the fridge, loving the way a small blush crept its way up Karl’s face.

“This is boring,” George announced.

Sapnap stood now as well, wincing slightly and hoping no one would notice but George did, “Wouldn’t be if you helped.”

George tilted his head at him, squinting his eyes and inspecting Sapnap. Sapnap barely looked back at George, instead standing in front of Karl waiting for instructions.

“Of course,” George sighed, “Karl getting *all* the attention, yet again.”

Dream turned on his heel when George spoke, he kind of regretted saying it.

“You’re one to talk, Gogy,” Sapnap teased, “Attention whore.”

George opened and closed his mouth, deciding swiftly to not use his quick wit that would only make his situation worse.

“How about a competition?” Dream smirked and the three groaned.

All four fell into laughter short after.

“What kind of competition? I’m still sore from the last one,” Karl pouted, pouring the milk into a measuring cup.

“Don’t worry, I won’t spank you during this one unless you want me to,” Dream laughed, rubbing his lower back, “Something fun! A baking competition!”

“Yes!” Karl gasped.

Sapnap scoffed, “I can’t bake!”

“I can!” George jumped up, “With a recipe and not from my stupid memory.”

“Teams?” Karl looked to Dream.

“Me and Dream,” George said quickly, “You and Sapnap.”

Karl nodded as George wrapped his hands around Dream's bicep.

"Don't we get a say in this?" Sarnap laughed, "What if I want Dream?"

"No one wants me?" Karl pouted.

Dream ruffled his hair, "Bratty."

"Hey," Karl pushed his hands away, "How do we win? What happens if we lose?"

Dream tapped his chin, glancing to Sarnap hoping for a response.

"Losers blow the winners?" Sarnap smirked and Dream rolled his eyes.

Karl giggled nodding his head in agreement, "It always has to be something sexual with you, doesn't it?"

"Okay fine, blowjobs and losers cook dinner," He scoffed, "Better?"

Dream nodded now, turning to George who was scrolling through his phone for a recipe. How would they determine a winner? Taste? Looks? Dream guesses they would figure that out later, right now Karl was already mixing his batter and George was leisurely looking around the kitchen for ingredients, Dream was not going to stand for this.

"Come on George," He groaned glancing at George's phone and pulled ingredients from the top shelves.

Sarnap whispered something to Karl causing a giggle fit from the latter. Dream turned to them and sighed, pouring flour and cocoa powder into a large bowl.

"Did you measure it?" George looked up at him and Dream nodded.

He definitely didn't. George continued searching for ingredients while Dream watched the other pair interact as he cracked two large eggs into a separate bowl. Sarnap had his hands on Karl's hips as he reached up on his tiptoes to grab something from a cabinet, pushing Karl against the counter as he did so.

"Stop," Karl laughed, sliding out from between Sarnap and the counter, "I wanna win."

Sarnap pulled him back, kissing his nose quickly, "And we will."

"Hey!" George's hand waving in front of Dream's face snapped him out of his intense stare.

Dream apologized quietly, going back to his slow mixing.

"I really don't feel like sucking off Karl *again* today, can we please try to win?" George grumbled.

Dream nodded, mixing the wet and dry ingredients as George set up the cupcake tray with liners. Dream secretly went back to watching the other two.

"It looks so good," Sarnap confessed, swiping some of their mixture from the side of the bowl.

Karl turned and smiled at him, "Is it?"

"Try some," He swiped the bowl once more, easily popping his finger into Karl's mouth.

Dream licked his lips watching them, he heard George exhale loud enough for Dream to hear. He turned all his attention to the shorter man.

“Sorry, princess,” Dream laughed and George just rolled his eyes and pointed to the tray.

Dream poured the batter into the liners as Sapnap and Karl did the same.

“How long will it take to bake?”

“20 minutes,” George answered angrily and Dream sighed.

He wrapped his arms around George’s middle, kissing his cheek from behind, “You really gonna be mad at me, princess?”

“Don’t call me that when I’m mad at you,” George pulled away, sliding the tray into the preheated oven.

Oh!

“So I can call you that when you’re not mad at me?” He raised an eyebrow and George blushed.

Karl slid his tray into the oven right next to Dream and George’s, “Ours will take 20 minutes too probably, we’ll just eyeball it.”

“You can’t just eyeball –“ George groaned again, it was so easy to annoy him.

Dream rubbed his shoulders, “Why are you so stressed?”

George said nothing, only closed his eyes as Dream’s slender fingers kneaded the flesh underneath them. He watched the tension slowly melt off of George like an ice cream cone on a hot day. He was so stressed for what? Tension was high between them since this morning Dream concluded, between Sapnap getting defensive with his simple questions to George now fed up with everything and everyone.

“I’m not stressed, just wanna win,” George leaned into Dream’s grip, eyes still closed as Dream massaged his shoulders.

Dream kissed his cheek, “We *will* now calm down.”

George decided to stream for the 20 minutes, he was the only one that could get away with streaming for such a short amount of time. He didn’t use a face cam, although Dream practically begged him to do so, he was way too nervous for Dream to even dare. George informed that chat that he would really try during this stream, but if it ends abruptly it’s because the power went out from the storm, definitely not anything else.

It was Sapnap that made the joke of sucking him off under the desk, a whispered joke to Dream so quiet the audience couldn’t hear. Dream smirked and pointed to Karl who was just sat on the floor next to George’s chair watching the eldest try hard to speed run the game in 20 minutes.

Dream and Sapnap were sat on George’s bed, trying to kick at Karl to get his attention silently. George continued talking to chat when Karl turned to face the two.

“Touch him,” Sapnap mouthed the words, settling a hand on Dream’s upper thigh then pointed to George.

Karl shook his head, peeking at George then turned back to the pair.

“Like this,” Dream mouthed as well, placing his hand on Sapnap’s thigh rubbing slowly up and down it.

Karl turned to George innocently, looking up from fluffy locks to see if George would pay him any mind. He didn’t of course, he was way too busy talking to his chat and screaming at a wither skeleton. Karl placed his hand on George’s knee, leaning his head against his thigh in complete virtue. George faltered a bit, missing an easy hit on the skeleton and laughing nervously.

“Sorry chat, this mouse Dream has sucks,” He quickly looked to Karl with a glare and went back to the game, “Alright guys, I’ve got 13 minutes left to defeat the ender dragon!”

George was so dramatic when it comes to streaming, voice full of expression and excitement, easy to grab an audience, and Dream admired that. But they were on a mission, Dream kicked at Karl again, softly hitting his elbow and nudging his chin to continue the caressing.

Karl sighed quietly, his hand traveling further up George’s thigh, stopping right at the zipper of his jeans just to get his attention. George groaned, passing it off to chat that he was frustrated with the piglin trades. Karl’s eyes glistened as the subtle noises left George’s lips, giving him more confidence to continue his tactics. Karl crawled in front of George instead of on the side of him.

“Oh you’ve got to be kidding me,” George looked down at him.

A certain innocence on his face that George couldn’t help but to want to ruin in cum.

“Sorry chat, looks like trading just isn’t working well for me today,” George sighed, mouse hovering over the ‘end game’ button.

Sapnap jumped from the bed, running to the door to open then slam it shut, making it seem to the chat that he just entered.

“Don’t you dare end! You have 8 minutes left!” Sapnap demanded.

George tried to turn in his chair but was stopped by Karl’s warm hands on his knees. He was cornered, nervous hands hit the ‘resume game’ button with relief flying through the chat that the stream wasn’t ending sooner than the 20-minute mark. He continued the game as Karl’s fingers grasped the zipper to his jeans, pulling it down teasingly slowly, his button being popped open shortly after. Dream had to cover his mouth to suppress his laughter. To the audience, it was just George and now Sapnap.

“Want to hang out with me, Sapnap?” George asked as Karl’s mouth covered his clothed dick, George inhaled deeply away from the mic.

Sapnap shook his head, “No.”

He sauntered over to the door, opening it and slamming it shut yet again, George mumbled something into the mic for only the audience to hear, a funny joke that got chat going wild. Karl kissed the covered cock as it slowly got thicker, Karl continued pressing his open mouth to it. Dream leaned against Sapnap, watching Karl tease, he turned to Sapnap, gauging his reaction. Sapnap was hard, very obviously so in his grey sweatpants. Dream chuckled behind his hand, hoping the mic didn’t pick up.

“You’re hard?” He whispered.

Sapnap peeked over to Dream’s crotch, “You’re not?”

The loud alarm of George's phone interrupted everything and Dream was pissed.

"Sorry guys!" George stood from the chair, one way to get away from Karl's open mouth, "We didn't beat Minecraft this time, we'll try again soon. Bye, everyone!"

He ended the stream quickly, gripping his phone and pulling up the zipper to his jeans.

"You guys are arseholes," George scoffed and Sapnap couldn't help but mock his accent, "Oh screw off, Sapnap."

He said the name filled with fake rage, he stormed out of the room with the three of them following behind. Dream wrapped an arm over Karl's shoulder and kissed his hair.

"You did good," Dream smirked, staring at the burning blush on Karl's skin.

Karl leaned into his touch, allowing Dream to lead him into the kitchen and sit him on his lap as soon as he sat at the kitchen table.

"How will we know who won?" Sapnap asked, poking a finger into the burning top of one of his and Karl's cupcakes.

Karl's phone loudly rang in his back pocket, causing the older man to jump from Dream's lap and grab it.

"I've gotta –"

He stepped out of the room.

"Quackity?" George asked.

Sapnap shook his head, "No he's already jealous we're all here without him, but I doubt he'd enjoy the ... *time* we've spent together."

Dream wheezed at that. The three pondered how they would judge this competition; they *could* invite over Dream's mom and sister but George protested against it immediately.

"I do *not* want to meet your family for the first time with a plug in my ass," George sneered, Sapnap just laughing at him, but Dream knew if it was public knowledge that Sapnap was in the same situation as George, he would agree.

Karl had been on the phone for quite some time now, the cupcakes were cooled and George and Dream were making the icing for their team. Sapnap stood angrily tapping his foot and watching the two.

"This is very domestic," George laughed, picking up a small amount of blue icing on his fingertip and wiping it on Dream's nose.

Sapnap rolled his eyes, "It's making me sick."

"Well, it's making me sick just looking at you," George stuck his tongue out at Sapnap.

He raised his eyebrows in interest, "You're going to regret that."

"*Oh, I'm so scared*, what're you gonna do, Sapnap?" He rolled his eyes, putting a poisonous emphasis on his name as he did so.

His mood quickly changed when he turned his attention back to Dream, licking the icing from the tip of his nose. Dream was the first to take notice of Sapnap's smirk, silently keeping George's words in mind. Dream dipped in, catching George's lips in a quick kiss.

"You're gonna regret that, princess," Dream whispered and George rolled his eyes yet again and looked over his cupcakes.

"I regret the icing," He groaned staring down at the blue and green cupcakes, "They look ugly."

Sapnap laughed, "Like you."

George flipped him off and Karl finally entered the room again. Dream looked at him, a big smile on his face but Karl had looked like he had been crying.

"You okay?" Dream tilted his head up with his index finger under his chin.

Karl only nodded and grabbed the icing behind Sapnap, quietly icing his cupcakes. Of course, Sapnap was the only one nosey enough to press the issue, demanding Karl tell them who called. Karl just shook his head and finished icing the cupcakes in front of him.

"Karl," Sapnap said, annoyance evident in his voice.

Karl finally caved, "It was my mom, I told her that when I left here instead of going right back to North Carolina I'd stop by and see my family, but it's got me thinking how we leave in 2 days."

Sapnap backed off then, looking at the floor sighing, Dream knows Sapnap doesn't want to talk about it, let alone even think about it. No one said anything, George just hugged him tight and whispered something in his ear that Dream couldn't quite catch. Sapnap wanted desperately to change the subject. The raging storm above seemed to get stronger, Dream didn't know whether to take that as a good or bad sign.

"Should we have the fans vote on the cupcakes?"

"No way! They're gonna pick the blue and green monstrosities that they made!" Karl giggled.

Sapnap sighed in defeat, "We won, George lost, he's got too many wins under his belt anyway."

"I agree," Karl smiled.

George laughed, holding his stomach as he did so until he heard Dream agree. Bitter words laced with something sweeter as he mumbled out, "Fair enough." He angrily turned to the tallest man in the room with a glare, he worked too hard on those god-forsaken cupcakes to just hand the victory over to Karl and Sapnap. Dream only smiled, winking down at George and snagging one of the cupcakes from the tray, biting into it with a grimace.

"They're not the best," Dream confessed.

Sapnap took one from his own team, sinking his teeth into the vanilla icing, and tapped his chin as he thought of a good word to describe it.

"Grainy," Sapnap chuckled.

Karl turned to him then, arms crossed, "We'll that's because you didn't mix it well enough! I told you –"

"Calm down, Karl," Sapnap teased, "We still won."

George exhaled furiously, “I will not accept this defeat.”

“What if you accept defeat in another way?” Sapnap placed his cupcake back down on the counter.

George turned to him now, “I didn’t lose.”

Sapnap wrapped an arm over Karl’s shoulder, “We’re going to watch a movie, you two cook dinner.”

The pair left the kitchen, leaving George and Dream to revel in their defeat. Dream was perfectly fine with losing, he’s been wanting to get his mouth on Karl all day, especially seeing his sad, wet face from his conversation with his mother, he just wanted to make him feel good. George had other ideas, sulking against the kitchen sink with his arms crossed angrily.

“We lost, fair and square,” Dream’s hands lingered around George’s waistband of his jeans, trying to make light of the situation.

“No. We didn’t,” George said slowly to hide his anger but Dream dipped in and kissed him.

The kiss was meant to be short and sweet, but George was not having it, sinking his teeth into Dream’s bottom lip. Dream pulled away quickly, touching his lip to see if he was bleeding.

“George!”

George smirked, “I’m not losing like that.”

“Can’t you just play along? Karl’s upset –“

George sneered, “And you think I’m not? Did you forget I’m *also* leaving? I have to go back to being 5 hours ahead of you, a 12-hour plane ride away from you guys, Karl can drive down here whenever he wants! I can’t!”

“George –“

George pushed past him and stormed towards his bedroom. Dream sighed, he’d deal with him later, right now he needed to make dinner.

—

George refused to join for dinner, telling Sapnap he wasn’t hungry and just wanted to go to bed. Of course, Sapnap didn’t take that as an answer, sitting on top of George and annoying him until he finally caved in and allowed Sapnap to drag him into the kitchen. Sapnap kissed his hair as he sat down and sat next to him watching Dream place plates of food in front of the three of them.

Dinner was disgustingly silent, just the clinking of forks hitting glass plates and the occasional throat-clearing throughout the loud smack of droplets of rain hitting the large kitchen window above the sink. Dream was growing slightly irrational, he had to say something just to shut his brain up.

“We need to talk about it,” Dream said, “It’s getting out of hand.”

“Talk about what?” Karl asked, spinning the spaghetti onto his fork.

George placed his fork down, crossing his arms and leaning back into his chair waiting for Dream to continue.

“I – I don’t want you guys to leave,” Dream pushed out nervously, “But you have to, which sucks but it’s not like we’ll never see each other again. Sapnap and I will try to get you moved out here as soon as we can, George, and Karl, I’ll fly you out every other week if you want.”

Karl blushed as George glanced down at his lap then back up to Dream, “I just don’t want to go back to the dumb virtual circle jerk.”

“Ew,” Karl laughed quietly, trying his hardest to lighten the heavy mood.

George cracked a small smile, “I like – this, whatever it is.”

“Oh, Georgie likes being fucked by us,” Sapnap pinched at his sides.

Dream finally laughed to break the tension still evident in his voice. The three of them turned to Dream now, waiting for him to continue. Like he was the mastermind behind all of this like he had all the answers to everything when in reality he was shaking nervously all the way to his fingertips. Nervous of saying or doing the wrong thing at any given moment. At the end of the day, this *was* his doing, but he had to admit he had no idea how to go about this with one other person, let alone three.

Dream shrugged, “There’s not much else I can say but I don’t want anyone to be upset, and I don’t like being *bit unexpectedly*.”

He looked to George with a playful glint in his eye as George blushed, his bottom lip jutting out in a pout.

“I think he deserves a good punishment for today,” Sapnap said, running his hand through George’s hair.

“Punishment?” George’s eyes went wide as a rumble of thunder practically shook the house.

Karl laughed, covering his mouth as he giggled happily. Sapnap turned to him now, hand still rubbing his hair.

“Finish your food and then we’ll talk about it,” Sapnap looked to Dream with a smirk, “Right?”

George shook his head, “B-but *we* lost fair and square, we just have to –“

“Oh! *Now it’s ‘we’?*” Dream shook his head, “Looks like you’re about to get all the attention you ever wanted, princess!” Dream licked his lips trying not to sound too devious when he spoke, “Now finish dinner.”

Another crack of thunder caused the lights to surge, dimming quickly before going back to normal.

George did as Dream said.

Chapter End Notes

- Thank you so much for reading!

- Think this might be coming to an end soon but idk I could switch up
- But don't worry!
- Comments and Kudos appreciated!!!!

That Damned Toy

Chapter Summary

Yay George gets punished! [:
(please read chapter notes at the beginning)

Chapter Notes

- So I switched up POVs through this between George and Dream, although I am hyperfocused on Dream's POV i wanted to give you simps some george pov for this chapter
- Also there is a panic attack in this so I want to let you know that ASAP
- TW // PANIC ATTACK – it's at the very end of the chapter will indicate it with a *
- PLEASE LOOK OUT FOR THE * it is also at the end of the panic attack writing as well

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

George was nervous; preying eyes watched his every move as he finished his dinner. Temporary soothing touches on his thigh from Sapnap were calming the nerves slightly, and he knew he was safe with these men, his best friends he could trust with his entire life, even at his most vulnerable. He had nothing to worry about, and he had the word. *Manhunt*. What a stupid safe word. Why would he suggest it? He pictured himself tied to Dream's bed, stripped completely naked as his thighs shook with overstimulation. Would it be too much? Would he have to use the word? His thoughts were quickly broken by Sapnap mumbling something to Karl and Karl yanking George out of the chair he was sat in. Karl was dragging him down the hall wordlessly and into Dream's bedroom.

Ah, yes, just like the image in his head. There were already two pairs of handcuffs attached to the slats of the headboard, waiting for his wrists to be placed between fuzzy prisons. George let Karl move him as he wanted, nervous hands stationed on his shoulders as Karl stared at him. George licked his lips, curving them into a devilish smirk just to get him riled up.

"Don't look at me like that," Karl mumbled, hands now gone from his shoulders and toying with the hem of his shirt.

George assumed Dream and Sapnap were cleaning up after dinner, giving Karl a bit more power in setting George up for them to do their worst. Karl's fingers slipped under George's shirt, nails raking against his skin as the shirt was lifted off and over his head.

"Are you nervous?" Karl asked.

George laughed. *No*, he'd been hoping for this.

"No."

Simple but effective as Karl faltered, *he* was nervous. George leaned forward, catching Karl's lips in a quick kiss, his hands coming up to encompass his face as he deepened the kiss, running his tongue across Karl's bottom lip. Karl's hands gripped George's hips, pulling him flush against him in the heat of the moment. George knew if Sapnap and Dream were to walk in, Karl might get punished too. George kept the dominance on his side of things, dragging Karl to the bed to settle on top of him, legs bracketing George's hips as they continued their heated make-out. Karl pulled away slightly, panting hot breaths into George's open and waiting mouth.

"Kiss me again, Karl," George could swear he heard heavy footsteps approaching. This was it.

The moment he had been waiting for, if Dream and Sapnap saw them, Karl might take some of the punishment, but then again, he would also be taking the attention away from him. Karl pressed his mouth to George's jaw, his hands racing down to his wrists, slender fingers around slim wrists. The grip on George's wrists never tightened; Karl knew the shorter man wouldn't put up a fight. He placed his right arm in the black furry handcuff, closing it loosely.

"Tighter," George glanced up; he could quickly slither his hand right out.

Karl tightened them, the soft covered metal of the cuffs digging into his skin, "Better?"

George keened, closing his eyes and throwing his head back, he silently wished it was a bit tighter, but he didn't want to scare Karl off.

"Perfect," George pulled his remaining hand into the open cuff, waiting for Karl to clasp it around his wrist.

Karl complied, tightening the left one with ease this time around. The left was a bit tighter than the right, but he wasn't going to complain. He bucked his hips up, fully clothed cock colliding with Karl's. He gasped, almost falling on top of George.

"Kiss me again," George smiled, "Can't hold you this time 'round, though."

"S'okay," Karl leaned forward, pressing his lips to George's.

This time, Karl's hands cupped George's jaw softly, fingers dancing against the slight stubble grown out on George's chin and jaw. He tilted his head to the left, deepening the kiss quietly. George liked this time with Karl, and there was no distraction, no one to compete for, just the two of them.

"They want you naked," Karl pulled away, sitting back on George's thighs carefully avoiding his aching cock.

"And if I'm not?" He raised an eyebrow, licking his lips.

Karl shrugged, "I don't want to find out."

George rolled his eyes playfully, then bucked his hips up once again. Karl groaned, fumbling with the button of his jeans. The heavy footsteps were in the hallway yet again; George craned his neck to look at the door.

"They gave me 20 minutes to get you ready," Karl confessed quietly, yanking the tight jeans off of George's lower half, "To – to prep you."

George smirked, "And if you don't?"

Karl shrugged, tossing the jeans behind his shoulder and nervously dipping his fingers under the waistband of George's underwear, "I get punished too."

"Well, you're taking an awfully long time. It's almost like you *want* to get punished," George mumbled, almost forgetting his hands were cuffed above his head; he wanted to touch him.

Karl shook his head vigorously, "No, I want to be good. There's no way I'm getting hit again."

George lifted his hips as Karl removed his boxers, leaving him completely naked and in the middle of Dream's bed.

"Oh, don't lie to yourself, Karl, you loved it."

Karl's face blushed a deep crimson, turning his eyes away from George as the footsteps at the door faded away again. George lifted his head, watching his cock fall loose from the boxer briefs that were now finally off his body and joining the rest of his clothes on the hardwood floors. George studied Karl's face, his eyes staring at the head of his cock. George smirked.

"Touch me, Karl," He threw his head back and lifted his hips.

Karl remained silent, continuing his hungry stare.

"I'm not allowed to touch it," Karl mumbled, glancing up at George, who just groaned through an annoyed laugh, "You don't need prep."

"Huh?" George lifted his head again as Karl's fingers pressed on the base of the plug inside of him; George whined, "Oh, fuck."

Karl left the bed with a laugh, reaching under it to grab a few things. George's brown eyes followed his every move, kneeling in front of the bin full of stuff they bought at the sex shop. Karl's hands rummaged around, pulling out a bottle of lube and a black box George thought looked eerily familiar.

"Can you talk to me?" George asked.

Karl nodded, his eyes scanning the bin one last time, "Yes. What do you want to talk about?"

"What did they tell you to do to me?"

An ice-cold jolt ran down his spine as he asked. The footsteps hadn't made a reappearance in a minute; George wondered how long until the 20 minutes were up.

"Get you naked, tie you up, prep you, and then –" He blushed, picking up the black box next to his knees, "Get this in you."

George's eyes scanned the box, no wonder it looked familiar. It was the prostate massager he picked up just for a laugh. He squeezed his eyes shut, biting into his bottom lip as Karl pushed the bin back under the bed and stood.

"Are you okay with that?"

George nodded, watching Karl's hands rip open the box with ease, pulling it out of the packaging and holding it up, giggling.

"Don't laugh," George groaned, "Hurry up and prep me if you don't wanna get in trouble."

Karl immediately shut up, standing from the floor and placing everything on the bed to George's left. Again, he forgot about the cuffs, trying to reach out to touch the massager. Karl looked up at him through thick lashes, leaning forward and kissing him softly.

"Can I still prep you with – with my fingers?"

"*Fuck*, yes, Karl," George groaned, pushing his hips up, "But you have to do it now; we're running out of time."

Karl nodded, immediately understanding what he had to do. He placed his fingers at the base of the plug inside of George, "Pretty."

The older man moaned loudly as Karl removed the plug from him entirely. The emptiness he felt was heartbreaking as he whined at the compliment.

"You like being called pretty?" Karl laughed, tossing the plug to the floor on top of George's discarded clothes.

George nodded excitedly, "Don't – don't tell them."

"Why not?"

George rolled his eyes, "Because you're the pretty one, *I'm the toy*."

Karl's eyes widened at the sentence as George impatiently wiggled his hips, begging for Karl's fingers to enter him. Karl coated two of his fingers, slipping them inside of George with little resistance, his eyes still eyeing the head of his cock.

"Touch me, Karl," He whined.

Karl only shook his head, slowly moving his fingers in and out of the older man. The 20-minute mark had to be way over now. George wondered what was taking so long. If Karl didn't finish on time, he should be punished too. Unfortunately, though, the more George studied the man in front of him, the more his soft spot for the younger man grew. Karl was nervous, unbelievably so, just by looking at the tense look in his eye to the shaking fingers inside of him, but he knew praise would help. Talking to him, making him feel like a good boy, just the thought made him shudder.

"You're doing so good, Karl," George's back arched off the bed as the inexperienced fingers inside of him barely grazed his prostate, "*Right there*, Karl."

Karl glanced up from the longing gaze he had on George's leaking cock, "Here?"

Agile fingers twisted inside of George in a way that made him mewl in pleasure. Karl couldn't help the satisfied hum that left his lips as he pressed against the spot with each thrust of his fingers. George cried out, head thrown back in pure bliss until Karl removed the fingers immediately. George felt empty, whining at the loss of fingers, or maybe whining at the sheer sight of Karl messily lubing up the matte black toy in his hand.

"Ready?" Karl asked, blinking innocently at the older man.

George nodded, trying to hide his excitement as the toy sat at his entrance. Karl slowly pushed the tip of the toy inside him, agonizingly slow; George was starting to grow impatient. He began to swivel his hips to try and sink the toy further inside of him without pulling his shoulders out of their sockets.

“Karl, please, don’t tease me,” George begged, and it earned him a light smack to his thigh.

George’s head shot up, looking at Karl in complete shock, but soon the younger man was mumbling a quiet apology and pushing the toy to the hilt. He moved it around inside of him easily, searching for that spot the toy was made for. George closed his eyes, lulling his head back to the pillow beneath him just as Karl thrust the toy right into his prostate.

“Fuck!” George moaned breathily, hands shaking to get around himself, “Oh my god.”

Karl smiled, jumping up from the bed, “I did it!”

George’s eyes shot open as he heard heavy footsteps approaching again; he looked to Karl, who was sporting a smug grin.

“You’ve been so good, maybe they’ll let you blow me,” George smiled as Karl weakened at his words, confident grin disappearing, “Want that, Karl? Wanna blow me while they fuck my mouth?”

Karl whimpered, walking over to the door and opening it. His desperate eyes remained glued on to George’s while the two idiots fumbled over each other, trying to get into the room.

“Good boy, Karl,” Dream wrapped him up in a firm hug, kissing him deeply, “You did so well.”

Sapnap waltzed right over to George, inspecting every inch of his naked body. George watched his hands reach for something above George’s head. Brown eyes followed the quick hands wrapping around the fuzzy cuffs he squeezed. *Finally*, the covered metal was digging into George’s wrists. *Finally*. George bit his lip.

“Knew he’d go easy on you,” Sapnap scoffed playfully, patting George’s cheek, “Okay?”

George nodded, a smile settled on his face so soft and welcoming that Sapnap needed to kiss him. He dipped down, lips hovering just over George’s.

“No kissing during punishment,” Sapnap whispered and pulled away.

A noise of complaint left George’s lips quickly; Sapnap walked to the foot of the bed staring at the toy inside of him.

“Can’t wait to turn it on,” Dream smirked from the other side of the room; George turned to look at him, eyes were wide and pleading, “And you’re gonna lay here and watch us make Karl cum and not you.”

The ice-cold shiver that ran down George’s spine was visible. A quick comeback itched the back of his tongue to leave his mouth, “I don’t want to make Karl cum.”

“You know that’s not what I meant, princess,” Dream took two long strides over to the bed and lifted George’s chin with his finger, “The only thing making you cum is this toy.”

Yes.

“No!”

Dream laughed, turning away from the oldest man in the room, walking back to Karl, who was now missing his shirt. George watched the three of them, Sapnap now pressed to Karl’s back, leaving small kisses against his shoulders and the back of his neck. Dream stood in front of him,

large hands cupping his face as he kissed him passionately but kept his eyes on George. The latter couldn't help but blush, smirking in Dream's direction. Dream only rolled his eyes, it was a playful gesture, but it made George groan.

Dream made his way back to the foot of the bed, running his large hands up George's legs. Squeezing his thighs hard enough to make his cock twitch in interest.

"Dream," George huffed.

Dream ran a thumb over the power button, George jumped, "I know, princess, I've got you."

"D – Dream," George's fingers were shaking with need and anticipation as Dream's long thumb grazed over the power button yet again, "*Please*, just turn it on."

"You ready?" Dream pressed the power button, and the toy shook to life inside of George. It wasn't a strong vibration, but it was definitely enough to make George whimper.

Dream smirked devilishly; all control was in his hands now. Sapnap had stripped Karl completely, kissing his jaw and turning him to face the bed, "Get on the bed next to George, lover."

Karl blushed at the nickname, climbing to George's right and slightly pushing him out of the way. George glared at him, then immediately squeezed his eyes shut as the toy inside of him shifted, pressing harder into his prostate.

"Oh my god," George gasped, wrists straining at the covered metal digging into his wrists.

Dream's fingers made their way down George's body, yet again, dancing over the buttons at the base of the toy, "Not a word out of you."

He pressed another button, the vibrations picking up in speed. George gasped loudly, his eyes fluttering shut as they rolled back into his skull. Dream wanted to kiss him, licked his lips before dipping in and pressing his lips against George's.

"Not a word, or this goes up in speed."

George opened his mouth to speak, but Sapnap's palm covered it, cupping around his mouth *so easily*, George closed his eyes again.

"Understand, princess?" Dream pinched his nipple harshly.

George almost yelped. *Almost*. But the pressure of Sapnap's hand around his mouth thankfully muffled the noise that nearly left his throat.

"Good boy," Dream laughed, patting his thigh and walking away from him.

Sapnap was staring at him, almost as if he was studying every detail of his face, "Do I have to get the gag?"

George shook his head, eyes getting wider. Sapnap removed his hand, quickly glancing to Dream, who was now on top of Karl, sucking a bruise right under his ear. Karl let out his typical should've-been-a-pornstar moans, angering George slightly; that should be *him*. George didn't even notice Sapnap's fingers dancing at the toy's base, caressing over the multiple buttons. His eyes were glued to Dream and Karl.

Dream licked over the new bruise, pink lips pressed to purple skin. Karl turned his head, grabbing

Dream's face, like he did with George, and kissed him deeply. George gasped again, body arching off the bed. Sapnap, the little fucker, pressed a mysterious untouched button on the toy. Now on top of the continuous vibrations, the toy was *pulsing* inside of him.

"What did you do?" Dream pulled away from Karl, giggling slightly.

Sapnap backed away, his hands going up in surrender. A bellowing laugh was leaving his mouth as he stepped away from George and his writhing hips.

"What'd he do to you, Georgie?" Dream asked, but George wasn't stupid. He would not fall for that.

Instead, he closed his eyes, avoiding the green-eyed man's gaze that could easily have him spilling all his secrets. Dream's hand rubbed his lower abdomen, purposefully avoiding his leaking cock. George whimpered quietly, so quietly Dream didn't even catch it. Or maybe he did.

"You can make noise, baby," Dream's fingers on his skin felt like matches, freshly blown out leaving behind burning ash, "Just no words."

George's exhale was dramatically loud; Dream couldn't help but chuckle a little at his noticeable relief. Dream pulled away from George completely, turning all of his attention back to Karl. He looked so pretty lying in bed with his hair spread across *his* pillow and over his forehead, almost in his eyes. Dream pushed his hair back and smiled at him. His hand was rubbing down the side of Karl's face and cupping his jaw perfectly, running his thumb over his bottom lip again and again.

"You're a good boy, Karl," Dream smiled, earning a quiet moan from the man below him, "What do you want?"

"Both of you," Karl's tongue rolled out of his mouth, catching Dream's thumb and pulling it between his lips.

Dream's eyebrows raised in interest, his eyes flashing to George and his shaking legs, "You close?"

George whined, shaking his head 'no.'

That was a lie.

Sapnap was growing ever-so impatient, pulling on Dream's arm to drag him away from Karl and George, whispering something in his ear. Karl turned his head to George, blinking slowly at him in his blissed-out state. George only wishes he could look simultaneously innocent and sexy like Karl looked right now. Karl smiled at him, soft lips curling up as his eyes slipped shut.

"I'm gonna win this time," Karl whispered, and George begged himself not to laugh at Karl's ridiculous statement.

George glanced up nervously, Sapnap and Dream still whispering amongst themselves. Dream's hand is lingering on his hip as Sapnap told him the plan, "You're not winning. They'll have you cumming before me."

Karl's eyes snapped open at the response; George was unsure if his shocked expression was from George's statement or the fact that he spoke when he wasn't supposed to. George winked at him, turning back to Sapnap and Dream, who were now walking back to the pair.

"Everything okay here, boys?" Dream asked, rubbing Karl's cheek, "Karl?"

Karl shook his head, and George's eyes widened; he opened his mouth, ready to speak but cut himself off with a whine. Sapnap's curious fingers were pushing the toy further into his prostate. George bit his lip harshly; he was convinced he drew blood.

"What's wrong, baby?" Dream whispered, helping Karl sit up against the headboard, his hair just out of reach of George's cuffed hand, "Did he talk?"

Karl nodded, and George rolled his eyes at that cute fucking snitch. He scoffed under his breath, but another punching feeling hit his prostate; Sapnap upped the speed. He moaned loudly, pulling at the cuffs and lifting his body from the mattress again.

"Color?"

George said nothing to the youngest man, just continued whining, thrusting his hips up to nothing. The feeling was building in his stomach; the feeling of letting go and spilling all over his stomach was just out of reach, just like an itch he couldn't scratch. He ~~wanted~~ needed a hand wrapped around his aching cock. Sure, the pressure of the prostate massager drilling into him was enough for him to cum untouched, but George was stubborn.

"Georgie, you can answer," Sapnap stated.

George's eyes flashed open, his mouth dry as the feeling building in his lower abdomen grew, "Green, green, I'm fine."

"Dream!" Karl gasped, squirming next to George so much it was like he was wordlessly begging for George to watch.

Dream had two fingers in Karl, moving at an ungodly pace. George had no idea when they all got naked; he must've been too indulged in the feeling inside him even to notice the other three. He ducked his head, wrapping his lips around the head of Karl's cock, only bobbing his head once or twice before pulling off and looking up at him.

"Feel good, baby?" Dream whispered, words only meant for Karl, but George moaned at them as well.

Dream couldn't hold back the smirk growing on his lips as his burning stare was now boring into George's body.

"Wasn't talking to you, *slut*," George cried at Dream's words.

Sapnap sat on the other side of George now, leaning against him and watching as George's cock begged to let go.

"Feels so good," Karl threw his head back right into George's hand.

George's fist clenched around the brunet locks, keeping Karl there in his hand, a moaning mess. Karl leaned into the touch, hand flying to George's stomach just to feel him. George moaned.

"Cum, Georgie, it's okay, just accept defeat," Sapnap's hand joined Karl's on his stomach, tracing invisible shapes into his pale skin.

Karl sobbed, his hand flying off George's skin to grab Dream's arm, stopping all movements from him, "I'm gonna cum."

"But we only just started," Dream mumbled against his skin, bearing those sharp teeth before

sinking them into the sensitive skin under Karl's ear, "Do I have to get the ring?"

A cock ring, fuck! George would love to see that.

"No, no, I'll be good, please," Karl shook his head as best as he could since his hair was still in George's grip, "Please, *daddy*, I'll be good."

There it was, that damn word that Dream swore he hated until it fell from those beautiful, swollen, red-bitten lips in front of him. Dream decided right there, and then Karl would be the only human ever to call him that. Dream needs to kiss him, or he was going to scream, so he surged forward, pressing his lips to Karl's, twisting his fingers inside of Karl, earning another gasp from him.

"Hold on, baby, gotta let George cum first, okay?"

Karl squeezed his eyes shut, "Yes! Yes, okay."

Sapnap groaned angrily from the other side of George; he turned his entire body to him, wrapping an arm over his naked torso and whispering something in his ear that Dream couldn't quite catch. Dream removed his fingers from Karl, slowly watching the two, Sapnap nibbling the lobe of George's ear.

"Cum, Georgie, it's okay," The hand that was once sat on George's hips now right on his lower abdomen, pressing closer and closer to the leaking head of George's cock, "Can't touch you, gotta cum first."

George nodded his head, his body arching off the bed as his toes curled. Dream watched his every movement, eyes glued to his cock, now pumping ropes of white that painted his stomach. George sobbed through his high, legs shaking through it as he finally finished all over himself. Sapnap rubbed his belly, whispering praise in his ear as he continued to shake. He continued enduring the painful vibrations on his prostate, too scared to say anything, too afraid to speak.

"You okay?" Sapnap asked, fingers playing in the small pool of cum on George's abdomen.

George nodded, his teeth beginning to chatter slightly, pleasure slowly turning into pain now as his cock remained half-hard and untouched and his prostate taking brutal pulsing at max speeds of vibration.

"Are you sure?" Sapnap pulled his fingers away, drawing them up to George's face.

He stared at the cum covered digits in front of him, eyes struggling to stay open as the fingers made their way out of George's sight and right into Karl's mouth. George couldn't take it. He saw red, no –

"Yellow. *Yellow*."

Sapnap jumped up quickly, pulling his fingers from between Karl's lips, running to the foot of the bed to crawl between George's legs and turn off the toy.

"You okay?"

"Yes, I just ... it was too much."

Sapnap nodded, rubbing George's thigh, "We'll slow down."

"No!" George's face was going red, looking to Dream and Karl he realized all eyes were on him,

“Just keep it off for a minute.”

“Take it out,” Dream’s booming voice startled George; he looked nervous.

George shook his head, “No, I’m fine, just give me a minute.”

“Are you sure, George?”

The use of his real name made him cringe, he’d never admit it, but he wants to hear Dream call him princess again. George nodded as Sapnap climbed over George, his legs bracketing George’s hips, he wanted so badly to thrust up, finally get friction on his dick, but he was done with being punished for now. Sapnap uncuffed the wrists above George’s head, falling lifeless to the mattress. His shoulders ached deliciously; he needed to do this again. Sapnap kissed his shoulders, then made his way up to his neck, all while Dream bent Karl over the side of the bed accidentally (or maybe entirely on purpose), giving his mouth perfect access to George’s cock.

“You know you never got your present for winning?” Dream rubbed Karl’s lower back, a tingling shiver running across his skin at the touch.

Dream could feel the goosebumps rising under his touch; he eyed George, “And now that you’ve got your arms back, Sapnap lay down.”

Sapnap did as he said almost too quickly. Placing his arms behind his head, he watched as George struggled to settle on his hands and knees between spread legs. Sapnap pulled an arm from behind his head, caressing George’s face.

“Can’t wait to fuck that tight throat.”

George keened at the words, settling between his legs and leveling his hands against thick thighs. George stared at the man below him. Sapnap was so pretty, looking so smug that he had the oldest man on his knees ready to take him down his throat.

“Don’t just stare. Suck it.”

George rolled his eyes, falling forward and grasping his cock in his hand. Sapnap’s eyes squeezed shut as George quickly got his lips around the head, licking down the underside of it.

On the other hand, Dream wanted to take his time with Karl, having him sit on the edge of the bed with Dream kneeled between his spread legs, his knees digging into the hardwood floor. He hated to admit he loved the ache in his knees and slight bruises that would form over the next couple of days. He stationed his hands on Karl’s thighs, looking up at him through his lashes with a devilish grin.

“You okay, Karl?”

Karl nodded, one hand flying to Dream’s hair to grasp at the mid-length waves, the other holding him steady against the moving mattress.

“Fuck! George!” Sapnap gasped, thrusting his hips up and wrapping a slender hand around Karl’s wrist as he did so.

As Karl’s gaze drifted from Dream’s eyes, Dream took the opportunity to lick a wet stripe on the underside of his cock, following the thick vein that ran along it. Karl’s hand tightened against Dream’s scalp, all attention back on Dream as he mimicked the motion again and again.

“Stop teasing, please,” Karl mumbled.

Dream smirked, “Please, what?”

“Please, *daddy*,” Karl’s eyes fluttered as Dream took his cock down his throat with ease.

That *wasn’t* the answer dream was looking for. He wanted to hear Karl beg for his mouth, but honestly, he wasn’t complaining as the word dragged from his lips. It was swimming right into Dream’s ear, giving him a cold chill down his back. He pulled off of Karl with a pop and stroked it with his hand as he apologized.

“Sorry, baby,” Dream said quickly, pulling his cock back into his mouth slowly.

Karl fell backward, head landing on Sapnap’s stomach as Sapnap groaned out in pain.

“Jeez, you wanna suck it too?” Sapnap laughed, and Karl contorted his body just enough to keep eye contact with Sapnap but not lose the warmth of Dream’s mouth around him.

“Yeah,” Karl moaned as Dream took him deeper.

Sapnap nodded to him as if to say “go ahead,” and Karl turned his body the other way, cock brushing the back of Dream’s throat quickly before he was pulling off, a line of saliva connecting his lips to the head of Karl’s cock.

“What’re you doing?” Dream loved his voice after sucking dick; it was low and husky, almost as if he had a cold.

Sapnap’s hand, now disappeared from Karl’s wrist, was buried in his hair, “Shut up, Dream, unless you wanna suck me off too?”

Dream rolled his eyes, slowly stroking Karl and watching the two fight for Sapnap. George moved his mouth off of Sapnap’s dick, tilting his head to the side and kissing the base as Karl now swallowed him down.

“Oh holy fuck, this is the best day of my life,” Sapnap covered his face.

George’s tongue covered what Karl couldn’t fit in his mouth, and Dream knew Sapnap was in heaven. A fond smile falling to his lips as Sapnap warned the two he was close, neither of them relenting, just taking turns bobbing their heads on his cock. Dream pulled away from Karl, standing from the floor on achy knees, but not before grabbing a couple of condoms from the bottom drawer of his nightstand. He pulled George off of Sapnap with a pull of his hair.

George cried out as Sapnap’s eyes snapped open, and his head shot up to glare at whoever pulled him away.

“Hey! I won. This is my reward –“

Dream shrugged, leaning into George’s neck, peppering kisses against it, “Ride him.”

George moaned, nodding his head as Dream pressed a condom into his hand. But George stopped in front of Dream, standing from the bed and turning his back to face him, bending over to touch his toes. Dream held in an audible gasp.

“Jesus, George,” He ran his fingers over the toy still in him.

“Can’t ride him if I’ve got this in,” He wiggled his hips teasingly in front of Dream, bottom lip

drawn between his teeth.

Dream gripped the toy, removing it from George and setting it on the shelf in his room. He had to move it as soon as this was over. Having a used sex toy amongst the dozens of pieces of fan-made projects made him feel so terrible. He made a mental note for himself as he smacked a hand onto George's ass, earning a moan out of the shorter man. George climbed into the bed, ripping open the condom with his teeth.

Dream turned his attention back to Karl, his now hid face in Sapnap's neck, "You, on your hands and knees," Dream instructed, and Karl did as he said.

Dream bit his lip, looking at the scene in front of him. The sight enamored him; he wanted it engraved in his brain forever.

"Want to suck George off while he rides Sap?" Dream whispered in Karl's ear, stroking himself before he could roll a condom on.

"Yes, daddy," Karl nodded, pushing back against Dream.

Sapnap hummed as George finally settled on his cock, adjusting carefully before moving his hips. Dream pushed the head of his cock into Karl, a moan falling from his tongue as he bottomed out.

"Don't – don't hold back," Karl turned to look at Dream, "Please."

Dream's eyes widened, "Want me to be rough with you?"

"*God yes!*" Karl's head hung between his shoulders, his eyes squeezing shut as he pushed back against Dream.

Without hesitation, Dream slapped a hand against Karl's ass earning a pornographic moan that Dream knows he will hear in his fantasies once they leave. He hadn't moved his hips yet, just a palm kneading the flesh of Karl's ass where it was reddened from the slap. George finally began moving his hips against Sapnap, lifting them and slamming them back down at a heavenly pace. Sapnap's nails dug into George's pale hips, leaving behind crescent moon-shaped indentations as George's hips moved wildly against him.

Karl fell forward, mouthing at George's moving thigh with his head thrown back and soft whimpers falling from his lips. Dream finally moved. Karl cried out, shaky hands holding him upright, hovering over George's leaking cock.

"Suck it, Karl," Sapnap pulled a hand from George's hip and into Karl's hair.

Sapnap pulled, Dream could tell by the stark white of Sapnap's knuckles holding onto the soft brown locks of hair on Karl's head. Karl whined, tongue lolling out of his mouth to lap at George's leaking tip. George's hand joined Sapnap's in the mess of Karl's hair. Dream persistently struck into Karl's prostate, watching George's hips slow down on Sapnap's cock.

"No one can cum," Dream said through his moans.

Sapnap sat up on his elbows, glaring at Dream, "*What?*"

"*I wanna make you all cum,*" Dream said, "*I wanna win this one.*"

Sapnap fell back after rolling his eyes. Obviously frustrated with Dream's decision, but who was he to deny it?

“Please?” Dream slammed his hips into Karl.

George gasped, eyes focused on where Karl and Dream were connected, “Fuck, Dream.”

“George already lost,” Sapnap reminded him.

Dream nodded in agreement, “Make him cum, Sappy, but I get you.”

“Yeah, yeah, okay,” Sapnap shook, “Okay.”

Dream dug his fingers into Karl’s hips, pounding into him ruthlessly, Sapnap doing the same to George, now taking over the movements and bucking his hips up into George.

“H-harder, daddy,” Karl begged with a slack jaw, chin wet and covered in drool and precum from George.

He looked so pretty, so *wrecked* under Dream, so of course, Dream complied. Then, pulling out of him completely, and flipped Karl onto his back, “Think you can cum untouched?”

“Yes, yes!” He bawled as Dream slammed his cock into him, thrusting quick and shallow just to hear Karl scream for him as the tip of his cock brutally hit his prostate with each calculated thrust, “M’close, so close.”

“It’s okay, baby,” Dream leaned forward, body flush over Karl’s as he captured his lips in a sloppy wet – could Dream even call this a kiss? – Karl’s jaw still slack as he cried and moaned into Dream’s mouth. Dream’s tongue poking out to lick Karl’s puffy bottom lip.

“Such a good boy for me,” Dream’s whispered words were just for Karl, “So good; so pretty.”

Karl nodded, wrapping his arms around Dream’s shoulders as Dream continued the relentless pounding.

Sapnap, on the other hand, was close himself. His hands were shaking against George’s thighs; neither of them were moving, just breathing into each other’s open mouths.

“Can’t keep going, Georgie, I’m gonna cum,” Sapnap apologized, “I’ll – I’ll blow you.”

George keened, moving off of Sapnap and falling back against the bed, his head right next to the top of Karl’s. Sapnap snaked down the bed, slowly lapping at George’s cock.

“Oh my god,” Karl cried out, “I’m –“

Dream could tell Karl saw white as he came all over his stomach, completely untouched. His cock jumped, pumping out hot ropes of cum all over himself. Dream kissed him, fucking him through his climax slowly, filled with a lot more gentle passion. No more slamming or slapping, just slow movements, and praise.

“You did so well, baby,” Dream murmured, kissing him more profound as he pulled out.

Karl whined, breathing heavily as George came down Sapnap’s throat. Sapnap pulled off, looking as if he was going to spit it out somewhere.

“Swallow it,” Dream smirked as George pulled himself closer to Karl, giving Dream and Sapnap room for themselves.

Sapnap swallowed, visibly cringing as he did so, “Too gay for you?”

“Stop saying that,” Sapnap glared at him.

Dream laughed, kissing him just to taste George on his tongue. He slipped his tongue between parted lips, running it along Sapnap’s and tasting George in every sense of the word. Finally, he pulled off sloppily, “Can I fuck you, Sap?”

Sapnap glanced at George and Karl, the two of them watching their every move, “I don’t –“

“It’ll be okay, Sapnap, I promise,” Dream whispered, kissing his shoulder, his hands falling to the curve of his ass, “Or if it’s too–“

“Shut up!” Sapnap rolled his eyes, chuckling, “Yes, fine, okay.”

“Yes?”

“Yes. Just make me cum already,” Sapnap groaned.

“How do you want it?”

Sapnap didn’t say an answer out loud, just laid back on the bed with his legs up. Dream crawled between them, looking down at Sapnap’s entrance and seeing orange.

“*Holy fuck, Sappy*, you still have this in?” He ran his fingers over the gems, licking his lips at the sight.

Sapnap only nodded, eyes closed and body shaking. Dream removed it slowly, stroking Sapnap’s cock just as slow. Finally, Sapnap groaned, hips thrusting up to match Dream’s stroking.

“Don’t even need to stretch you,” Dream laughed, the tip of his cock catching the rim of Sapnap’s hole, “Fuck, I can’t wait to see you cum from just my cock.”

“Can’t cum untouched,” Sapnap begged.

Dream pressed forward, thrusting the head inside of Sapnap, “Try it, for me?”

“Oh – okay,” He huffed, legs wrapping around Dream’s waist to pull him closer, “Come on, fuck me quick.”

“You are *so* impatient, oh my god,” Dream groaned, crashing forward on top of Sapnap, thrusting quickly.

Sapnap moaned, throwing his head back as Dream hit his prostate almost immediately, “Fuck Dream, *there!*”

Dream’s entire body towered over Sapnap, fucking into his best friend at an almost sinful pace. Dream wanted to talk to him and wanted to kiss every worry off his face, but it seemed as if he didn’t have to. Sapnap was relishing at this moment, moaning loudly, pulling on the hairs at the nape of Dream’s neck, and of course, not breaking eye contact. Dream dipped down, kissing Sapnap’s jaw as he slammed his hips against the meat of Sapnap’s ass. Sound of skin slapping skin echoing throughout the room.

“I’m gonna cum,” Sapnap mumbled.

Dream pulled his lips off of Sapnap’s jaw, “Already?”

“Shut up!” He groaned, reaching a hand down to grab his cock.

Dream slapped his hand away, “Untouched, Sap.”

Sapnap’s hands were shaking, his eyes threatening to fall shut. He wanted so desperately to keep eye contact with Dream, but Dream’s restless thrusting, showing no signs of stopping, he couldn’t help but close them at the sensation. Dream’s stomach brushed against Sapnap’s neglected cock, breaking a moan from the younger man’s throat.

“Again,” Sapnap begged, holding Dream closer, so Dream did it again and again until Sapnap was cumming all over his stomach, Dream’s abdomen rubbing against him, catching some of the damage done.

Sapnap fell back, letting Dream use him to chase his own orgasm, finally pulling out of Sapnap, ripping the condom off, and stroking himself over his stomach and chest. Dream finished almost as quickly as Sapnap. He was collapsing next to him and closing his eyes. Dream doesn’t know when George left the room, but the feeling of a warm wet cloth running over his pelvic area made him open his eyes again.

“Love you, Sapnap,” Dream mumbled, “You’re my best friend.”

It was true, it’s not to say he was in love with the man, and Sapnap knew that.

Sapnap laughed quietly as George ran the warm cloth over his stomach and chest, “I know.”

“Well, then say it back,” Dream’s eyebrows furrowed in mock anger.

Sapnap continued his quiet laughter as he pushed Dream’s shoulder playfully, “Love you too, idiot.”

“Love all of you guys,” Dream mumbled sleepily, closing his eyes and turning in the bed once George had haphazardly cleaned him off, “Goodnight.”

Someone pressed a chaste kiss to Dream’s lips when the room went dark, cuddling into his chest and falling asleep in the quiet darkness. There was no way Dream could fall asleep right now, his mind running rampant even after all the physical work he just went through. Dream would be lying if he said he hated the power he had over them, watching his three best friends listen to every fumbling sentence that left his lips tonight. They were so good for him, so good *to* him; he wouldn’t trade this day for the world.

*

But Dream hated his brain.

What would happen when they leave? When it’s just him and Sapnap in a giant empty house with only Patches to look after. He couldn’t stop the spinning words, questions that the universe wouldn’t answer until Karl and George left. Would Sapnap shut him out? Would they all distance themselves from each other?

Dream sat up in the large bed, only one word rattling in his jumbled mess of a brain. One word leaving his lips as his breathing grew irregular. One word to make it all stop.

“Manhunt.”

George turned in the bed next to him, eyes squinting through the darkness of the room to try and see Dream.

“Huh?” George mumbled, “What?”

Sapnap sat up next, Karl clinging to his hip, “What’s wrong?”

“Nothing I just –” Dream stood from the bed, “I – I need a minute, sorry.”

He stormed out of the room, walking over to his office, sitting in his desk chair, and grabbing the desk in front of him. He felt so stupid right now. It’s 3:43 am, and he has three gorgeous, naked men in his bed right now, who also just happened to be his best friends.

Okay, that one that made the panicking worse.

But here he was, alone in his office, Patches poking into the room and rolling at his feet. Lightning flashing through the large window behind his computer set up. Had the storm been this bad all night? Had he only just noticed now that he was out of his little bubble of pleasure and back into the torturous real world?

*

“Hey, pretty girl,” He bent down to lift her and hold her close to his chest as a loud clap of thunder shook the small nicknacks fans sent in.

The furry warmth of the feline calmed his breathing almost immediately, but the knock on the partially opened door caused the breathing to go right back to sporadic.

Chapter End Notes

- Yes, this does say 6/7 but it might change come chapter 7, I'm not sure yet, still working on it so don't get discouraged!!
- Thank you so so much for reading I hope you enjoyed :D
- I made a twitter - <https://twitter.com/ToastedPoison>
- Kudos and comments are welcomed and appreciated!!

The Talk

Chapter Summary

George pulled his lips away from Sapnap's skin for only a moment.
"Let me speak for myself, brat. But I'm all in, Dream, are you?"
All eyes were on him now, from the dark chocolate brown of George's, the heavenly hazel/green of Sapnap's and right down to Karl's smokey grey, Dream blinked.
"I –"

Chapter Notes

- Hello!!! I've made a Twitter!! You can follow me for updates, snippets, and maybe some polls for ideas! Follow me there @ToastedPoison (<https://twitter.com/ToastedPoison>)
- As you can see I changed the chapter, we're not done yet, friends!!

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

Nerves circulated through Dream's body. The tingling started in his fingers, traveling right up his arms, causing a sickening numbing feeling. He swallowed thickly, watching as socked feet peeked out from behind the slightly open door. He knew who it was immediately.

"Come in, Karl," Dream smiled.

The brunet peeked his head in next, hands wrapping around the door frame as he pulled himself into the room hesitantly.

"I know you want to be alone –"

Dream sighed, watching the deflated look of Karl as he finally entered the room entirely, "No, it's okay."

Karl nodded. Taking tiny steps towards Dream, standing incredibly close to him, their knees touching. Nervous, unsaid words between knocking knees.

"What's going on?" Dream looked up at the standing man; he felt powerless being looked down upon.

Karl pushed Dream's hair back, watching as the blond's eyes slipped shut at the cautious touch. Then, finally, Karl leaned forward, pressing their foreheads together in a painful whisper, "*You're scared.*"

"Don't want you guys to go," Dream whispered, glancing at his idle computer.

He wanted to reach out and shake the mouse just to check the time. Just to count down the minutes in his head to when his boys leave. *His boys*. So he did, and Karl let him, backing away and

watching the desktop hum to life, 3:58 am.

“27 hours left,” Dream said too quickly.

Karl giggled into his hand, “You did *not* just calculate that.”

Now, it was Dream’s turn to look deflated. All of the breath he had been holding in his lungs left his body in a sharp huff. His sad-puppy eyes looking glossy and defeated as they stayed train on Karl’s in the dim-lit room. The only light was that of the periodic lightning strikes and the dull hue of the monitor. Karl looked to his lap, looking for a seat, but Patches had made herself at home in his arms, rubbing her head into his nervous hand. Karl kneeled in front of him just to keep eye contact and not feel too intimidating. He cupped Dream’s jaw, pulling him in and kissing him.

“Please talk to me,” Karl pleaded.

Dream closed his eyes briefly – to take a deep breath – he was terrified to say this.

“What’re we all doing?”

Karl pulled his hand away quickly, like Dream’s skin had burned him. He looked down to Patches, avoiding eye contact, had Dream struck a nerve?

“I don’t know how to answer that.”

Neither did Dream, don’t worry, Karl.

“I – I’m bisexual,” Dream said.

Karl laughed at that, “I know, you came out to me last year.”

“Karl, I’ve fucked you, and Sapnap, and George, and you guys are –“

Karl finally looked into his eyes, “Dream, I’m not straight. I don’t – I don’t know what to label it yet, but I’m definitely not straight.”

Dream leaned forward, pressing his forehead to Karl’s yet again, “You’re not going to regret this when you leave?”

“Of course not.”

Dream pouted like he was about to throw a tantrum.

“Don’t leave me.”

“I have to. I have work back in North Carolina,” Karl sighed, “But George will be back as soon as he can be, and you even said you’ll fly me out to see you guys all the time. *On you*, I’m assuming.”

Dream smiled at that; Karl kissed him softly, again.

“Dream, please don’t panic. *I want this*. Whatever *this* is. If this makes you my boyfriend, I will happily accept that. I’m sure Sapnap and George will agree; we can talk about it in the morning.”

“Are you asking me to be your boyfriend?” Dream gasped.

Karl groaned as he fell back onto the floor, the new angle making him look up at Dream now. Dream wanted to place Patches on the floor just so he can pull Karl into his lap and kiss him all

over, but he decided against it, letting the cat stay peacefully where she slept.

“Thank you for this, Karl.” Dream leaned back in his chair, the panic in his stomach settling for now.

Karl smiled, standing from the floor and kissing Dream yet again, “You’re welcome, daddy.”

Dream scoffed, turning his head away from him and laughing quietly.

“Think I’m gonna sleep in George’s room with Patches,” Dream said, looking down at the sleeping ball of fur in his lap, “She seems to like it in there.”

Karl nodded, “Want me to come?”

“Only if you want,” Dream stood, Patches waking up immediately in his arms, “Shh, we’re going to bed,” He kissed her head and held her close to his chest.

He took her paw in his hand, flapping it at Karl, “Gonna come cuddle with us?”

His Patches voice was terrible.

“I hope she doesn’t actually sound like that because that was horrible,” Karl giggled as Dream grabbed at him playfully with his free hand.

“Go the fuck to sleep,” Dream wheezed, following Karl down the hallway.

-

Dream hoped it would all be over when he woke up in the morning, but it was only worse. Now his head was pounding, repercussions of the panic attack only hours before, but a tight arm around his waist stabilized him, rubbing slow circles in his hip under the hem of his boxers. Soft breaths of the person behind him fanning across the back of his neck.

He hummed, scooting back against Karl, his hand grasping Karl’s in his own, but it definitely *wasn’t* Karl’s hand. He glanced down, following the arm attached to the torso behind him. Dream then turned his full body to face the man behind him.

“Morning,” Sapnap smiled sleepily at him, his eyes closed as he spoke.

Dream smiled back even though he knows Sapnap can’t see it.

“Good morning. Where is Karl?”

Sapnap groaned, pulling Dream closer, “Shush, go back to bed.”

Dream tried to sit up, but the grasp on his waist seemed to tighten, holding him in place.

“Please Dream, 5 more minutes,” Sapnap mumbled sleepily.

Dream couldn’t help but settle back down, “I freaked out last night.”

“I know.”

Dream hummed at his response; he didn't really have much to say back.

"Why George's room?"

Dream smiled, "It's Patches' favorite."

Sapnap jumped up, obviously offended by the small statement, "*Why?*"

His tone was harsh and hurt. Dream couldn't help but smile at his best friend, but he could only shrug in response, now pulling Sapnap back down to the soft mattress.

"I'm still freaking out," Dream whispered into Sapnap's bare chest, eyes closed as he tried to steady his rapid breathing.

Sapnap's hands were immediately entangled in his hair, running through the dark golden locks, pulling on the ends, eliciting a satisfied hum from the other man.

"Talk to me."

Dream glanced up at him, "You're gonna get freaked out too; I don't need them to see us panicking together."

Sapnap nodded, holding Dream closer.

"You're scared for them to leave, and then it's just going to be us, and you're upset because you don't know how to ask me to fuck you."

Dream laughed, a genuine wheezing laugh that Sapnap honestly missed hearing.

"You're *not* fucking me. You're so dumb," Dream shook his head.

Sapnap grumbled with a playful roll of his eyes and released his grip on Dream, "We'll be okay, dude. George will be back before you know it, Karl, too."

Dream nodded.

"Nothing is going to change once they leave, I promise, I – I'm still learning with this shit, but I'm not gonna just wake up one day and not want to kiss you."

Dream blushed; he had to whisper in a teasing tone, "You wanna kiss me?"

Sapnap leaned in, pressing his lips to Dream in the softest touch Dream has ever felt.

"Yes. Now, shut up."

Dream leaned forward, catching Sapnap's lips in a slightly sloppy kiss, wrapping one hand around the back of his neck to pull him closer. Sapnap pulled off with the quietest whimper.

"Not before breakfast," He laughed.

Dream groaned, swinging his legs over the side of the bed and stood. He looked around the room, knowing full well he couldn't fit into one of George's t-shirts, but it didn't hurt to try. He bent down to the open suitcase on the floor and noticed a familiar green t-shirt. He grasped it in his hand, pulling it from the pile and inspecting it. *His shirt*. In his size and everything, plucked straight from his closet probably.

Dream smiled fondly, glancing over his shoulder at Sapnap, stretching before standing from the bed. He shoved the cloth back into the pile and stood, "Guess we're going to breakfast shirtless."

"*Oh, what a travesty,*" Sapnap rolled his eyes and left the room quickly for Dream to follow.

When the pair entered the kitchen, Karl's back was pressed against the fridge as George kissed his jaw. Both of their eyes were closed, just enjoying each other's company. George's hand was playing at the hem of Karl's sweatpants teasingly. He leaned up, whispering something into Karl's ear that made him blush deeply and hide his face in George's neck with an eager moan.

"Well, good morning!" Dream spoke loudly, George pulling away from Karl quickly, leaving the slightly taller man a whimpering mess.

"Morning," George cleared his throat, a deep blush set on both of their faces.

George turned back to the stove, turning down the heat under the pan full of eggs. Karl latched himself to Dream's arm, tugging it and looking up at him through his fluffy hair and long lashes.

"Good morning, daddy," Karl pulled his bottom lip between his teeth.

Dream looked down at him and rolled his eyes, "Good morning, Karl."

A pout formed quickly on Karl's lips, closing his eyes and leaning into Dream's bicep.

"Are you feeling better?" He whispered, dragging him over to the kitchen table and sitting him down in a chair, then taking his own seat right in Dream's lap.

Dream wrapped his arms around Karl's waist, looking him in the eyes, and shook his head honestly.

The answer upset Karl, "Did I not do a good job trying to cheer you up last night?"

"No, no, you did good, baby," Dream tried to force a smile on his face, "I'm just dreading this talk we have to have."

Karl nodded silently, turning to George, distributing the eggs he made onto everyone's plates equally.

"Been awfully quiet, George," Dream looked beyond Karl, watched as George just turned back to the stove to grab even more food.

Karl grabbed Dream's face, "We're all scared. We don't want to leave either, scared you'll forget us and how good we make you feel."

"Oh fuck off," Dream laughed, "I could never forget –"

A loud clattering of pots and pans hitting the steel kitchen sink made Dream, Karl, and even Sapnap, who was shoveling a forkful of eggs into his mouth, jump right out of their skin.

"You *could* though!"

"Oh, George, you can't actually believe that," Dream frowned, "If it were up to me, both your flights would be canceled by now."

Sapnap groaned loudly, "You're all acting like we're never going to see each other again when in reality, as soon as both of you idiots land, I'm sure our phones will be ringing immediately."

Dream smiled. Who would have thought Sapnap would be the level-headed one about this situation?

“The big question is, what the fuck are we doing? Because it’s all very gay and –“

“You’re not gay,” Dream said.

Sapnap groaned, “Stop, stop saying that! I think – no – yeah I know I’m gay, not as gay as George though, but –“

“Hey! What the fuck?” George turned a glare at Sapnap.

Everyone in the room laughed.

“But I’m not doing the sentimental ‘be my boyfriend’ bullshit ... yet. I just wanna fuck you guys, but only you guys.”

Dream nodded, completely understanding where he is coming from.

“Aw, Sapnap loves us,” George teased, wrapping his arms around his shoulders from behind and kissing his cheek, “Sappy.”

He turned his head quickly, catching George’s lips in a kiss, “So I’m all in. Is that what you wanted to hear?”

“Me too!” Karl bounced in Dream’s lap, “And I know George is.”

George pulled his lips away from Sapnap’s skin for only a moment.

“Let me speak for myself, *brat*. But I’m all in, Dream, are you?”

All eyes were on him now, from the dark chocolate brown of George’s, the heavenly hazel/green of Sapnap’s, and right down to Karl’s smokey grey, Dream blinked.

“I –“

Karl rubbed the back of his neck slowly, pulling softly at the tufts of hair at the base. They were all so patient with him. Enduring everything he’s put them through, hell, Karl trusts him enough to call him daddy when he’s not fucking him. Even from the very beginning, where they were all sat in their desk chairs, jerking off for a dumb competition. Dream didn’t want to think about it. Think about how as soon as his boys leave, they’re going to have to regress to the silly little video chats. Stupid hesitant teasing and wondering if he would cross any boundaries. He won’t be able to get his fingers in Karl’s mouth or his cock in George’s ass.

Dream breathed loudly, looking over at Karl, then Sapnap, and finally George. The only one staring back at him, staring directly into his eyes with a bright glimmer of hope shining through the umber.

“*Of course I am.*”

Dream cleaned up after breakfast, alone. He needed a bit of alone time. The hot water rinsing leftover food off of the plates brought him to a calm headspace. He has no idea where the three ran off to, mumbling something about “getting ready.” They *did have* a big dinner planned. Dream’s mom was going to drop off the steak she was making and finally meet *his boys* before they left. Plugs or not, she was going to meet them.

He turned the sink off after the last plate was placed in the dishwasher and dried his hands on a Christmas-themed decorative towel he had received from his grandparents when he first bought the house. He glanced out the kitchen window into the backyard. The abandoned hot tub looked so tempting until –

Everything went dark around him. Nervous hands reached out to the cloth that was now over his eyes.

“Hey!” Dream reached back behind him, gripping a dainty wrist between his fingers.

George.

“What are you doing, George?”

The eldest man stayed quiet, tightening the knot of the blindfold and spinning Dream around, so his back was now pressed to the wet sink. Lips were soon pressed to his, the sensation growing passionate quickly as George’s dull nails raked against the skin on Dream’s chest. Dream pulled away.

“You trying to mark me, princess?” Dream’s laugh was cut short by George’s cupped hand covering his mouth.

“You’re not the one in charge here.”

George spoke sternly, Dream’s eyebrows raising in interest as the brunet spoke down to him.

“Think you can cum three times before your mum gets here?”

Dream had no answer for that; his jaw dropped slightly, tongue rolling out to lick his dry lips and the palm of George’s hand. George pulled his hand away angrily, a tug on the blindfold almost startled Dream.

“Do you?”

Dream nodded, “I can try.”

Then, lips were back on his, soft and full of love as George tilted his head and pulled him closer to his body. Chests flush against each other when George’s hands fell to Dream’s wrists, holding his hands against the countertop. George moaned into his mouth before he pulled away.

“I don’t have very long with you,” George mumbled against Dream’s pouted lips.

Dream didn’t want to speak, trying to overcome the small voice in the back of his head telling him to take control of this situation. Instead, he just nodded his head as George cupped his jaw.

“Mark me,” George whispered, pressing his body even closer to Dream’s.

Dream bit his lip to stop his wheezing, “I can’t see you.”

George maneuvered Dream’s head almost harshly, cocking it to the side and pushing it against the

side of his neck. Dream tasted the desire and nerves seeping from George's pores as his tongue jutted out to touch the alabaster skin. George whined as Dream's tongue laved over the area right under his ear, preparing it for the harsh bite Dream would soon leave behind.

"Hurry up, Dream."

Dream bared his teeth, scratching the sharpest point of his canine's against the thin epidermis. He so desperately wanted to see George, see the look on his face as Dream pressed further against the surface, bringing his bottom teeth up to join his top with the small pull of skin in between them.

George cried out as Dream released his neck, licking over the bite to soothe it.

"Again, *again*."

Dream smirked against his neck, "So impatient princess, and I can't even see you, see how pretty and desperate you look."

George gasped against Dream's ear, loving the way Dream had so much power over him with such little wording. Then, George heard the quiet call of his name coming from down the hall. He sighed to himself and clasped his hands with Dream's.

"We're being called," Dream knew George was frowning, reluctantly pulling Dream down the hall to a bedroom to the right.

It could have been one of two rooms, Sapnap's bedroom or the bathroom, but as soon as his feet hit cold tile floors, he stopped in his tracks. So why are they in the bathroom?

"What are we doing here, George?"

George giggled, leaning up and kissing Dream's nose softly, "Have fun, Dreamy."

He was teasing him. Dream felt George's presence disappear from next to him.

He was alone.

Nerves grew. Did he remove the blindfold? Would he get in trouble if he did? Would he enjoy getting in trouble?

"Hmm, you look really sexy with a blindfold on."

Sapnap.

"You're an idiot."

Dream reached up to his face.

"Leave it," Sapnap said quickly in a warning tone.

Dream's hands dropped to his sides obediently. He heard water sloshing for a quick moment before something wet grabbed his hand.

"We're gonna take a bath," Sapnap said, "First place you fucked me –"

"Not the first place you're going to fuck me," Dream groaned.

Sapnap mimicked the frustrated groaning sound, "Fine, but I'm gonna ride you in the bath, is that

okay?”

Fuck.

“Fuck, Sapnap, yes, of course, that’s okay,” Dream surged forward, knocking his chin against what felt like Sapnap’s eyebrow.

Dream was quick to apologize as Sapnap seethed, “Ow, you bitch!”

“*Oh come on now*, it didn’t hurt that bad,” Dream leaned in slowly, pressing his lips to where his chin collided, “I’m sorry, Sap.”

Sapnap pushed him away slightly, pulling at the bottom of his shirt and pulling it over his head. The collar of the shirt snagged on the blindfold lifting it up and over Dream’s eyes. The lighting burned, so used to the familiar darkness around him, the florescent lights of the bathroom were almost blinding. Sapnap’s hands came up quickly, pushing the blindfold down again with a groan.

“Can’t you listen for once!”

Dream wheezed, “That was *your* fault!”

“Just get naked; you’re ruining the moment.”

Dream smiled at that, pulling down his pants and boxers, “Can’t believe you set us up a bath.”

Sapnap stayed quiet as the sweet smell of lavender filled the room. Dream hummed, stepping blindly towards the tub. His hands out and flailing for Sapnap to take them and guide him. He heard an annoyed breath from the youngest, and finally, his hand was placed in Sapnap’s. Sapnap pulled him forward until his knees hit the porcelain tub.

“Step, high,” Sapnap instructed, already in the water.

Dream did as he said, his foot hovering above the full tub and stepping into a mountain of bubbles first, then finally dipping into the water.

“Fuck! Sapnap, that’s hot!” He complained.

Sapnap giggled as he finally got both feet into the tub of boiling water, “Not as hot as you.”

“Oh shut up,” Dream laughed, reaching out for his face.

Sapnap happily placed his face between Dream’s hands and let the older man guide him towards his lips. They kissed for only a moment, Sapnap pulling away first to command Dream to sit in the water, and Dream did. Sapnap placed himself between Dream’s spread legs, pressing his back to Dream’s front. Dream sighed.

“What?”

Dream sighed again, “I’m sad.”

“Why?”

“I can’t see you.”

Dream frowned, and he could *feel* Sapnap rolling his eyes.

“That’s the point, asshole,” Sapnap turned his body now to face Dream, “You’re not allowed to see any of us.”

Bare chests pressed against each other as the water splashed around during Sapnap’s movement. He wrapped a hand around Dream’s cock, stroking slightly.

“Jeez, a little – a little warning next time,” Dream gasped, head falling back.

Sapnap continued stroking him slowly until he was completely hard, kissing Dream’s neck softly. Soft touches and unspoken words filled the room as the pair inhaled each other.

“Sap-“ Dream moaned, “*Please*, let me see you.”

Sapnap’s free hand came up from the water, and soon enough, it was at the knot on the back of the blindfold. Dream smirked. He knew Sapnap would easily give in to his pleas.

“You piss me off,” Sapnap groaned, removing the blindfold and tossing it somewhere with Dream’s clothes.

Dream’s eyes opened slowly, adjusting to the now-dim lighting in the room.

“A candle-lit bubble bath, and you weren’t going to let me see it?”

Dream acted as if he was highly offended. Sapnap shut him up with a kiss. Lips capturing Dream’s carefully as they moved in sync, small moans filling Dream’s mouth.

“God, you want this so bad,” Dream mumbled against his lips, but Sapnap pulled away completely.

He pouted, looking up into Dream’s eyes, “Save the teasing for the other two, *pal*.”

“Sorry, Sappy, I’ll just fuck you into oblivion and leave you before you can come.”

Sapnap whined, and Dream’s eyes widened at the response.

“That what you want? My cum on your face, and I leave you to take care of yourself?”

Sapnap kissed him again, hand going straight back to his cock and stroking it even faster than before. Kissing Sapnap was intoxicating, Dream’s mind filled with a familiar haze, almost as if he was drunk on Sapnap’s presence.

“Want you to be *in me* already,” Sapnap whined.

Dream nodded, “Okay, I can do that. Do you have a condom?”

“No.”

“Sapnap,” Dream grabbed his face in his hand, thumb pressed to his bottom lip as he looked his best friend in the eyes, “Go get one.”

Sapnap complained loudly, standing from the tub and immediately shivering. He wrapped a large towel around himself and ran out of the room. Dream laughed, looking around the candle-lit room and taking in the essence. Sapnap put so much work into this, and to think he wouldn’t be able to see it blew his mind. The door creaked open once again, Sapnap still looking cold as ever as he climbed back into the tub and sighed when the now-warm water hit his skin.

“You gonna put it on me?” Dream lifted his hips out of the water with a satisfied smirk.

Sapnap nodded, ripping the condom open with his teeth, and Dream couldn't stop the small laugh coming up from his throat.

"What are you laughing at?"

"Sorry, sorry, that was very sexy," Dream smiled and gasped loudly once Sapnap wrapped a hand around his cock yet again, licking the leaking head before rolling the condom on, "Need to be prepped?" Sapnap nodded, crawling back into Dream's lap so easily.

When Dream bought this tub, he definitely never imagined fucking his best friend in it, but man, was he glad now that he went for the bigger tub.

Sapnap wrapped his arms around Dream's shoulders, dropping his head and hiding his face in Dream's neck.

"You're so good for me," Dream smirked, pressing a kiss to the side of Sapnap's head, "What do you guys have planned for today?"

"Make you feel good," Sapnap whispered, "All you; show you how much you mean to us. I don't know George was going on and on about some lovey bullshit."

Dream laughed, a middle finger circling Sapnap's hole before pushing in the tip. Sapnap moaned loudly, pulling his bottom lip between his teeth.

"Fuck."

Dream pushed the rest of his finger inside, "So tight like I didn't just fuck you last night."

"Dream!"

Dream shushed him, almost completely removing the finger and pressing it back in. He repeated the motion a couple of times before pushing in his index finger. He loved hearing Sapnap moan, even at the slightest touch. The boy was absolute putty in his hands, as much as he denied it. He loved how submissive Sapnap was but always gave him a challenge, which Dream secretly loved even more.

He *was* competitive, after all. He loved a good challenge he knows he'd win. Sapnap cried out as soon as Dream hooked his fingers into the spot he'd been searching for. Then, he removed his fingers completely, rubbing Sapnap's hole slowly before pushing the digits back in and hitting the spot again and again.

"Add another," Sapnap mumbled, leaning his head to the side and looking into Dream's eyes, and pulling his hair slightly.

Right. Eye contact. Always eye contact and hair-pulling with Sapnap.

"Okay, Sap, I know," Dream nodded, adding a third finger in finally and hitting his prostate dead on.

Sapnap practically screamed at the feeling, pulling Dream closer and bouncing his hips almost unnoticeably on Dream's fingers.

"Wanna ride my fingers?"

Sapnap nodded a permanent pout on his lips. He looked so kissable right now, so Dream leaned in,

kissing him softly.

“You know, you say you don’t want lovey bullshit, but you’re so lovely and gentle when we -“

Sapnap’s eyes snapped open, gripping Dream’s wrist to pull his fingers out of himself, “Shut up and fuck me.”

Dream rolled his eyes and settled his hands on Sapnap’s hips, guiding him down onto his cock. Sapnap’s grip on him wasn’t the softest, but he didn’t care. All he wanted was to make sure Sapnap was comfortable. Once he was fully seated in Dream’s lap, he shuttered.

“D-don’t move.”

Dream nodded, “Wasn’t planning on it.”

Yes, he was.

“Okay,” Sapnap murmured before moving his hips up and slowly bringing them back down, “Fuck.”

Dream reveled in the noises falling from Sapnap’s lips. Kissing and swallowing away profanities and moans, he tightened his grip on Sapnap’s hips, moving him along with his own movements.

“Feel so good, Sap.” Dream moaned out, gasping when Sapnap pulled himself off of Dream’s cock almost completely, then roughly slammed back down.

The feeling of the head of Dream’s cock pressing against his prostate harshly had Sapnap a mess. He sobbed, his hands wrapping themselves in Dream’s hair and pulling hard as he lifted his hips and slammed them down again.

“There. Right there!” Sapnap cried out, “Don’t fucking stop.”

Dream looked Sapnap in the eyes as Sapnap bounced excitedly on his cock.

“Fuck Sap, there’s no way you could cum without me looking you right in the eyes.” Dream couldn’t stop himself. He tried biting his tongue but wasn’t faster than his moving mouth.

Sapnap whined, “Damn you.”

“You like when I watch you? When I get to look in your eyes and see you cum on my cock?”

Sapnap’s head fell against Dream’s shoulder, a loud moan leaving his throat.

“M’so fucking close, keep talking. Please, touch me.”

Dream pulled Sapnap’s head up with a fist in his hair, kissing him deeply as he now rolled his hips in sync with Sapnap’s bouncing.

“You look so fucking good jumping on my cock.”

Sapnap continued his cries, gripping Dream’s hair tightly in one hand and dropping the other to wrap around his own cock.

“Please don’t leave me to cum on my own,” Sapnap pleaded.

Dream kissed him quick, just to shut him up and taste Sapnap again. He looked absolutely fucked,

lips red-raw and puffy.

“I’ll let you cum, sweetheart,” Dream whispered, his hand also dropping into the water to join Sapnap’s, pushing his hand off himself, “Just let me cum first.”

Sapnap nodded frantically, taking anything he could get right now. Rocking his hips until Dream’s nails were digging into the pale flesh of his hips. He craved the feeling, wanted to be marked but would never speak it out loud. He missed the feeling of Dream’s mouth on his thighs, biting and licking over bruised skin. He *needed* it.

“Fuck, I’m –“ He went silent, lifting his hips harshly as he released into the condom, “Oh my *god*, Sapnap.”

“Don’t stop, don’t stop, *don’t sto-hop!*” Sapnap seethed, bouncing frantically.

“Sap-“ Dream flinched, overstimulation quickly taking over the pleasure.

“Please Dream, I’m so - I’m so fucking close,” he begged, lifting his hips so rough and sporadic, some of the bathwater sloshing around the tub was now spilling onto the tile floor.

And who was Dream to deny such pretty words leaving an even prettier mouth, “Okay sweetheart, I’ve got you. It’s okay.”

Dream’s stomach contracted almost painfully as Sapnap tightened around his spent cock.

“Fuck!” Sapnap shouted as Dream’s cock slammed into his spot almost brutally one last time before Sapnap was cumming into the uncomfortably cold water surrounding them, “Oh my god!”

Dream held the shorter man close to his chest, letting him ride out his high with loud moans and sobs.

“Did good, Sap.” Dream murmured almost sleepily.

The lavender aroma in the room lulling him to a sleepy, peaceful state.

Sapnap woke him with a kiss, “You got two more fun activities today, Dream. I’d wake up if I were you.”

“I’m up,” He laughed, “But we should shower. We’re bathing in cum water.”

Sapnap jokingly gagged loudly, standing from the water and pulling the drain, “Why the fuck would you say that.”

Dream laughed, standing from the tub on shaky legs and tossing the condom in the bin next to the sink. He stared at Sapnap, watching the youngest man start the shower and feel the water before stepping in.

“Come on.”

Dream glared at him.

“It’s not hot.”

Lie.

“I *know* it is,” Dream sighed, stepping into the water anyway.

His flinching subsided as soon as Sapnap wrapped his arms around him, burying his head under his chin. Dream smiled, completing the hug and placing his head under the running water.

Sapnap looked up, eyes closing slightly as droplets of water fell into them, “Love you.”

“I love you too, Sap,” Dream smiled, kissing him quickly.

The shower continued, Dream washing his and Sapnap’s hair, running a loofa filled with body wash over Sapnap’s body. The touches were gentle and tentative. Sapnap shuttered under the touch, pulling Dream in just to kiss him every so often.

“Domestic Sapnap is my favorite Sapnap,” Dream laughed once the water was turned off, and Sapnap was shaking a towel in his hair.

Sapnap giggled, pulling the towel from his head and wrapping it around Dream’s waist, “Blindfold back on, buddy.”

Dream rolled his eyes, watching as Sapnap bent down to the discarded blindfold and reached up to tie it around Dream’s eyes.

“Ready for the next round?” Sapnap asked, pressing his lips to Dream’s jaw.

Dream nodded, “Ready as I’ll ever be.”

Chapter End Notes

- Thank you for reading!!
- Kudos and comments are appreciated and welcomed!
- Thank you again! Don't forget

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A Nap Sounds Great

Chapter Summary

With the blindfold back on securely, Dream felt a pair of hands settling on his hips now covered by the towel, turning him to face what he assumed was the doorway and pushed him out of the room almost harshly. On instinct, he held his arms out, ready to stop himself from smashing his face into a nearby wall. An arm came down to push his arms to his sides. He groaned.

“You’re going to push me into a wall,” He sighed, “I just want to be safe in a bedroom.”

A giggle from behind him startled him; it wasn’t Sapnap like he had initially thought.

“What if we’re not going to a bedroom?”

Chapter Notes

George and Karl finally get their turn!!! :D

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

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“What if we’re not going to a bedroom?” George whispered.

Dream hummed in response; the only other places they could go were the kitchen, living room, or a closet. How ironic would that be?

“Where are we going then, princess?”

George remained silent. Dream let him lead the way, his hands resting at his sides as George maneuvered him around the hallway. Dream was once again twisted around, hands at his throat for a quick second before he felt George’s breath at his lips.

“Do you trust me?” George whispered, so quietly Dream almost missed it.

But Dream nodded his head before he opened his mouth to speak, "Of course I do, George."

"Good."

George's hands gripped the towel hung low on his waist, ripping it from his newly dried off body and threw it across the room. Next, his hands were placed on each of Dream's pectoral muscles; he pushed against Dream's bare chest, causing the taller man to fall backward until his back hit the soft bed below him.

"Jesus, *George* !"

George quickly climbed on top of him, taking a seat right on his lower abdomen, "Thought you said you trusted me."

"I do. That was just terrifying!" He chuckled, "What've you got planned?"

George leaned down, pressing his wet lips to Dream's collarbone.

"Revenge."

Dream scoffed, a roll of his head indicating he was rolling his eyes as well.

"You *needed* to be punished, princess."

George's nails scratched at Dream's chest softly. A warning.

"Where did this little dominant side of you come from, Georgie? What happened to my princess?"

It was almost as if something switched in George. He ducked down again, burying his head beneath Dream's chin and kissing his jaw softly, and dragging his glazed lips across the unshaven stubble on Dream's jaw. Dream brought his hands up from the bed to settle them on the lower back of George. The eldest sighed satisfactorily, pressing lips to skin again.

"Are you wearing lip gloss?" Dream smirked.

George moved his head away from Dream again.

"How did – how did you know?" George's dominance was faltering slightly, "It's cherry."

Dream smiled; he wanted to rip this damn blindfold off right now.

"Can I get a taste?"

"Dunno," George leaned forward. Dream felt the mattress beneath him dip under the weight of George's hands as he hovered over Dream's face, "Have you been good?"

"Fucked Sapnap pretty good, so I'd say yes," Dream shrugged.

George groaned, "You're annoying."

"Shut me up then," Dream smirked, "Come on, princess, take charge like you do with Karl."

George stopped all movement; Dream was curious if he was even breathing right now.

"Don't pretend you don't know what I'm talking about," Dream laughed, "I see how Karl just melts under your touch. He'd do anything to make you happy."

The eldest man purred, pressing his lips back against Dream's jaw as he spoke.

"That's because he's a fucking slut for anyone that praises him."

Dream smiled, nodding in agreement and silently waiting with puckered lips to finally get George's lips on his. George's fingers carefully caressed Dream's jaw, thumb sliding over his bottom lip.

"Stop staring at me and let me get a taste of that fucking lip –"

George's lips slotted between Dream's rather quickly after that, tongues moving against each other, Dream's trying to taste the flavored gloss while George's fought for control. Dream moaned as his tongue grazed over a puffy bottom lip, the taste of artificial cherry coating his tongue.

"Mm, George," Dream pulled away from wet lips; he could feel a string of saliva fall from George's mouth to Dream's chin, "Can I see you please?"

George whined, hands moving from Dream's chest to the fabric over his eyes.

"Only because I want you to see me cum from just your cock in me."

Dream's eyes squeezed shut as George spoke; he kind of loved it. George removed the blindfold entirely and immediately cupped Dream's jaw once he discarded the blindfold somewhere behind him.

"Pretty," George whispered, leaning back down to Dream and kissing him.

Dream kissed him back softly, "Not as pretty as you, princess."

George licked his lips, eyes slipping shut as Dream's hands made their place on George's lower back. As soon as George pulled away, Dream finally opened his eyes, smiling at the smaller man on top of him. The lip gloss had a red hue to it, or was that just from their kissing? His lashes looked even longer than they've ever been before. Was he wearing mascara?

"You look so –"

Dream had no words to say, he didn't want to run 'pretty' into the ground, but it's the only word that filled his already outrageous brain. So when did he have the time to go out and buy mascara? Did he already have it packed?

"You're wearing makeup," Dream stated quite obviously.

George rolled his eyes and nodded.

"I don't have a fancy bathtub or candles," George said, climbing off Dream to pull his shirt off, "So I hope this is good enough."

Dream sat up on his elbows, watching as George shimmied out of his oversized sweatpants that were definitely not his.

"Holy fuck, George, you're not –"

George looked up with a cunning smile on his face as the sweats finally reached his ankles. He stepped out of them, "Do you like?"

The lace pair of panties hugged him in all the right places. Elastic wrapped in light blue lace

pressed to the meat of his ass, going straight between his cheeks. Dream bit his bottom lip, leaning up further to inspect the garment thoroughly, but then he noticed the cotton squeezing George's thighs.

"Oh my fucking god," Dream fell back against the mattress, "George."

George laughed playfully, standing in the center of the room so Dream could take him in.

"And you weren't going to let me see this?"

George shook his head, chewing on his bottom lip as Dream sat up again to look him over. Dream's eyes slowly raked down George's torso, sight lingering on his straining cock caught between the elastic. Then, view moved down his thighs, the white cotton digging into the skin of his thighs so beautifully.

"If you don't get on top of me right now –"

George complied, climbing back onto the bed and kissing Dream desperately. Moans filled the room rather quickly, George holding Dream close as his hands clawed at the fabric covering his ass.

"I want you so bad," George mumbled, "So fucking bad."

Dream smirked, "You have me, princess."

George whined as he rubbed himself over Dream's leaking cock. The scratchy lace of the panties scraped against Dream, making his fingers shake against George's thighs.

"George," Dream's grip tightened against his thighs. George could feel the bruises forming.

The brit stopped all his movements, looking down at the blond and smirking, a glint of evil behind ivory teeth, "Let's play a game."

Dream groaned loudly. George was unsure if it was out of excitement or annoyance.

"Oh, come on, Dreamie, you love those! You're so fucking competitive; I *know* you'll love this one. Okay?"

Dream nodded excitedly, grinding his hips up to George's crotch and moaning at the contact.

"But if you break the rules, you don't get to cum."

"George." Dream looked into umber, not a hint of lying behind them, "Are you –"

George nodded, "Deadly serious, but it's fine, I'm sure your last whore will let you cum, but I won't."

Dream, very quietly, asked for the rules of the competition, and George was quick to set them out before him.

"Beg for what you want. Pleases and thank yous. No cumming without my permission. Oh! And no touching."

The brunet ripped Dream's hands from his thighs and placed them over his head. Dream's eyes widened in a mixture of fear and arousal, he'd never seen this side of George before, but something deep inside him was begging for more.

“Are you okay with that, Dream?” George tapped his chin upwards, forcing the younger man to look him in the eyes.

Dream nodded, smirk taking permanence on his face.

“Speak.”

“Yes,” His voice was strained, embarrassingly so, he cringed at the desperation behind his word as George laughed maniacally.

“You want me that bad?” George leaned back down, mouth close to Dream’s ear.

Dream nodded, turning his head slowly to look George in the eyes again, “Yes.”

“Yes, what?” He cocked an eyebrow upwards, waiting for Dream’s response.

Dream chewed his bottom lip harshly like he was punishing himself for even considering submitting to the older man. George grabbed his jaw harshly, teeth releasing the swollen flesh.

“Yes, please.”

George smiled, sliding down Dream’s naked body and eyeing his cock.

“Can I suck it?”

Dream’s hips bucked up, “Yes, please.”

George licked a wet stripe along the vein running up the underside of his cock, Dream keened. Hands gripping into the pillow above his head as George finally gripped it, tapping his cock against his rolled-out tongue. Dream whined; eyes squeezed shut like it was painful, allowing George to wrap his lips around the head.

“Fuck,” Dream stopped his hand mid-air from touching George’s hair, “Fuck, fuck!”

George pushed his mouth down further, humming as the tip of Dream’s cock brushed the back of his throat.

“Oh god,” Dream whined, “George – “

The brunet pulled off him completely, wrapping his hand around the base and stroking it slowly, “What?”

“Can I please fuck you?” Dream whispered, covering his face at the pure humiliation of it all.

George loved it, dipping back down and licking the head of Dream’s leaking cock.

“Mm, you taste *so good*,” George leaned back down, taking his cock down his throat yet again.

Dream cried out, hands shaking to grasp George’s brunet locks, but he had to stop himself, his nails digging into the palms of his hands. He thrust his hips up, George taking it with ease as he thrust his cock in and out of George’s mouth.

“Taking me so well, George.” Dream seethed once George pulled off him again.

George’s head cocked to the side, staring at Dream with a raised brow.

“Th – Thank you,” Dream spoke in barely a whisper.

George hummed, satisfied enough with the response, and leaned over to the nightstand, pulling out a bottle of lube and a condom. He stepped off the bed quickly, thumbs dipping into the elastic to remove his –

“Keep them on,” Dream’s hands reached out to stop him but immediately fell to the sheets below as the voice of George reciting the rules rattled in his head, “Please. Please keep them on.”

George smiled, “Well then, what do you want then? Just move them to the side whilst I ride you?”

“Holy fuck, yes, please,” Dream breathed out harshly as George pulled on the condom and dribbled lube from the overly used bottle onto Dream’s waiting cock.

He wrapped a hand around the lubed cock, thinking for a minute before sighing.

“Then how will I get off?” George questioned, stroking slowly.

Dream wanted so bad to reach out and kiss him, reassure him, and promise him he’d get him off with his mouth if he wanted.

“I’ll do anything, George, please, just keep them on,” Dream croaked, “Can use my throat after I cum in you, please.”

George’s eyes widened, pushing his hair from his eyes to get a proper look at how desperate Dream was for him. All this power made the brunets fingers shake, no one had ever seen Dream like this, or so he thinks. He was so powerful in this moment, he could deny him, watch him beg and plead, or he could give in, give him what he begs for.

“Fine,” George nodded, “I’ll keep them on.”

George was never one to stay in charge.

Dream’s eyes closed again as George’s hand picked up speed. Dream cried out, gripping the sheets since he couldn’t grip George’s thighs. Thighs practically begging to be touched, bitten, bruised.

“Are you listening to me, Dream?” George tapped his knee, the feeling of his hands finally somewhere on Dream’s skin, other than his cock, bringing him back to the conversation.

“Was thinking about your thighs,” Dream sighed, “Sorry, please just get on my dick.”

George couldn’t stop the laugh leaving his throat, “Is that so? Do you want to touch them, Dream?”

“Fuck, yes, please,” Dream begged, fingers clenching into tight fists and unclenching repeatedly.

George leaned over his body, letting go of his throbbing cock to catch his lips in a quick kiss.

“Need to prep you?” Dream gasped as George sat directly on his lower abdomen.

George smiled, “Course not, Karl already did that for you; don’t forget to thank him later.”

Dream will not forget.

George lifted his hips, hovering above Dream momentarily as he pushed the lace panties to the side to expose his hole to Dream’s waiting cock.

“Remember,” George gasped as the head of Dream’s cock caught on his rim, “Remember the – the rules.”

Dream nodded, letting George sink slowly onto him. He watched his cock disappear inside his best friend. Watching the brunet’s cock leak through the lace, he wanted – no – *needed* to taste him. Dream finally bottomed out, nails digging into his own thighs to stop himself from touching George.

“George, please, please, can I touch you?”

George smirked, lifting his hips slightly and dropping back down, “Oh fuck.” His hands came out in front of him, placing his palms against Dream’s bare chest as he grinded down on the younger man.

Dream cried out, thrusting upwards into George, hoping he’d fall forward against him, giving Dream no choice but to wrap his arms around him and fuck into him relentlessly. George’s hands slipped from Dream’s chest, landing right at the base of his neck. Dream’s eyes rolled back, George moaned, lifting his hips slightly and making Dream do all the work.

“If you want to cum, then fuck me properly,” George whined, hands squeezing Dream’s throat slightly.

Dream keened, “Need to touch you for that,” Dream said.

George caved, hanging his head and blushing deeply, “Fucking touch me, Dream.”

He was practically begging as Dream wrapped his arms around George’s hips, holding him close as he fucked up into George rapidly. George moaned loudly into Dream’s ear, pleasure dripping from the noises as drool pooled in his mouth, spilling onto Dream’s neck.

“Like that?” Dream groaned, “Can’t be in control for too long, huh?”

George occupied his mouth with the skin of Dream’s neck before he could say anything to please the younger man.

“Dream,” George whispered, quietly begging for more as he wrapped his arms around Dream’s shoulder and held him tight.

Dream was shaking as he pounded into George, the tip of his cock touching his prostate with each thrust.

“Feel good, Georgie?” Dream gripped George’s hips as he pulled out of George completely.

The older man whined, hole twitching at the loss.

“You’ve been so good for me,” Dream smirked, teeth biting into George’s neck.

George screamed in pleasure mixed with slight pain as Dream flipped him around, throwing George’s legs over his shoulders and moving his panties to the side yet again.

“Such a pretty hole, begging for my cock, huh?” Dream smirked, immediately filling George yet again.

George’s legs shook as Dream thrust into him. Dream loved the view, couldn’t even process the thought that he was almost not allowed to see it. *That damn blindfold* – Dream shook the thought

from his head, admiring the brit below him. Brunet hair splayed out on the pillow supporting George's head, his eyes squeezed shut, and his mouth opened slightly as he let little moans and sobs leave his red bitten lips.

"You look so fucking pretty, honey," Dream cooed, reaching down and caressing George's jaw slightly.

The stubble of the elder's jaw scratched his fingers during his caressing, thrusting brutally into George, "So fucking pretty, so fucking good."

George reached down, gripping his leaking cock through the lace of the panties.

"Please Dream," He begged, squeezing and rubbing his cock through the fabric, "Please cum in me, let me cum."

"Aw, who's in charge now?" The caressing changed quickly, thumb and forefinger gripping George's chin to hold his gaze, "Who?"

"You, you're in charge," George sobbed, legs continuing to shake over Dream's shoulders, "Please _ "

"Please, what, honey?" Dream smirked, "Want to cum?"

"Can I? Can I please?" George's eyes snapped open, umber boring into hazy green.

Dream smiled, leaning down, so George was now folded in on himself. Dream grinded into him, kissing him deeply as he reached down, shoving his hand between skin and elastic to grasp his leaking cock.

"So wet, you feel good?" Dream teased, tugging the cock in his hand, "Fuck, I'm so close, George."

"I'm - I'm -" George shouted as he came between Dream's fingers and the lace, "*Oh, my god .*"

His body shook in absolute pleasure, eyes rolling to the back of his head as Dream stroked him through his orgasm.

"You look so good, George; you think you can handle me until I finish?" Dream never stopped his thrusts, only slowed them down to let George breathe through his high.

The man below him nodded, whining as Dream pushed his legs together as he pushed further into George. He took it so well, and Dream wanted to pass out at how good George felt around him. He went at his own pace, slowing down just in time for the feeling of filling the condom went away shortly, so he could pick the pace back up to make this last forever.

"Oh god, Dream, *fuck* , this is a lot," George cried out.

Dream spread his legs again, looking him in the eyes, "Color?"

"Green, you're okay. Cum in me, please," George's hands fell over his heaving chest, trying to calm his breathing, "Make me *cry* ."

Now that was something Dream wasn't expecting; he licked his dry lips, trying hard not to show George how truly shocked he was.

"You want me to -"

“Yes!” George groaned, “ *Make me fucking cry .*”

Dream nodded, holding his legs closed yet again, the new, tighter angle making Dream whine. His cock twitched familiarly inside of George with each shallow thrust; he was *so* close. Shaking calves in his hands only made Dream want to bite them, bruise them, leave something for George that he could take all the way home.

The pounding didn’t stop as George’s eyes filled with tears of overstimulation wracking through his body. His head was thrown back, hands shaking against his chest. Dream released his legs, letting them fall on either side of him as he continued the thrusts.

“Fuck, George, I’m so close. You okay?”

His thumb ran under George’s eye as he nodded his head, catching a tear before it fell down his cheek completely. Watching the older man cry under him did something to Dream, a sickening squeeze in his lower stomach, the familiar feeling he dreaded yet yearned for.

“So fucking pretty, even when you cry,” Dream fell forward, kissing George urgently as he finally came into the condom.

He moaned into George’s mouth, pulling out of him slowly and kissing him deeply for a few seconds before getting up to throw away the condom. He ended up falling on top of him, kissing his face, and tasting the burning salt water staining his cheeks. George groaned at the weight of Dream lying on top of him. They stayed like that for a minute, breathing each other’s air and just holding on to one another. George ran his hand through Dream’s hair as he caught his breath.

“Get off of me, you big idiot,” George laughed, wrapping his arms around Dream’s shoulders and burying his face in his hair.

“Thank you,” Dream whispered into George’s neck and between soft touch kisses, “Thank you, thank you, thank you.”

George laughed, holding him ever-so closer to his chest, “Thank *you* for letting me do that.”

“Loved it, only you, though,” Dream mumbled.

George smiled gently at his words, “I like the sound of that.”

“M’so tired,” Dream whispered sleepily, burying his face in George’s neck and inhaling deeply.

George ran a dainty hand through the dark golden hair, saying nothing as he felt Dream’s breathing regulate to a steady pace. He wanted to leave the younger man on his chest dozing off, but he remembered Karl; he was so excited to spend time with Dream alone. He argued for almost 15 minutes with Sapnap not to go last and inevitably lost the argument and agreed to go last. George groaned, pushing the broad shoulders from his body.

“You gotta go,” George sighed, “Karl’s waiting.”

Dream whined, holding George even tighter, “But I’m so tired. Ten more minutes.”

George bit his tongue.

“No, come on, he’s been waiting for you. Be good to him, Dream,” George pulled Dream up from his neck by his hair.

Dream smiled, "I like when you're nice to Karl."

"Hm, don't get used to it; he's still a brat." George mumbled, quietly complaining as Dream's body heat and weight left his small frame, "Blindfold!"

"Yeah, right," Dream flipped him off playfully and left the room.

Fully nude, Dream walked down the hall to Karl's bedroom. He knocked quietly against the wood and waited for a response. Silence responded back; Dream looked down the hall to all the closed doors. Was he even inside? He knocked again, a bit louder this time, suddenly feeling very vulnerable and naked alone in his hallway. Similarly, Dream was greeted with nothing, so he decided to push the door open himself and walk-in.

The sight in front of him was definitely not what Dream was expecting. Karl was knelt on the bed in a tiny black skirt stopping right at his upper thigh and matching socks that reached just over his knees. Something that looks similar to the tie Dream wore to his great uncle's funeral years ago, clenched in his left fist. He cleared that memory from his head quickly.

"Hi baby," Dream smiled at him; Karl looked up with wide eyes.

His jaw dropped slightly, but no words left his lips.

"You okay?" Dream offered an extended hand once he closed the door behind him securely.

Karl nodded silently, "Your blindfold –"

"Figured I don't need it," Dream shrugged, "Glad I left it, I wouldn't've been able to see you in this pretty skirt."

Karl's eyes fluttered shut as Dream's fingers ran along the hem of it, "Sapnap picked it out for me."

He swallowed thickly as Dream's hand trailed up to his jaw, cupping it sweetly, "Pretty."

"Thank you," Karl mumbled, tongue jutting out of his mouth to lick Dream's thumb that found place on his chin.

Dream smiled, chills shooting needles down his spine; looking to Karl's hand tightly holding the tie, Dream had to question it.

"My tie?"

Karl looked down, nerves evident just on his facial expression alone. His grip around the black silk was so tight his knuckles turned white.

"To tie my hands behind my back when you – never mind, this is stupid, do you wanna cuddle? You look tired."

Dream kissed him then, just to shut his mind up. He was overthinking and nervous, obviously so.

"Stop," Dream laughed, "I'll tie you up when I fuck you. Is that what you want?"

Karl looked away for a second, "Yes, but not if you're too tired, we can just –"

Sure, Dream *was* tired, but he was not going to admit that now, especially having such a cute boy *in a skirt* on his bed right in front of his eyes. He reached his hand out again, toying with the skirt's

elastic secured around Karl's hips. He didn't respond, only dipped back in to kiss the chestnut-haired man on the lips.

It was sickeningly sweet, the way Karl went plaint under the touch almost immediately, slipping so far out of his nerves that Dream was surprised he wasn't a moaning mess by now.

"I want this. Okay? I want *you* . I'm not too tired." Dream reassured him as soon as he pulled away.

Karl whimpered, kneeling back up on his knees to follow Dream's lips. The latter gave in, letting Karl kiss him gently and pull him onto the mattress with him. Dream stumbled over his own two feet as he climbed onto the memory foam, hands on either side of Karl's legs, neck craned to kiss Karl properly, it sure was a pain in the neck, but he'd suffer through it just to hear those precious little noises from Karl Jacobs.

"Look so nice for me," Dream whispered.

Karl's eyes were closed as he answered Dream, "Can you – Can you use your mouth on me?"

Dream licked his lips slowly, tilting Karl's head up, so he had no other choice than to look Dream directly in the eyes.

"Of course, on your back," Dream smirked.

Karl immediately did as he said, falling to his back so quickly the flowy skirt flipped up, exposing him completely.

"No underwear? Filthy slut," Dream teased.

Karl giggled slightly at the joke but was completely cut off by Dream wrapping a dry hand around his shaft.

"Mm, D – Dream," Karl whined.

Dream cocked an eyebrow, "Oh come on, now, you know that's not what you call me."

Dream stroked him teasingly, slow, almost torturing the older man. Karl's entire face and chest tinted deep red, an embarrassed blush for sure. Dream smiled at him, pulling his hand away from Karl's hard cock, and rubbed his inner thigh with the back of his index finger.

"Say it, Karl, I know you want to," Dream looked up at him.

He looked utterly fucked out without even being touched; his hair was in his face, eyes squeezed shut. He looked so beautiful like this, legs spread, mouth open.

"*Daddy* ," Karl's hand gripped Dream's wrist, pushing his hand back to his leaking cock, "Please, touch me."

Dream obeyed, wrapping his hand back around the head of his cock, his thumb rubbing over the crown a couple of times, collecting the precum building.

"Thought you wanted my mouth?" Dream questioned.

Karl sat up on his elbows, "Yes! Daddy, please use your mouth on me."

Karl fell back to the mattress, arm coming up to hide his face.

“Don’t hide, darling,” Dream pulled his arm away, “Do I have to tie you up so soon?”

Karl gasped, “No, no, please.”

“Then be good,” Dream threatened.

Karl stopped all movement, allowing Dream to do whatever he wanted to him.

“Good boy.”

Karl’s eyes slipped shut again, a smile growing on his face as Dream dropped down and licked the tip of his cock. Karl’s hands laid still by his sides, fingers twitching to touch but never reaching out as Dream laved his tongue over the slit. He pulled off quickly, just to look at Karl before he took the head of his cock into his mouth. Karl whined, hips shaking but never lifting off the bed as Dream took the cock further down his throat.

“Fuck,” Karl whispered, hands lifting from the bed and settling on his lower stomach.

Dream had to pull off, look him in the eyes, “You can touch me, baby, it’s okay.”

Karl’s hands immediately flew to his hair, wrapping his fingers in the golden locks beneath them. He whimpered in response, scratching dull nails against Dream’s scalp calmly. Dream went back to lapping at the skin right under the head of his cock, and Karl cried out so sweetly. It was music to Dream’s ears, listening to the man pant and whine *all because of him*.

No words left his lips as Dream wrapped his mouth around his cock yet again, relaxing his throat and flattening his tongue as he accepted the weight of it down his throat slowly. Karl hiccupped, gripping tighter in Dream’s hair as Dream gagged around him. The vibrations alone sent Karl to the edge.

Dream pulled off completely, stroking him quickly as he spoke.

“Hey, can’t cum yet.”

Karl whined, “Please, please, I can cum again when you fuck me. Please let me cum in your mouth.”

“Is that so?” Dream’s voice was fucked.

The younger man leaned down again, lapping at the underside of his cock.

“Yes,” Karl gasped.

Dream had no answer for that, only licked a long wet stripe over Karl’s balls.

“Dre – Daddy,” Karl reached for his hair again.

Dream shushed him, slipping his hands under Karl’s thighs to lift them over his shoulders. The movement gave Dream the perfect angle of Karl’s hole, pretty and wet from what Dream could only assume is lube from one of the other guys stretching him before this.

“Who prepped you? Sapnap?” Dream asked before running a teasing finger over the hole.

Karl gasped, leg’s almost clamping shut on Dream’s head.

“And George.”

Dream hummed, trying to hide the shock in his voice as he leaned forward and pressed a kiss to the cleft between thigh and ass cheek.

“Dirty slut,” Dream murmured, pressing his flat tongue to Karl’s entrance.

The noise leaving Karl’s lips was inhuman; Dream was desperate to hear it again, so he lapped his tongue over the spot again. Then, finally, Karl cried out, hands reaching for Dream’s hair as he continued to flick his tongue over his entrance.

“Fuck!” Karl gasped, hands pulling Dream’s hair, “*Oh* – oh my god.”

Dream pushed his tongue into him, ignoring the artificial strawberry taste coating his tongue. The sickening aftertaste will stay with him for a while, like an ex-girlfriends lip gloss that would make him queasy after hours of kissing, but he continued his strenuous movements just to hear Karl shout.

“I’m gonna cum,” Karl warned, Dream pulling his tongue out of Karl and sliding it up back over his cock.

He took almost the entire length in his throat with ease, gripping the rest in his hand and squeezing slightly, feeling the pulsing feeling of Karl inside his throat. He was so close, and Dream could taste it.

“Oh my god!” Karl cried as he shot his load directly down Dream’s throat.

Dream swallowed around him as best as he can, pulling off and catching some of the last ropes of cum, leaving Karl’s cock on his chin. Dream smiled, leaning up and looking over Karl as he caught his breath.

“Thank you, daddy,” Karl whimpered.

Dream smiled, rubbing his thigh, “We’re not done, darling.”

“Are you gonna tie me up, now?” Karl reached for the tie he discarded somewhere on the bed.

Dream could not deny the pretty boy beneath him.

“On your stomach, pretty,” Dream wiped his chin with the tie in his hands, cringing as he tied the cum covered silk to a shaking wrist.

Karl was now on his stomach, ass arched up in the air and his hands behind his back waiting to be tied together.

“If it’s too much, just say the word or color. I’m listening.” Dream explained.

“Can you hit me?” Karl mumbled and Dream’s laugh caught in his throat.

“What?” His eyebrows pinched together in confusion, “But you’ve been –“

“I want it; I want it so bad.”

Dream hesitated, really contemplating the idea, but a noise of complaint left Karl’s mouth, catching Dream’s attention quickly.

“If it were George, you would!”

Dream scoffed, not that he was going to deny it because it's true, he would love to tie George up, hit him, and fuck him until he was crying, but something about Karl made a voice in Dream's head scream to protect him.

But that is something he really didn't want to unpack right now.

"Fine, if that's what you want."

Karl smiled, shaking his ass in the air waiting for Dream to fuck him, but instead, a large came down, smacking against his skin. He yelped at the sudden pain.

"That's one for being a brat."

Karl whimpered as another smack echoed through the room.

"And another for being a slut."

Karl giggled quietly, sounding like the sobs leaving his lips before, but Dream could see the giddy smile plastered to his face. Dream leaned over, grabbing a condom from the drawer on the nightstand and rolling it on.

"Gonna be a good boy?" Dream rubbed his hand against the ever-growing red skin of Karl's ass cheek.

Karl shook his head, causing a small laugh to erupt from Dream.

"No? That's going to earn you more of –"

Karl's whine interrupted his sentence.

"You're *so* bratty."

He pushed his hips against Karl, rubbing the head of his cock between red cheeks. Karl cried out a pathetic excuse of an apology.

"Oh, baby, if you want my cock, you're going to have to apologize properly."

Dream leaned down, running his hand through Karl's hair roughly. Nails scratching against his skull, leaving behind a violent chill.

"I'm sorry, daddy," Karl mumbled.

Dream smiled, "For what?"

"Being a brat," Karl gasped as the head of Dream's cock entered him.

"Good boy," Dream kneaded the flesh beneath his hands.

Dream pushed into Karl completely, bottoming out with a quiet moan. Karl cried out, tugging at his restrained hands. Dream knew how desperately he wanted to get his hands on him. Dream didn't move, just smacked a hand against Karl's ass yet again.

"Daddy!" Karl cried, "*Fuck*, I'm close."

The blond bit his lip harshly, barely even moving his hips as Karl howled.

“Haven’t even fucked you yet,” Dream snapped his hips against Karl.

The latter buried his head in the mattress, hiding his face from Dream’s sights.

“Can’t cum until I do,” Dream mumbled, hips slamming against Karl’s as he moved, “Understand?”

Karl only whined, but that earned him another smack.

“Words, baby boy.”

Karl looked over at Dream finally, face not hidden in the mattress, adoration, and trust written all over him as he nodded his head, “Yes, I understand.”

“Good boy,” Dream leaned down to kiss the bottom of Karl’s spine.

Dream leaned back up, pulling himself out of Karl almost completely just to hear the man whine at the loss. Dream had no idea what to do with his hands at this point. Karl was writhing out of the grip on his hips, so he settled one in his hair and the other on the curve of his ass.

“Karl, be good, or you’re gonna get hit again,” Dream squeezed the flesh at the same time he tugged on his hair.

Karl sobbed, “Please, just fuck me good. Stop teasing me; I’ve been so good!”

Dream bucked his hips into him, Karl’s face went back to hiding against the memory foam underneath him. The thrusting was relentless. Sounds of skin slapping against skin, and Karl’s moans filled the room. Dream was sure George and Sapnap, whatever they were doing right now, heard all of this. The familiar tightening sensation built in his lower abdomen, and it was beginning to hurt. Cumming three times, fucking three different people in such a short time, was starting to take a toll on him. He flopped over, leaning most of his body weight against Karl as he continued pounding into him.

Karl whined, arms being crushed between his own spine and Dream’s stomach, “Untie me, please.”

“Have you earned it?” His slurred words dripped into Karl’s ear like venom.

The older man only nodded, eyes squeezed shut, afraid to make eye contact with the blond, “I’ve been good.”

Dream pulled himself up and off Karl, pulling out of him entirely and pouting at the hurt whine leaving Karl’s lips.

“I’ll get back in you, baby, just let me –“

Dream sighed; he wanted to fuck Karl with his hands tied behind his back, finish over his face, and let Karl cum all over himself, untouched. But really, who is he to deny the pretty man under him?

“I’ll untie you, but no touching.” Dream commanded, and Karl finally, *finally*, turned his head to look at Dream.

He batted his eyelashes at the younger man as slurred words tumbled from his lips, “Thanks, daddy.”

Dream rolled his eyes dramatically, slipping a finger between the knot and untying the silk quickly.

Karl's arms fell lifeless at his sides; he didn't dare move. He left Dream to move him, flip him to his back gently and climb on top of him again.

"Ready for more?" Dream whispered.

Karl nodded his head, hands itching to move at his sides. His fingers twitched nervously; Dream watched all of his movements. Finally, his eyes closed, hands shaking almost as much as his legs.

"You okay?"

"Wanna cum, wanna touch you," Karl mumbled.

"You can cum," Dream smiled and watched the deflated look on Karl's face.

Dream knew he wanted to touch him more than he wanted to cum, but Dream just spread his legs and gripped his cock to enter the shorter man again. Karl whined as Dream pressed into Karl easily, leaning forward enough to hover over him, arms bracketing his head, so close, yet so far away from ever touching his skin. The only point of contact for the pair was Dream's cock buried inside of him. Dream wasted no time thrusting his hips into him, slowly watching the changing expressions on Karl's face.

"So pretty, my pretty baby," Dream whispered, right hand lifting from the mattress to cup Karl's jaw,

His fingers pressed into the skin, thumb pressing into the cleft on his chin and creeping up to pull at his bottom lip. Baring his bottom teeth, Karl whined as Dream hit his prostate. His mouth fell open as noises spilled out.

"Feel good, pretty?" Dream smirked, leaning down and kissing his own thumb to tease Karl.

Karl whined, "Yes, yes, kiss me, please."

Dream kissed him, lips slotting between one another just right. All saliva and teeth as Karl's body jumped with each powerful thrust into him. Dream licked his tongue over Karl's, swallowing every moan that came out of his mouth.

"Fuck, Karl, I'm close," Dream whispered, "Are you?"

Karl whined, "Touch me, please, touch me."

Dream couldn't deny his begging anymore, wrapping his dominant hand around Karl's cock, and his non-dominant at Karl's hip.

"You can touch me, baby; go ahead."

Karl's jumped up excitedly, wrapping his arms around Dream's neck and pulling him closer, moved his hips in sync with Dream's forceful thrusts. His hands roamed all over Dream's back, scratching violently down the length of his back as Dream pushed in and out of him.

"Fuck!" Karl moaned out, throwing his head back, giving access to his neck.

Dream dipped in, sucking a bruise right next to his Adam's apple. Karl whined at the feeling, and soon Dream's hand felt wet and warm. He came. Just the sense of his hand being covered in Karl pushed him over the edge, moaning against the skin of his neck as he came into the condom inside Karl.

“Fuck baby, you did so good, so fucking good,” Dream mumbled, falling forward onto Karl, pressing all of his body weight against him.

Karl only hugged him, hiding his face in Dream’s neck until Dream finally found the energy to step off of the bed and grab a shirt from the floor to clean them up haphazardly. He then threw the dirtied shirt back to the floor, falling into the mattress and allowing Karl to crawl under his arm and hide his face into his neck yet again. Karl’s glassy eyes looked up into green; he blinked a few times and smiled.

“What’s going on up here?” Dream smiled playfully, pressing his index finger right between furrowed eyebrows.

Karl smiled dreamily, “Nothing.”

He bit back a snarky comeback that only he and Sapnap would find funny and just sighed happily instead — holding Karl close to his chest and burying his face in his hair.

“Wanna sleep?” Karl whispered so quietly. Dream almost missed it but nodded, yawning quietly into Karl’s hair and making himself more comfortable with the weight of Karl pressed to his side, “Okay.”

“G’night,” Dream mumbled, eyes closed and breathing steadying out.

Karl reached behind him, pulling his phone off of the nightstand to let Sapnap and George know to come back to his room for a nap. Then he leaned up, kissing Dream softly and twisting his fingers in Dream’s hair just to feel every inch of him. The door creaked open, Sapnap stumbling in wildly like if he weren’t there fast enough, Dream would be wide awake. George followed in quietly behind, quickly joining the pair on the bed.

Chapter End Notes

- Thank you for reading!!
- Kudos and comments are appreciated and welcomed!
- Thank you again! Don't forget

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Family Affairs

Chapter Summary

“Honey, do they know?” She sighed.
Dream shook his head, “What?! Know what?”
“That you love them?” She took the bottles from his hands.
Why did Dream feel like crying right now? The blond sat in the lounge chair, looking up at his mother as she continued cleaning his barely dirtied patio.
“I don’t - I don’t love them like you think.”

or Dream's family visits and big talks are had :]

Chapter Notes

Thank you so so much to [@DNFSINNER](#) who beta'd this chapter for me :] please go follow them on [twitter](#) and user subscribe to them [here](#)!

//slight mentions of alcohol
(the boys kick back with a beer minus sapnap)

//crying during sex

also there's a little moment when **Someone snaps on **someone** but i hate conflict so I immediately resolved it lol don't make fun of me pls /j

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

When Dream woke again, he felt like he was alone. Body unbearably achy as he sat up on his elbows and looked around the room. He was indeed alone. He stepped out of bed and walked to the bathroom to shower, finding George staring at himself in the mirror, using a small powder puff to conceal the marks on his neck.

“Why hide ‘em?” Dream smirked, pulling open the shower curtain and starting the shower, “Don’t like telling your chat you’re all mine?”

George scoffed, “First of all, I’m not *all yours*, and second, spare me because I don’t want your poor mum to see what her precious baby boy has done to me.”

Shit, his mom, she was probably getting ready to visit any minute now. But that wasn’t going to stop Dream’s snarky comment.

“Oh, please go on. You’re gonna get me hard again.”

George rolled his eyes and turned back to the mirror, “Will she be bringing your sister as well?”

Dream shrugged, stepping under the warm water and closing his eyes, but he didn’t miss George glancing down at his body.

“Wanna join me?”

“And wash away the makeup I just applied? Enjoy your shower.” George pinched his eyebrows together and left the room without another word.

Dream continued his shower in silence, stepping out quickly to dry off and dress into something a tiny bit presentable for his mom. It was only 6 pm when Dream finished everything; he stood in the kitchen, arms full of Karl, pressing light kisses to his hair. George nervously fiddled with his phone at the kitchen table while Sapnap finished a stream in his room.

“What’s wrong?” Dream kicked at George’s foot.

George looked up with wide eyes, “What if she hates me?”

Dream laughed softly, smiling at the genuine concern on George’s face, Karl turning his attention to George.

“She would never; I’ve spoken to her about you for years. She could never hate you,” Dream laughed.

The familiar sound of his mother calling out his real name startled him. He looked away from George without another word and released Karl.

“She never knocks,” Dream laughed, “One of you go get Sap.”

He left Karl and George in silence, following the airy voice of his mother calling his name. He stood in front of her with a smile.

“ *Well*, a pleasure to see you,” She smiled, placing a giant dish in his arms after kissing his cheek, “There’s plenty more in the car you can grab with your sister. I’ll preheat the oven.”

Dream’s eyes widened, “I thought you were just dropping off food?”

He followed her flowy movements into the now-empty kitchen, placing the dish on the counter and looking for a sign of George or Karl. Both of the men were gone.

“Your sister and I would love to meet your friends, you don’t shut up about them ever, and now they’re here. So you don’t want us to meet?” She laughed, walking towards the kitchen, “We’re spending dinner here!”

Dream swallowed thickly, all nerves flooding back to him now. He left the house to help his sister, hoping the other guys weren’t as nervous as he was. When he saw his sister, she practically jumped into his arms, hugging him tightly and babbling about school and her friends. Dream tried following along as best as he could; all he comprehended was she made new friends after her last friends ditched her for not being popular enough. Dream just nodded his head as she spoke.

“You’re listening, right?” She asked as he realized his gaze was now focused on the house, “Right?”

He nodded, apologizing quietly and taking in more food.

“Who’s your favorite?” His sister’s voice cut through him like a dull knife through a steak.

How could he possibly answer that?

“What? What kind of question is *that*?” He scoffed, stepping through the threshold of his house and letting her follow him to the kitchen.

Sapnap was already in the kitchen, laughing away with his mother about something. Dream’s eyes widened.

“Oh, honey, why didn’t you tell me how cute Sapnap was?” She laughed, grabbing at his chin playfully.

And of course, smug Sapnap let her, leaning his chin into her hand as she scratched at the growing scruff there.

“He’s not *that* cute,” Dream rolled his eyes, catching the pout forming on Sapnap’s lips.

Sapnap grabbed a large wooden spoon for Dream’s mum when she asked, “He’s right though; you should see Karl and George.”

Sapnap kept his eyes trained on Dream’s as he spoke. Dream just raised his eyebrows slowly, “Speaking of, where are they?”

Sapnap shrugged in response at the same time Karl walked into the kitchen shyly. His sister took notice first.

“Karl!” She smiled, waving shortly.

He waved back enthusiastically, a smile forming on his nervous face, “Hi!”

“Here he is! The prettiest in the room,” Sapnap smiled, and Dream took notice of the deep blush crawling up to Karl’s cheeks.

Dream’s mother was quick to turn around, extending a hand to Karl before she went back to cooking.

“Clay, honey, your friends are just so cute!” She gasped, turning back to the stove to throw pasta into boiling water, “Where is George?”

Dream looked to Karl for an answer.

Karl bounced on his heels, fingers tapping against themselves, “He needs your help in his room with his latest upload. YouTube is being weird.”

What a liar, what a *good* liar. Dream wanted to kiss him.

“Yeah, okay, I’ll be right back,” He glanced back at Sapnap, who continued an easy conversation with his mother as he chopped up something that looked like garlic.

Dream was in George’s room quickly, eyes landing directly on George, who was sitting on his bed with his knees to his chest. Dream laughed.

“Can you tell them I’ve fallen ill and can’t make it to dinner?”

“Oh Georgie,” He sauntered over to the bed and hugged him tight, “Please breathe.”

George said nothing, just let Dream hold him silently.

“There’s nothing to worry about, she already loves Karl, and I’m pretty sure she’s planning on stealing Sapnap from us; she’s going to love you, princess.”

George finally looked Dream in the eyes, his now full of anger instead of nerves.

“You cannot call me that! Especially in front of them!”

Dream laughed, dipping down and kissing him softly, “Want me to suck the nerves out of you?”

“You’re gross,” George pressed a hand to his chest and pushed him away softly, not putting any force behind his push.

“Come meet them, please, they’re going to love you, I promise. Maybe even more than I do.” Dream stated, not even catching his slip up.

George caught it, though, “You love me?”

The Brit pulled his bottom lip in between ivory teeth, stepping off the bed to stand face to face with Dream. Dream wanted to kiss him, so he did, just to distract him from his horrible word vomit. Brushing his lips against George’s softly and bringing his hands up to hold his jaw. Soft touches to soft skin just to calm the nerves stabbing away at his brain. Hunger grew low and angry in Dream’s gut, begging to deepen the kiss, take it further, get on his knees - George pulled away.

“They’ll love me, you say?” George whispered, “More than you love me?”

Dream groaned, then followed George out of the room in silence.

Sapnap was sitting at the kitchen table when they entered the kitchen, listening to the same story Dream heard outside from his sister. The only difference was Sapnap looked genuinely engaged in their conversation, even calling one of the kids a bitch in his sister's defense. Dream couldn’t help the fond smile forming on his face. He pulled up a chair, stopping himself from pulling Karl into his lap, and turned to his mother.

“Did you figure out your video, George?” Dream’s sister asked with a smug look on her face; Dream gave her a look, “What? I just wanted to make sure your *boyfriend* got his video working.”

“Oh my god,” Dream rolled his eyes, “You’re so annoying.”

George stood in the doorway nervously but laughed at her teasing, “Yes, it’s fine now.”

“Good, wouldn’t want you to lose out on any money. You’re all just so broke,” She rolled her eyes and went back to her conversation with Sapnap.

“That’s enough out of you.”

Dream’s mother spoke up and turned to George quickly, holding her arms out to him for a hug. George hesitated slightly, then stepped forward, greeting her with a hug.

“Mom,” Dream covered his face, “You didn’t hug everyone else.”

“I got a hug,” Sapnap wagged his eyebrows at Dream.

He wanted to kick him.

“Me too,” Karl smiled, “You just weren’t there to see us steal your mom from you.”

Okay, they both needed to pay for this.

George pulled away from the hug and took a seat next to Dream, watching as Dream’s mom taught Karl how to cook a good steak. Dream let his sister talk Sapnap and George’s ear off, and he realized this was the perfect time to admire what was going on in front of him.

Karl silently nodded along to his mother’s instructions, submissively following her every word. Dream watched his hands cradle cloves of chopped garlic as he placed it in the sizzling pan. Those same hands that just hours ago were tied behind his back, shaking and screaming to be held.

He snapped out of it once someone placed their hand on his knee, a hidden touch under the kitchen table right in front of his mom and sister. He glanced down at the hand.

Sapnap.

It was balled in a fist, nothing too affectionate, just a friendly hand on his knee. Dream had to push aside the memories of that same fist wrapped around his cock in many different scenarios.

Dream, please.

And then sat George, a bit isolated on the other side of Sapnap, almost too far from everyone. He silently nodded his head along to Dream’s sister’s stories, but Dream knew he wasn’t listening. No, he was recalling the conversation they had in the bedroom. The idiotic conversation where Dream fucked up and said he loved him.

George’s mind was probably running a mile a minute, and Dream cursed himself for it. This was just supposed to be a fun competition between friends, and Dream had to go and fall in love.

“Right, Dream?”

The blond tore his gaze away from George to look at Karl.

“I’m sorry, what?”

“You’re taking George to the airport first, and then me later in the day,” Karl explained, glancing at George, who was completely zoned out of the conversation, “Your mom asked.”

Dream nodded, stretching back in his chair as the smell of the cooking steak filled his nose, “Yeah, gonna be doing a lot of driving around tomorrow.”

He laughed, trying to hide the hurt in his voice.

“Dinner’s almost done?”

His mom sighed, turning to the stove, “Another 15 minutes. Does anyone want a beer?”

“Me!” His sister piped up.

She rolled her eyes playfully and handed Dream the 6 pack of beer, “Go have fun with your friends. I’ll call when it’s ready.”

She pointed to the backyard, and Dream stood from the table, allowing his boys to follow him onto the patio in the backyard. They all took a seat in the lounge chairs as Dream passed out the beer to each of them.

"I love your mom," Karl smiled, "She's so nice, and your sister is so sweet too."

Dream smiled at him, he so badly wanted to kiss at least one of them right now, but he glanced back, his mother watching protectively from the window while keeping up a conversation with his sister.

"Yeah," Dream agreed.

Sapnap groaned, "What's wrong? You're being weird."

"I'm-"

He could *lie*, tell them he's just fine and move on. Or he could tell them the truth, get the sour taste out of his mouth and maybe replace it with one of their tongues -

Dream .

"I'm fine," He shrugged, twisting open one of the bottles of beer and sipping it.

God, he hates beer.

Karl twisted in his chair like he wanted to say something.

"What's up, Karl?"

He looked up with wide eyes as he pulled his bottle of beer away from his mouth, "I uh - are you going to tell her?"

"Tell her *what*? That we're all fucking each other? Don't be stupid, Karl." Dream scoffed, and Karl curled in on himself.

George snapped his attention to Dream, "*Dream.*"

He instantly regretted it, looking at the confused and hurt look on Karl's face. The blond reached out, Karl flinched away.

"What? I'm sorry, I - fuck - I'm sorry Karl, this is just ... *a lot.*"

"Well, you could've said that," Sapnap sneered, leaning over and rubbing Karl's leg.

Dream hated himself.

"I'm sorry, really I am, I just really don't know what I would say to her; I'm sorry."

Silence filled the backyard. The sound of the crickets and other summer bugs filled it. Never quite left Dream alone with his thoughts. Never giving him the silence he desperately begged for in his head.

"Dream told me he loved me," George said to break the tension between the four.

The alcohol definitely wasn't helping, and Dream knows George said it to make them all laugh, but now the air around them was even heavier.

"We shouldn't be doing this right now," Sapnap stood.

Karl cleared his throat, "Wow, my boyfriend loves another man."

Dream smiled, fighting tears back; why were they so kind to him? He didn't deserve this.

"Okay, to be fair, I love you all," Dream said, "Just like I love George."

Sapnap laughed, the tense feeling running off his shoulders as he glanced to the window behind Dream's head and pulled him in for what Dream would consider being the world's quickest kiss.

Dream smiled dazedly at him, turning to Karl, "I'm so sorry, Karl, I just - a lot is going on up here."

Karl hummed, not even looking to the window as he crawled between Dream's legs on the lounge chair.

"I'm going in," Sapnap stood, using his body to shield Dream and Karl from the small window into the kitchen, "I'll distract your mom or whatever."

Karl looked up at him, blinking a 'thank you' at him and kissing Dream deeply.

"You two are gross," George scoffed, following Sapnap into the house, but not before running the back of his fingers over Karl's cheek in passing.

Dream smiled, pulling Karl back into a heated kiss, "I'm so sorry, baby," Dream mumbled against his lips.

"Can I call you my boyfriend?" Karl whispered.

Dream smiled, heart swelling with something unfamiliar. He wanted to cry, but he pushed the feeling aside to kiss the older man again and again.

"Of course, you can," Dream laughed, pulling Karl flushed against his body.

He held him for a minute, closing his eyes and just inhaling his breath. He felt comfortable but empty all at once. Like he was meant to be there with Karl but surrounded by others.

"Does that make me your boyfriend too?" Karl whispers against Dream's skin.

Dream hums, pretending to stare off into the sky, looking for an answer. Karl frowned. Dream immediately relented, answering quickly.

"Of course," Dream kissed him softly, eyes slipping shut as Karl's tongue ran across his bottom lip.

Dream sighed, hands falling to the small of Karl's back as the kiss continued. The slide of the backdoor startled Karl out of between Dream's legs. He stood from the lounge chair and wiped his mouth, looking behind Dream with a nervous smile.

"Mom wants you inside for dinner," The voice of his sister was the one he dreaded the most.

He turned in his chair with wide eyes, "Don't tell mom."

Dinner wasn't terrible, and Dream was thankful for that. His sister did most of the talking, Sapnap encouraged her stories greatly. Whether they be true or false, he found entertainment out of her high school drama. Karl sat as far away from Dream as he could, his face still red with the embarrassment of being caught red-handed. But with the loving trust of his sister - and 100 bucks - she wouldn't tell a soul.

"So, what have you boys been up to?" Dream's mother spoke almost quietly, not wanting to interrupt.

George dropped his fork; Dream tried hard not to roll his eyes because obviously, his mind went straight to the competition, or just sex in general.

"A lot of videos, actually," Dream smiled at her, "I've got a backlog for probably a month right now, and when you two leave, we'll probably record one more manhunt."

George refused to keep eye contact with the blond.

"Sounds like so much fun!" She enthused.

Sapnap nodded, "Oh, it's a lot of fun. George is really good, and he's been winning a lot recently."

"Yeah, but Dream got him back," Karl tagged on, and George's eyes were almost as big as his head.

Dream had to laugh, watching them interact with his mom and sister. They were really comfortable, or if they weren't - they sure were good at hiding it.

Dinner went off with a bang, Dream's sister even made cupcakes with Karl as Sapnap, George, and Dream cleaned up from dinner.

"Clay! Did you leave the beer outside?" His mother groaned, "Let's go, clean it up."

Dream found his mother's excuse to get him alone quite funny. So he followed her onto the back patio and lifted the almost full pack and 3 empty beer bottles from Dream, George, and Karl.

"Honey, do they know?" She sighed.

Dream shook his head, "*What?! Know what?*"

"That you love them?" She took the bottles from his hands.

Why did Dream feel like crying right now? The blond sat in the lounge chair, looking up at his mother as she continued cleaning his barely dirtied patio.

"I don't - I don't love them like you think I do."

She laughed, a wheezing laugh reminding Dream exactly where he got his from.

"*Mom!*" He groaned.

She filled a garbage bag with the bottles of beer. Where did she even pull that from? She then touched his chin, lifting his gaze with a simple gesture.

"Do they know?"

He nodded his head, "Please just - we're figuring it out. Don't say anything to them."

“You mean I can’t welcome them into the family?” She playfully pouted at her oldest.

Dream smiled, deep crimson running across his nose, “I’d prefer if you didn’t, but your other kid kinda walked in on Karl and me - I paid her 100 bucks not to tell you. So if she does, I want my money back.”

She kissed his sandy hair, roughing it up a bit, “You’re a good kid. We’re gonna get out of your hair so you can spend the rest of the night with them.”

Dream nodded, heading back into the house with his mom in tow. Cupcakes are now done, looking better than Karl’s first attempt earlier in the week, sat on the counter in a plastic holder.

“Take a few, leave the rest for the boys,” his mother instructed, “and we’ll leave you to enjoy the rest of your time together.”

Dream cringed at her words, watching as his sister hugged Sapnap goodbye first. He hugged his mom quickly, letting her spout nonsense at George as she hugged him tightly. And if she whispered something along the lines of being welcomed into the family, then Dream definitely didn’t hear it.

George smiled at her, leaning into Dream’s side a little too obvious as she spoke to him about London. It was something domestic. Something Dream wouldn’t mind doing every day with George.

“George!” Dream’s sister stood in front of him after coming up with a secret handshake with Karl, “Goodbye.”

“Goodbye, loser,” he teased, body still pressed tightly to Dream’s side.

She saluted him dramatically, “I’m sorry, my brother is your favorite person in the world. It should be me.”

George blushed, trying to keep his sights from Dream’s eyes. The tallest was now curious to know what happened when he was outside.

“Goodbye, loser,” He scoffed.

She flipped him off before she followed her mother to the front door. Dream turned to George with raised eyebrows. George finally looked up at him, eyes filled with unmet nerves.

“We’re talking about that,” Dream smirked.

It was not a question but a statement.

“No.”

George pushed off Dream, mumbling something about finding Patches. Dream let him walk away, turning to Sapnap with a smile.

“Your mom is hot,” Sapnap teased.

Karl giggling from behind him popped half a cupcake into his mouth, “We see where you get it from!”

Karl spoke, bits of cupcake flying out of his mouth and onto the floor, pink icing covering his lips so perfectly it almost looked like overlined lipstick. Dream wanted to lick it off him, but Sapnap

had the same idea, pulling Karl in by the back of his head and licking across his mouth almost grotesquely. Dream rolled his eyes, watching Karl's flutter shut completely just as Sapnap pulled away.

"Mmm, I love cherry." Sapnap licked his lips.

Karl giggled, "It's buttercream with pink food coloring. Not cherry."

"What happened when I was outside with my mom?"

Karl shrugged, looking at Sapnap, "Nothing, just asked your sister who her favorite was, and then she asked us who our favorite was."

"She said Sapnap," Karl scoffed, throwing away the now-empty wrapper from his cupcake, "And Sapnap said me, but I said George and Sapnap got upset, but I said you would've said Sapnap, but George said you."

Dream's heart skipped in his chest, only comprehending the last lines.

"So, our last night all together," Sapnap said, still sucking sticky pink from his teeth.

Dream nodded, pulling off his hoodie and leaving the room. The other two followed wordlessly. Dream entered George's room, where he was flat on his back with Patches on his chest just staring at him. The two seemed to be having a silent staring competition until Dream interrupted.

George turned his head, Patches keeping her eyes on George.

"What do you want?" He smiled fondly, "Oh, you're all here."

Dream tossed his hoodie to the floor, climbing onto the bed, "I wanna thank you for making me your favorite," He whispered.

Patches stood from his chest, rubbing her head against Dream's face as he hovered over George.

"Patches is my favorite," George stated, Karl, climbing on the bed to his left as Sapnap followed on the right.

"Can't pick Patches," Karl laughed, pressing a short kiss to George's cheek.

Dream touched his lips to George's jaw, nipping the porcelain skin softly. George's breath quickened, his eyes fluttered shut, letting Dream nibble at his flesh. Sapnap was quick to join, mouth on George's neck. Wet and sloppy as his tongue ran over the muscle of his throat, almost bumping his head against Dream's. George whined, hands clawing at his sides as Patches ran off.

Karl's eyes followed her, watching her run out of the room until a hand on the back of his hair broke his stare. George was looking at him, eyes needy and filled with something he was too afraid to say. Karl smiled at him. Dream pulled away, sitting back on his calves as he watched George whisper something to Karl, watching the familiar crimson color take residence across his cheeks and the tips of his ears once again.

"What are you two saying?" Sapnap said, a bit of annoyance in his voice.

Dream swatted at him, "You just want your dick sucked."

"Of course I do," Sapnap scoffed, "You don't?"

Karl whispered something back to George, throwing his sweater off and throwing it behind him somewhere, leaving him and Dream the only two shirtless people in the room.

Karl sat on top of him, taking a seat right on his lower abdomen.

“Do we get a show?” Dream smirked, leaning away from the two of them to sit at the foot of the bed, legs out for Sapnap to sit between, but only if he wanted.

George and Karl said nothing, eyes only on each other as Karl leaned forward and caught his lips in a slick kiss. Dream glanced at Sapnap, still right next to George’s head, watching intently up close.

“Sappy,” Dream complained, suddenly feeling very lonely.

The youngest did not hesitate to crawl between his legs and settle with his back against Dream’s bare chest. George blushed once Karl pulled away from his mouth.

“You can’t just watch us like that.”

Karl hummed in a disagreeing tone, “I like it.”

“Course *you* like it, slut,” George spat, Dream and Sapnap’s eyebrows raising in interest, Dream is unaware if Sapnap has ever seen them interact without instruction from either of them, but Dream knows he’s excited to see it.

They’ve grown rather quickly, from fighting over attention and jabbing insults into one another to now cradling each other’s faces, whispering words only they can hear. Dream wanted to tear up at the progress.

“Crazy to think of the power my dick holds over you three,” Dream smiled, admiring the two of them.

“Oh my god,” George scoffed loudly, “please, don’t flatter yourself.”

Karl moved his body, lining his cock up so perfectly with George’s. George groaned, mouth falling open, giving Karl access to slip his tongue inside of it.

Sapnap squirmed between Dream’s legs, and the blond didn’t know if it was out of anticipation or impatience until he spoke.

“Who’s gonna top?” Sapnap asked, and Dream’s hand immediately came up behind him and covered his mouth.

Karl whispered something to George as Dream dipped forward, his lips at Sapnap’s ear, “If you’re a good, patient boy, I’ll fuck you just like this. Right in my lap and on display for them to watch, just like you’re watching them.”

Sapnap whimpered behind his hand, head leaning back against his shoulder as his eyes slipped shut.

“Be good. Watch them quietly,” he threatened, and Sapnap nodded his head, hand coming up to stop Dream’s from moving away from his mouth, “Want me to keep your mouth covered?”

He nodded, eyes still closed as he basked in the feeling of being trapped behind Dream’s palm.

George moaned once Karl grinds his hips against the brits. Head thrown back and looking oh-so-pretty. All of Dream’s attention was focused on them. Karl attached his lips to his neck, sucking a

purple love bite right under his jaw, avoiding the growing stubble and lapping at bare skin.

“Fuck, will you - will you let me fuck you?” George whined, hands flying to Karl’s ass.

Dream’s jaw dropped, “Look at our little top, Georgie!”

He flipped him off, hands pausing for a moment then going back to knead the flesh beneath his fingers.

“Take these off,” George instructed, sitting up once Karl left the bed.

His eyes were trained on Karl as he stripped from his pants slowly in front of the three of them. George’s gaze tearing away to focus on the man in Dream’s lap. He was quiet and content under the blond’s grip, something new to all four of them.

“Ha,” George trashed Sapnap, finger prodding the tip of his nose, “Who’s the brat now?”

Dream could feel Sapnap’s jaw twitch under his hand, but the Texan stayed silent, allowing George to press further.

“Quiet little baby, can’t talk anymore? Dream’s got your tongue?” George teased.

Sapnap stayed calm under his grip, and Dream was honestly surprised. George curled an eyebrow at the uncharacteristically quiet Sapnap.

“Nothing to say?”

Sapnap shook his head methodically and slowly like he was analyzing everything around him before making any more sudden movements or saying any words. Then, a hand on George’s chest startled him; Karl pushed him back toward the pillows once again, leaving Sapnap to calm himself in Dream’s lap.

Karl was now the only fully naked one in the room, mounting George and kissing him deeply. Dream knew he loved it. All eyes on him, center of attention, how was George not jealous of this?

Sapnap mumbled something from under Dream’s hand; he was released so he could talk without being muffled.

“Get the fuck on with it already,” Sapnap repeated.

Karl turned to Sapnap, sliding off of George’s body, but not before whispering something in his ear, then crawled up to Sapnap. His brows were furrowed, pinched together in thought as he stared at Sapnap.

“What, pretty boy? I want a show, and it’s taking forever.”

Karl kissed him, chastely on the lips, and then leaned over him completely, kissing Dream deeply. Sapnap was trapped between the two as they kissed, enduring a face full of Karl’s bare chest.

Trapped between torsos, Sapnap groaned. Hands coming up to push at Karl’s chest, having him fall right onto his back against the mattress.

“I’m getting tired of you, brat.”

Dream smiled, letting Sapnap leave his lap and climb on top of Karl. Dream turned to George at the nightstand, slowly undressing himself and pulling condoms and lube from the drawer at his

knee. Dream stood from the bed as well, kissing the back of George's neck making him jump.

"God, you look so pretty," Dream whispered to him.

George turned to smile at him, leaning up on his toes to kiss the tip of his nose, "Are you going to make love to me tonight?"

Dream's eyes rolled so far back into his head he saw white. He heard George laugh loudly, pushing his hair from his face. Dream felt another kiss.

"Our last night together," George mumbled, "Are you going to enjoy the show?"

Dream shrugged, "I had a different show in mind."

George tilted his head curiously.

"And what would that be?"

Dream beamed.

"I wanna see Karl get used like the slut he is," Dream smiled, "Sapnap fucks him while you fuck his mouth."

George raised his eyebrows, instantly interested, "And you?"

He shrugged.

"I'm winning this round," Dream smiled.

The brunet shook his head, "This stupid competition; when will you understand it's not a contest anymore?"

"When you tell me you love me back," Dream teased, pressing George to the wall and kissing his neck.

George wrapped his arms around Dream's shoulders; head leaned back against the wall behind him.

"You're not going to let me fuck Karl?" George questioned.

Dream looked towards the ceiling, thinking of how pretty the sight would actually be but ultimately shook his head.

"Maybe for his birthday," Dream smirked.

George scoffed, "That's another month away!"

"You're patient, princess; you can wait it out. Wanna watch him get used, then fuck you until you're crying," he whispered, "Then show you both how much of a cockslut Sapnap really is."

George hummed as he considered the idea, "Fine."

"George-" Karl whined from underneath Sapnap, "F-f-fuck, more Sappy, please."

Dream glanced at the pair, Sapnap grinding his hips against Karl's roughly like a bitch in heat, desperate just to get off, even if it meant filling his underwear with cum.

Sapnap pulled his boxers down quickly, not even bothering to take them off completely. He slotted their cocks together, taking both of them in his hand.

“Oh god!” Karl cried out, hands shaking at his sides.

Dream turned back to George, who was staring intently at the two on the bed. He licked his lips, head leaning against the wall in admiration.

“You want to join them, princess?” Dream whispered, hand falling to grip George’s cock.

George nodded, letting Dream stroke him silently as he watched Sapnap’s hips thrust in sync with Karl’s.

“Just fuck me already, please, please! I’ve been so good, so patient.”

Sapnap released both of them, pulling off of Karl completely and lying on his back.

“I’ve got a plan,” Dream pushed off of the wall, “Up.”

He pats Sapnap’s inner thigh, and the Texan stood. Dream grasped Karl’s ankles, sliding him to the center of the bed and climbing on top of him.

“Wanna hear it?” Dream smirked; Karl looked up at him, eyes wide and full of lust.

Karl nodded slowly, blinking up at Dream, waiting for him to speak.

“George is gonna fuck you here,” Dream pressed his index finger to Karl’s bottom lip, pulling it down slightly to expose his teeth.

He released the swollen lip, slowly trailing his index finger down his chin to his chest - just to pinch his nipple between two fingers - earning a moaning gasp out of the chestnut-haired man.

“And then,” Dream’s fingers danced around his navel before sliding over his erect cock lying on his abdomen, “Sapnap is gonna fuck you here.”

His fingers dipped under Karl, circling his hole.

“Would you like that?”

Karl laid there unmoving, “What about the show?”

His pouting made Dream frown, a small knot of regret coiled in his stomach. He would love to see George bend Karl over and fuck him, but this is their last night. And if they wanted to get in some sleep, everyone fucking Karl would just have to wait.

“Soon, baby,” Dream whispered, “Do you want the other stuff?”

Karl nodded.

“Words.”

Dream demanded, watching Karl’s eyes flutter shut as Dream’s dry finger pressed down against the muscle.

“Yes.”

Dream dipped down, kissing him softly.

“Good boyfriend.”

Karl moaned, “Put it in, please.”

Dream turned to George and Sapnap, the pair he thought was patiently watching and waiting for Dream to be finished, but George’s mouth was stuffed with Sapnap’s cock. Eyes closed as the youngest fucked his throat.

“Fuck George, you’re so good at this,” Sapnap cried out, hands pulling his hair so hard he almost pulled George completely off his cock.

Dream turned back to Karl, “I’ll prep you, okay baby? And George and Sapnap will take over. I’ll be right here.”

He patted the pillows right below the headboard, watching Karl’s eyes follow his moving hand.

“Okay?”

Karl hummed, spreading his legs further for Dream.

“Hey fucko, hand me the lube,” he reached out to the whining mess that was now Sapnap, “and don’t you *dare* cum yet.”

Sapnap’s eyes snapped open, wide and alert as he stared into green.

“No, please, I can cum again, Dream,” his thrusts never stopped, using George’s mouth as if it was just for him.

“Lube,” Dream asked again, and Sapnap’s hips relented as his hands fumbled around the bed for the bottle.

George finally pulled off Sapnap, resting his head on his thigh as he caught his breath. Pink tongue rolling out as he breathed slowly, a mixture of spit and precum slipping out and onto bare thigh. He looks beautiful. Dream reached out, running a gentle hand through brunet locks. George’s eyes slipped shut, nuzzling into the caressing hand.

“Here,” Sapnap shoved the lube into Dream’s empty hand, wrapping his fingers around tasseled brown curls and adjusting George to swallow his cock again.

Dream kissed Sapnap quickly, slightly catching the younger man off guard, “You can cum in his mouth, but be ready to cum two more times after.”

Sapnap whined, pushing George’s head back down his cock. Dream turned his attention back to Karl, who was waiting ever-so-patiently against the mattress. His hair was a wreck, matted to his sweaty forehead while the ends were splayed out against blue sheets.

“You look so pretty,” Dream smiled at him, glancing at Sapnap and George, who were just finishing up. Sapnap slipped his cock from cum-covered lips and pulled him into a kiss, not caring about the taste of himself on the Brit’s tongue.

Karl whined, lifting his hips, begging for Dream’s hands silently.

“What, baby?” Dream smiled at him, covering his fingers in the strawberry-flavored lube.

Karl whined again, loud and straight from his throat, “*Daddy.*”

There it was, the word Dream had been secretly hoping to hear since they started this. He pressed his middle finger to the waiting hole, Karl mewled.

“Daddy - please, I’ve been good.”

Dream kissed his neck as he pushed in his first finger, “I know, baby, so good, that’s why you’re getting all the attention tonight, been such a good boy, and an even better boyfriend.”

Karl practically screamed in pleasure, grey eyes squeezed shut as his jaw fell open, listening to Dream’s words and replaying them silently in his head over and over again.

“I’m gonna cum,” Karl cried out, hands flying to stop Dream’s barely moving finger.

Dream looked up at him; confusion was written all over his face as he barely even touched the older man, “What do you -”

“D-d-don’t call me that, I’m so close-”

Dream tried to stop the adoring tone from leaving his voice, but it was too late. He pressed another finger inside of Karl, hooking his fingers and hitting Karl’s prostate dead on.

“Oh baby, do you like it when I call you my boyfriend?” Dream whispered.

Karl nodded, grip on Dream’s moving wrist getting tighter, nails digging into sunkissed skin.

“Dream,” He gasped, and the younger man faltered slightly at the lack of pet name.

But that didn’t stop him completely as he easily added a third finger into the man under him. He continued his pace, relentlessly pressing his fingers into the spot inside of his *boyfriend* that he knew would have him cumming all over himself in seconds. He looked so god damn beautiful writhing on his fingers like this, rose-colored cheeks getting deeper with each huff of warm breath that left his parted kiss-bitten lips. Sin coated Dream’s tongue as he dipped down to exposed flesh, lapping at the prominent vein on Karl’s neck. Trailing the burning muscle up to the lobe of his ear to whisper filth.

“Does that feel good, boyfriend? Having 3 of my fingers in you?”

Karl nodded.

“No, no, I need you to use your words, baby, let them know how good you feel? How nice it feels to be my boyfriend,” Dream purposely missed the spot inside of Karl just to let the older man calm down. Legs that were once shaking now slowing down to a relaxed tremble.

“So good,” Karl cried out, “Fucking so good, I want more.”

Dream tutted, “More? Needy little slut, aren’t you?”

“Yes, yours.”

Sapnap crawled over to Karl, hands coming out to settle on his thighs. The Texan practically pushed Dream from between the man's legs, taking his spot and lining his cock up with Karl’s used hole.

“Ready for Sapnap?” Dream asked, pulling his fingers out of Karl slowly.

Karl sobbed, "Please, Sappy, please."

Dream pulled a condom from the nightstand, ripping it open quickly and hooking his chin over Sapnap's shoulder from behind. He peppered small searing kisses to his flesh as he rolled the condom onto his cock. The youngest moaned, head falling to the side to give Dream better access to his neck. The blond pumped the cock in his fist a few times before letting go, allowing Sapnap to take over completely.

Sapnap fell forward, catching himself on his forearms before he completely covered Karl.

"Gonna make you feel so good," Sapnap whispered to him, loud enough for Dream and George to hear, but the words held privacy between them.

Karl kissed him, moaning into his mouth as the tip of his cock caught on his rim, "G-George."

"George is right here, baby," Dream announced, hands coming up to cover George's shoulders, rubbing them a bit just to touch someone.

Karl turned his head. Eye contact with George was strong as Sapnap pushed himself into Karl with a grunt. George watched him, smiling at him as Karl's eyes fluttered shut, hands coming up to grip Sapnap's biceps tightly as he pushed into him.

"Filthy slut," George murmured, his voice a wreck.

Dream loved the sound.

"Turn over on your hands and knees so I can fuck your throat properly," George commanded.

Karl's eyes opened slowly, gasping as Sapnap snapped his hips against his one last time before pulling out and helping him onto his hands and knees. Dream sat back at the headboard, legs spread and his cock in his hand. He watched the scene play out in front of him. Karl's cheeks are stuffed full of George's cock, moaning around him as spit dribbled down his chin, George's cock, and onto the bed.

"Look so pretty, baby," Dream announced as Sapnap's thrusts became sporadic and messy, "So pretty you've got them both about to cum."

Karl whined, pushing his hips back to meet Sapnap's thrusts. His eyes were squeezed shut as they used him quickly and without mercy.

"Cum in him, Sap," Dream commanded, sitting up on his knees to come behind George and wrap the hand that was once around his own cock now around George's jaw, "And you can't cum, princess."

George whimpered, his grip on Karl's hair loosening. He reached up to grab at Dream behind him when he rolled his hips against George's ass, "Gonna hold it until you can't anymore, then I'm gonna fuck you until you're crying and begging to cum."

"Fuck me, Dream," George whispered, head leaning back against the blond's broad shoulder, "Now, now, please."

Dream laughed a little, right from the back of his throat, "Need to prep you -"

"Sapnap did, please, make it hurt."

Dream's eyebrows raised at the words he wanted to speak, ask George if he was sure, but nothing came out as the Brit pulled out of Karl's mouth and placed all of his body weight against Dream's chest.

"Please, Dream, I want it so bad," He reached behind him, hand wrapping around the side of Dream's neck.

Dream kissed his throat, sucking on the Adam's apple harshly as George moaned.

"Are you sure, George? I won't be gentle," He whispered.

George turned his head to face him eye to eye. He leaned in, kissing Dream deeply before pulling away and cupping his jaw, "Please, Dream, make me cry."

Dream visibly shivered, shaking hands coming up to grip George's hips so tightly he couldn't wait to see the fingertip-sized bruises forming in the morning. George whined, letting Dream move him around, so his back was to the mattress. Dream maneuvered George's legs over his shoulders and rolled a condom onto himself.

"When are you going to fuck me without that?" George mumbled, and Dream rolled his eyes at his words, "Dream!"

"What, princess? One day, maybe, okay? I want to be safe."

George huffed, hands coming up to take place around Dream's neck.

"You're no fun," George whispered.

No malice behind the words, but it made Dream growl, "You're being a brat."

George smiled, leaning up and kissing Dream's nose.

"Now ruin me already."

Dream pushed into George without another thought. George gasped, all breath leaving his lungs as Dream bottomed out.

"Fuck, Dream," George breathed out, fingertips shaking against the back of Dream's neck.

Dream looked down, George's cock twitching to be touched, "You okay?"

"Mmm fuck me," He begged, head thrown back.

Dream complied, moving his hips at an almost violent pace. Moans of Sapnap's name spilled down his back. He turned his glance away from George, watching Karl bounce so beautifully on Sapnap's cock. Dream smiled, snapping his hips into George's again and again.

"Harder," George begged, grabbing Dream's wrist from off of his hip and brought it up to his throat, "Fuck me like you *hate* me."

Dream's fingers squeezed. He didn't even know what came over him as he violently thrust his hips into George, watching the elder's eyes widen at the sensation. His jaw fell open, no noise following as his eyes fluttered shut. Dream wanted to spit in his mouth and watch him be absolutely ruined under him, but he pushed those thoughts aside and continued his relentless pounding. George whined, nails digging into Dream's skin and pulling, leaving behind scratches to let everyone know Dream belongs to someone.

Dream fell forward, George's knees pushing into his own chest as Dream pushed into him harder and faster, the hand around George's neck squeezed tighter. Dream looked into cloudy amber, watching the tears form at his waterline.

"Are you going to cry, princess? Cum all over yourself?"

George whimpered, lips trembling as a single tear rolled down his cheek.

"Oh princess," Dream sat up more, dropping George's legs on either side of him and removing his hand from his love-bitten throat, "You feel good?"

George nodded, nuzzling into the hand that was now pushing away his free-flowing tears.

"Tell me what you're thinking," Dream's hand slipped from his cheek back to his neck.

George licked his lips, contemplating his words, "I think you should hit me."

Dream didn't even have to take it into consideration, reeling back his hand before slapping it down against the swell of George's ass. George cried out, head thrown back as he covered his stomach in his own filth.

"Princess, I told you, you can't cum," Dream grabbed his jaw, forcing the Brit to look him in his eyes, "What happened?"

He whimpered, "Feels so good, Dream, don't stop."

George was a sobbing mess at this point, gripping at Dream just to hold him closer.

"More, give me more," George cried out, tears spilling from his eyes as Dream pulled out of him completely, tapping his thigh a couple of times before he turned over on his stomach.

"Such a pretty view," Dream slurred, slapping the flesh in front of him and slipping his cock between reddening cheeks.

George hid his face in the pillow he was grasping, moaning loudly into the material as Dream's hands continued to come down on his skin. Then, leaving behind bruising handprints, Dream fell forward, burying his face in George's neck.

"M'so close, Georgie," Dream murmured.

The words caused George to turn his head, looking into viridescent eyes with his own glassy amber. George sniffled as he leaned closer to Dream's lips, kissing him through his own orgasm for the second time that night.

"Dream," George cried out as he came, "Fuck, cum in me, please."

Dream kissed him again - just to shut him up - and came into the condom.

Sapnap cleared his throat with a lap full of sleepy Karl. Dream could tell he was annoyed without any attention on him. Dream pulled out slowly, cringing as George whined at the feeling of being empty. He quickly disposed of the condom and rubbed George's back, all while keeping direct eye contact with Sapnap.

"Can I cum now?" Sapnap tilted his head.

Karl giggled, crawling over to George and lying on top of him, "You already did."

Sapnap glared at him, and Dream watched as Karl mumbled something to George, rubbing the red skin of his ass and kissing his hair. Dream was thankful someone was there to care for George after that. He would have loved it to be himself, but who would he be if he didn't give Sapnap what he was silently begging for; his cock.

"Get on the edge of the bed, Sappy," Dream commanded, rolling a new condom onto himself and filling his hand with lube.

"What? Why?" Sapnap questioned as he moved to the edge of the bed.

His feet hung off the side, settled on the floor as Dream stood between his legs.

"Because, I'm going to show Karl and George that you're just as much of a begging slut as they are," Dream teased, right in Sapnap's face as he spoke.

He could tell the smirk permanently on his lips made Sapnap's blood boil, so he continued the teasing.

"Gonna show our boys how badly you want a cock in you," Dream smirked, rubbing his lubed hand over his cock a few times before pushing Sapnap's back to the mattress with his free hand.

Sapnap scoffed once his head hit the flat surface of the mattress, rolling his eyes as Dream lined his cock up with Sapnap's hole.

"Wait - wait," He sat up on his elbows, "I'm not prepped."

Dream laughed, "Don't worry, I'm not going to fuck you."

"*What?* Why?"

Dream's tip pressed against the ring of muscle, earning a gasp out of Sapnap, "Not until you beg for it."

"You're sick," Sapnap looked away, avoiding eye contact with everyone in the room.

Karl watched from the sidelines intensely, rubbing shapes into George's back.

"You love it," Dream laughed, watching the deep blush form over Sapnap's features, "Come on, Sap, spread your legs for me."

He rubbed his wet fingers together, waiting for Sapnap to spread his legs. The youngest did as he said, leaning back on his elbows to expose himself to the blond. Dream pressed a finger against his hole, circling it a few times just to get anything out of the man, but Sapnap never relented.

"Feel good?" Dream asked, suddenly missing the sound of his best friend's voice.

Sapnap said nothing, sucking his lips between his teeth to keep any noise from leaving. Karl giggled, "Finger him, daddy, he'll scream."

Dream raised an eyebrow as Sapnap shook his head, eyebrows raised as Dream's finger pushed into him.

"Are you really gonna be a brat and not speak?" Dream tried not to whine, but it was hard with how stubborn he knew Sapnap could be.

Sapnap said nothing, just tilted his head back silently as Dream stretched him. The latter continued

his movements, fingers of his free hand gripping thick thighs just out of habit until he heard the tiniest whimper leave Sapnap's lips. Dream's eyebrows perked up, glancing at Karl to make sure he also heard the noise.

"Get his thighs baby, he loves to be marked there," Dream explained to Karl and a semi-conscious George.

Karl sat up, crawling over to Sapnap and placing a soft kiss on his cheek.

"Down here," Dream grasped Karl's hair, pulling him down to Sapnap's thighs, "Mark him, make him scream."

A small hiccup came from Sapnap's lips, "Dream."

Dream looked up, twisting his fingers inside the younger man, searching for the one spot he knows will make Sapnap shout.

"What, honey? Feel good?" Dream smiled, watching Karl bring the skin of Sapnap's right thigh between his teeth.

Sapnap's top teeth worried into his bottom lip, keeping his hands at his sides as Dream's finger pressed against his prostate.

"Speak, Sap. You're gonna make yourself bleed," Dream teased, adding another finger into the man under him.

Sapnap refused, throwing his head back in velvet ecstasy as Dream's fingers pressed mercilessly against his prostate. Karl sucked on the skin of his thighs, pressing wet kisses against the bruising skin after each bite. Finally, Sapnap fell backward, back against the mattress, completely giving Karl better access to his thighs.

"Ka-Karl," Sapnap's hand wrapped in Karl's hair, "Fuck, higher up."

Karl did as he said, dragging his lips over sensitive skin and pressing love bites to the area where hip met thigh.

"Fuck," Sapnap gasped.

Dream glanced over to George, sleepily watching from the side, eyes red and puffy from crying.

"Want to join, princess?" Dream asked.

George began shaking his head slightly as his eyes fluttered shut. He buried his head into the pillow between his arms. Dream distracted himself, adding a third finger into Sapnap and watching him writhe on his fingers. From the sensation of three fingers prodding his prostate to Karl nibbling and sucking mulberry bruises into the skin of his thighs, Sapnap was simply falling apart. He was a moaning, whining mess, but no begging words ever left his lips. And that was making Dream angry.

He promised George a show, a beautiful show where Sapnap would be begging to be stuffed full of his cock, but Sapnap was reduced to grunts and whimpers only. Dream pulled his fingers out of him quickly, causing Sapnap to gasp. Wide hazel eyes glared at Dream like he had done something oh-so terrible to him.

"I was so close, put them back," Sapnap demanded.

Dream licked his lips, using his lube-covered hand to stroke himself.

“You know what to do if you want it,” Dream seethed.

Karl removed his mouth from the whimpering man, looking down at his mess and running his fingers over sensitive bruises.

“Fuck,” Sapnap sighed, clearly ready to give up his stubborn persona, “Please put your dick in me, Dream.”

Dream laughed, Karl’s giggles not falling too far behind as he maneuvered his way around the bed to suck on Sapnap’s left thigh. An unpainted canvas waiting to be brushed and bitten with colors of red and purple.

“Come on. I know you can do better than that,” Dream pinched his nipple between his thumb and forefinger.

“Dream!” He gasped, “Fuck, put it in me *right now*, please, please fuck me.”

Dream slipped his cock between Sapnap’s asscheeks, never actually putting himself inside the Texan.

“You beg so pretty,” Dream smiled, “Doesn’t he, baby?”

Karl looked up, nodding his head.

“Go take care of George, okay? I’ll deal with this little cockslut myself,” Dream smiled, leaning into Sapnap as close as he can get without touching him.

“Dream,” Sapnap whined, “Please, please fuck me already.”

He wrapped his hands around Dream’s biceps and pulled down. Dream smiled, finally, *finally*, pressing his cock into Sapnap. They moaned simultaneously. Dream didn’t dare to move, waiting for Sapnap to give him the ‘go-ahead.’

“Fuck me, fuck me, *fuck me*,” Sapnap wriggled his hips, begging and clawing at Dream to move, do something. Anything to make him feel good.

So Dream did, snapping his hips into the younger man, falling on top of him, trapping Sapnap’s cock between their bodies.

“Cum just like this,” Dream whispered in his ear, “look at them when cum all over us, show them how fucking *good* I make you feel.”

Sapnap’s eyes squeezed shut, his nails raking down Dream’s back violently and needy.

“Shit, Dream, I’m not gonna last,” Sapnap cried out.

Dream kissed him, “Tell them that.”

Sapnap turned his head, face turning a brighter red than the bites on his thighs.

“N-no,” Sapnap

Dream thrust into him aggressively, “Say it, Sapnap, or you can’t cum until you do.”

Sapnap turned to look at Karl and George, Karl sleepily watching with half-lidded eyes as George peeked from under his pillow with one eye open. The tip of Dream's cock was hitting Sapnap's prostate with each and every thrust.

"God damn it," Sapnap groaned, "I'm gonna cum, I'm gonna cum so quick."

Dream kissed his jaw as he rambled to George and Karl.

"It feels so fucking good," He cried out, "Fuck, I feel so full."

Dream's stomach twisted at the words, the feeling low in his stomach approaching quickly. He was going to cum just as fast as Sapnap.

"I'm close, Sap," Dream slammed into Sapnap, pulling almost all the way out and slapping his hips against Sapnap's ass.

Sapnap moaned loudly, nails beginning to sting the back of Dream.

"Cum, please, I'm -"

Dream came with a shout, the loudest he's ever been while with them this past week. His body shook as he painted the inside of the condom, falling on top of Sapnap as he felt Sapnap's cock twitch against his abdomen, cumming between their bodies.

"Fuck, Sapnap," Dream murmured against his neck, "Fuck."

Sapnap turned to look him in the eyes, kissing him deeply and holding him close. Dream slowly pulled out of Sapnap, watching the man under him wince at the feeling. Dream stood, removing the condom from himself, tossing it in the small trashcan next to George's nightstand. He looked over at the bed and stared at the three of them. Obviously fucked out and tired, Dream decided he was the one to take responsibility for the cleanup. Running down the hall to wet a rag, he cleaned himself off first, looking down the hall to make sure no one was going to catch him taking care of himself before the rest of them. He ran the warm cloth over his abdomen and down his thighs before wetting a new one and returning to his boys.

His boys.

The three of them piled in the bed, on top of the duvet and covered in a mixture of who knows whose cum. Dream started with George, rolling him onto his back and kissing him softly.

"Did so well, princess," Dream whispered, kissing his nose, then jaw as he ran the cloth down his body.

George only hummed sleepily, pulling the pillow further under his head, "Sleep."

"I know, I will just gotta clean them up, then we'll cuddle."

"Promise?" George's eyes were slightly ajar now.

Dream *loved* him.

"I promise."

Eyelashes so long they could create a small breeze fluttered when Dream pressed one last kiss to his forehead. He pulled away, making his way around the bed to run the cloth over Karl's body and face. The latter whined, pulling away from the cloth.

“Cold, daddy.”

Dream knew the warmth that was once there was wasted on George. He quietly apologized.

“I know, just let me clean you up quickly, then we can shower tomorrow. George doesn't have time to shower. We have to leave here by 5 am.”

Karl pouted, allowing the cold microfiber to run down his chin and chest.

“Good boy,” Dream kissed him quickly, then turned his attention to Sapnap, “My problem child.”

“Don't call me that after you just fucked me,” Sapnap mumbled, turning to allow Dream to clean him up.

Dream laughed, not even bothering to dispose of the rag properly. Just throwing it on the floor with the rest of the discarded clothes and climbing between Karl and George. He reached over Karl, grabbing at Sapnap and pulling them all close.

“Goodnight, I love you guys.”

A mumble came from George, backing into Dream's body so he could be spooned properly. Sapnap's arm flew over Karl and onto Dream's hip, trapping the chestnut-haired man in the middle of them.

“Goodnight, boyfriend, I love you,” Karl whispered into Dream's ear, pressing a soft kiss to the lobe.

Dream fell asleep peacefully, not a worry on his mind as he dozed into a state of comfortable unconsciousness.

That is until the blaring alarm from his phone rang through the quiet bedroom at 4:30 am, indicating George had to leave.

Now.

Chapter End Notes

- You lot are mad at me ... I promise George will get to fuck Karl one day :]
- Thank you for reading!!
- Kudos and comments are appreciated and welcomed!
- Thank you again! Don't forget

Follow me on Twitter! [@ToastedPoison](https://twitter.com/ToastedPoison)

The end?

Chapter Summary

His boys go home.

Chapter Notes

Disclaimers!!!!

- Do not share this content with any of the CC's involved, if it does happen this fic will be deleted immediately.
- All CC's mentioned they are comfortable with explicit fan fiction being written about them (to my knowledge) if that happens to change or I am told otherwise, the fic will be deleted.

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

George was the one who slammed his palm down on the ringing iPhone charging on the nightstand. Dream doesn't even remember charging it. George sat up, rubbing his eyes with his fists and stretching. Dream remained in the bed, watching the man wake himself up enough to stand.

“Come on.” He mumbled, words barely leaving his lips as he shook Dream awake.

Dream played dead, unmoving as George continued shaking his shoulder.

“Fine, I’ll just have Sappnap take -”

Dream sat up.

“Idiot,” George mumbled, standing from the bed and searching the floor for his clothing.

Dream rolled out of bed, glancing back at Karl and Sappnap, sound asleep entangled in each other. He would love for them to join the car ride to the airport, but he really wanted them to sleep, considering Karl had to wake up in three hours to catch his own flight. George slipped on a random pair of clothes that he wasn’t even sure were his and headed out of the bedroom, leaving Dream to take his bags to the car.

Dream slipped out of bed, someone's hand wrapping around his wrist, “I’ll be back in an hour or so, baby, gotta bring George to the airport.”

Karl whimpered, pulling on Dream’s wrist until Sappnap’s arm wrapped around Karl’s bare torso. The hand released the blond’s wrist as he turned and cuddled back into Sappnap. Dream could only laugh.

Once comfortable in a pair of grey sweats and a plain black t-shirt, he slipped on his worn-out sneakers and grabbed George’s bags to drag out to the hallway.

“When did you even have time to pack?” Dream asked, bags putting up a tough fight, but he won in the end.

Setting up the dark blue suitcases by the door, he followed George into the bathroom.

“We have to hurry,” George said, shoving a toothbrush into his mouth.

Dream smiled, grabbing his own toothbrush from the holder. “That’s Sapnap’s.”

He looked up at Dream with wide eyes.

“Yours is red; his is green.”

George groaned, throwing the plastic from his mouth and wiping his tongue with his fingers. Dream laughed, leaning into the shorter man as he panicked.

“Come on, you said it yourself. We have to hurry.”

Dream placed the red toothbrush in George’s hand.

“I think I’ve been using Sapnap’s toothbrush this whole time! Why would you do that? With those colors specifically,” he shoved Dream, “you know I’m—”

“Oh, cry about it,” Dream wheezed.

George huffed, angrily beginning to re-brush his teeth. Dream watched him intently, leaning his back against the sink as he slowly brushed his teeth.

“Do you not understand the word hurry?” George mumbled around his toothbrush.

Dream could press this, tease him and make him squirm, but he decided against it. Not wanting to upset George any further than he already has.

He scrubbed the inside of his mouth harshly, spitting the contents of his mouth into the sink and rinsing.

“Done before you,” he smiled.

George rolled his eyes, spitting into the sink as well, “It wasn’t a competition.”

“To you,” Dream smiled, leaving the bathroom to grab George’s bags for him and bring them to the car.

George followed him sluggishly. Dragging socked feet across the hardwood floors and grabbing something from the fridge for the drive down. Finally, Dream left the house, leaving George to say his goodbyes to everyone else. He packed George’s bags neatly into the trunk, trying to stop himself from overthinking because he knows it will lead to eventual tears.

One month until Karl’s birthday, then they will be all together again. *One more month* . And then in two months, it will be August, and they will all get together for his birthday. And then September will come, and George will finally be moving in for good and then —

The weight of another person leaning against his back startled him.

“Let’s go,” George mumbled, burying his face into the fabric of Dream’s shirt.

Dream turned, leaning against the now-closed trunk of his car, and looked to George. He was in an anime t-shirt, one that looked just like something Karl would wear—Dream wondered if Karl would miss it—and a pair of black sweatpants that drowned him in the material.

“Bringing home a bit of everyone?” Dream smiled, pulling at the sleeve of the black shirt.

George fell against him, burying his head in Dream’s chest. Dream immediately wrapped his arms around the man, shoving his nose into his hair and inhaling the familiar scent of his own shampoo.

“George,” Dream mumbled into the fluffy brunet locks.

George looked up, not a trace of emotion in his eyes, only tiredness.

“We gotta get going.”

George only nodded, pulling away from Dream and climbing into the passenger's seat of his car. Dream followed his lead, slipping into the driver's seat and starting the car before the heat caught up to them. Dream blasted the A/C as he put the car in reverse. Then, bouncing his eyes between behind him and the rearview camera, he stretched his arm across the center console to sit on the headrest of George’s seat. He couldn’t help but notice the few glances George made at his arm.

The car was hot with silence. Words didn’t dare leave either of their lips in fear of regret, or worse, tears. It wasn’t a long drive, and it was a drive Dream knew all too familiarly, but he put directions in his phone anyway, so he could silently watch the minutes tick by as they got closer and closer to their destination.

Forty-six minutes.

“You’re being quiet,” George mumbled, looking directly at Dream’s side profile. “Can you speak, please?”

Dream considered it, but he liked watching George squirm in the — what Dream thought was comfortable — silence. Dream glanced at the clock on his dashboard, “You know, technically, you don’t have to be at the airport for another hour, even after we get there.”

“What are you thinking?” George asked, hands restlessly sitting in his lap.

Dream shrugged, looking around at the billboards, “We can do anything.”

“Anything,” George repeated.

Dream hummed.

“I want a Twix bar.”

Dream scoffed, “Twix?”

“Yes, Karl got me one the other day when you went food shopping, and I liked it,” George explained himself, even though he really didn’t have to.

“We can go to Wawa later. There’s one like eight minutes from the airport,” He explained, “We can go to a Disney park.”

George furrowed his brows, looking at Dream confused and then down at his lap, “Disney?”

“I mean, I would’ve liked to gone all of us together, but -”

George sighed, slouching back into the seat, "I don't want to do that without them."

"Fair."

George tapped his fingers to his knee silently, "Can we go to Wawa now?"

"Sure," Dream smiled, turning his indicator on to turn left, "You really want that Twix bar, huh?"

George looked over at him with playful anger in his eyes, "Are you judging me?"

"Course not, princess."

Dream drove for about fifteen minutes before they were sitting in a Wawa parking lot; Dream stepped out to put gas in the car while George pushed his hair from his face and pulled on a pair of sunglasses to shield the sun.

"Do you want anything?" George asked.

Dream looked over the car, struggling to see George over the top of it, "I'll come in with you while this fills up."

He tapped the roof and followed George through the glass doors riddled with posters. He held the door for George, the shorter man walking under his arm as he entered the cold building and looked around with wide eyes.

"What is this place?"

Dream shrugged, "Whatever you want it to be."

"Idiot," George rolled his eyes and wandered the store so quickly Dream almost lost him multiple times.

He kept his eyes on George as he traveled the aisle, filling his hands with candy bars and bags of chips, assumingly for the plane ride home. Dream headed over to the Icee machine, filling a large cup with a mixture of coca-cola and cherry flavors, looking around as he dipped a straw in to taste it. It was delicious, almost *too* delicious, so he added in some blue raspberry right at the top. He couldn't wait to see the look on George's face when he tried it.

Dream beat George to the counter, George dropping all of his snacks and candies onto the counter and reaching for his wallet.

"I've got it," Dream said, placing the Icee on the counter to grab his own wallet.

George huffed, "Let me pay, I'm getting so much, and you're just getting -" He looked down at the brown, red, and blue mixture and made a face of disgust, "You know what, you can pay just for getting whatever *that* is."

Dream pointed to the cup and scoffed, "It's delicious; I'm making you try it."

"Over my dead body," George took the bags from the cashier and smiled, "Thank you."

They left the Wawa standing awfully close to each other. Dream wanted to hold his hand on their walk back to the car, but George's hands were full of bags - bags that could easily be held in one hand, but Dream can hold his hand in the car - Dream opened the door for him and watched him get settled in the seat.

“Can you stop staring and get in the car,” George blushed, looking down to the bags now at his feet.

Dream closed the door, running to the other side of the car to remove the gas pump from the tank and closing the cap. He climbed into the driver's seat and sanitized his hands before grasping George's jaw and kissing him softly.

“Dream,” George pulled away and laughed; he looked around carefully and pulled the sunglasses from his face, “drive.”

Dream's fingers danced under George's chin for a quick second, “One more.”

George's eyes close, leaning towards Dream, waiting for warm lips to be pressed to his, but instead, the feeling of sharp plastic stabs his bottom lip. He pulls away and glares at Dream.

“I'm not drinking that ... concoction,” George rolled his eyes.

Dream moaned, loud and playfully, “I like when you say that word.”

“Oh my god,” George looked away from him, cheeks running dark crimson, “Can you drive already?”

Dream pressed the heavy cup to George's hand, “Please?”

George wraps his lips around the skinny clear straw, sucking so hard his cheeks go hollow. Dream swallows around nothing, watching George suck the mixture from the straw and watching his Adam's apple bob as he swallows the mystery liquid.

“It's a slushie,” George confirmed, pulling the straw from his mouth, “Why does it taste like Coke went bad?”

“That's the best part of it,” Dream took the cup from his hands and sucked from the same straw, eyes glued to George's as he swallowed.

George placed his hands in his lap and trained his eyes outside of the windshield.

“You can go now, Dream.”

Dream drove off.

Thirty-six minutes left in the car before they got to the airport, Dream couldn't help but notice George shuffling in his seat quite often.

“What's up, George?”

George looked up at him with wide eyes, “I uh ... I'm just thinking.”

“About?”

George licked his lips. “Why does everything have to be a competition with you?”

Dream shrugged in response, keeping his eyes on the open road in front of him. George sighed back, loud enough for Dream to glance at him.

“Well, I've got a challenge for you,” George turned in his seat, getting stuck on the seatbelt, keeping him safe.

Dream raised his eyebrows, eyes bouncing between the road and George's now-wandering hands. Dream had the faintest idea of what the Brit had in mind. Dream waited silently for George to continue.

"Don't you want to hear it?"

Dream nodded, eyes flitting down to look at George's hand on his thigh.

"*George*," He smirked.

George squeezed his hand, "*What*?"

"Tell me what the challenge is," Dream watched his hand creep up slowly to his cock.

George worried his bottom lip between his teeth, "If you can get us to the airport safely while I suck you off, you can fuck me in the bathroom stalls before I get on my plane," George took off his seatbelt, fixing himself in the passenger's seat.

"George," Dream shook his head, "That's - this is so dangerous."

George laughed, his left hand splaying out on Dream's thigh, slowly creeping its way up to the waistband of his sweatpants.

"Are you hard already?" George pulled down the sweats, revealing Dream's cock, "Dream."

Dream's hand tightened on the wheel, glancing down to George's hand now wrapped around his half-hard cock.

"George," He breathed out harshly, looking to see if there were cars on either side of him. The empty, open road, at 5:48 am.

He kept his eyes on the road as George squeezed the base of his cock, "So big," George ducked down, kissing the head softly, "So hard, too."

"Shut up, George," Dream huffed, palms filling with nervous sweat as they slipped slightly from the wheel.

George laughed quietly, "You're right; I should stop talking."

George lapped at the leaking tip of Dream's cock, wrapping his lips around the head. Dream's foot pressed down against the gas pedal, the car picking up speed quickly, jerking them both backward. His cock falling from George's mouth.

"Dream!" George glared up at him, "I said to get us there safely."

"Sorry, sorry," Dream gasped, "I just - fuck, I've never done *this* before."

George went back down, swallowing half of Dream's cock into his wet mouth. Dream tried not to close his eyes, keeping them locked on the road as sounds of wetness came from his lap. He moaned quietly, hands shaking against the wheel. George bobbed his head a few more times, pulling off entirely to look Dream in the eyes.

"You moan like a whore," George mumbled, glancing at the road and then back down to Dream's twitching cock.

Dream licked his lips, swerving through a bit of traffic before George fit his cock back into his

mouth again.

“Oh my fucking - George,” A hand left the wheel, going right into George’s hair, pushing his head down a little bit. George gagged around his cock.

Dream moaned loudly, thrusting into George’s throat, “Fuck, I wish I could watch you take my cock. Such a good slut.”

George whined around him, going deeper, swallowing more and more of the leaking cock.

It was Dream who pulled him off entirely, “Fuck, I need to stop.”

“Cumming so soon?” George licked his lips, “Come on now, we’ve got twenty minutes before we get there.”

“George, just - *please*,” Dream huffed, trying to catch his breath.

George laughed, “watch the road, Dream,” dropping his head back down to Dream’s exposed lap.

His tongue rolled out to kitten-lick the tip a few times before wrapping his lips around the cock again. Dream moaned, guttural, and loud. Moaning profanities as he kept his eyes glued to the road. He watched the sun peeking over the horizon, getting ready to shine directly in Dream’s eyes. He breathed through the wet sensation engulfing his cock, fingertips shaking and foot threatening to slam against the gas pedal yet again.

Dream’s ears were filled with the noises of George gurgling and choking on his cock, and he blew out a shaky breath. He glanced to his hands, knuckles turning stark white contrasting against the black interior of the steering wheel. His eyes fell to his lap for a quick second, then back up when a loud honking of a car behind him startled his eyes back to the road. George never relented, dropping his head down further until the leaking tip of Dream’s cock brushed against the back of his throat.

“Oh fuck, *fuck*, George,” Dream hunched forward, reaching out to turn his indicator on to pull off to the side.

George sat up, licking his spit and precum-covered lips, “Don’t you dare pull over.”

Dream didn’t listen, couldn’t listen. He safely pulled into the shoulder, the indents in the road making that horrible sound he loved to hear when he was a kid, and finally stopped the car and put it in park.

“George, I can’t -”

He finally looked at him, without the worry of the road in front of him, he turned to look at George, and by god, he looked filthy. George’s hair was messy and misplaced in every which way. Spit and pre-cum covered his mouth and chin as his sleepy eyes fought to stay awake.

“So pretty,” Dream reached out, and George smacked his hand away aggressively.

Dream’s eyes went wide at the contact.

“Drive, you coward, I want - I need you to fuck me, please, before I leave,” George said, his hands shaking just like Dream’s, “Please, just - I’m begging.”

Dream grasped both sides of George’s face and pulled him in to kiss him, licking into his mouth

sloppily. George moaned, going completely limp under Dream's touch, his eyes closed and mouth hanging open, letting Dream do whatever he wanted to him.

"So good for me," Dream whispered.

George nodded, "*yours*."

Dream hummed, biting George's chin playfully before he turned back to face the road and turned the blinker on to turn back onto the road.

"Get back to it, princess, let me cum in your throat,"

George shook his head, "Save it for *inside* me," He pressed his face to the side of Dream's, nibbling his ear.

Dream laughed, looking down at the clock on his dashboard, "Ten minutes is a long time to have my cock in your throat."

"You can do it," George whispered, head falling to Dream's lap.

He ran his tongue along the underside of his cock. Dream started off down the highway again. George did the best he could as he swallowed around the head of Dream's cock. His eyes stayed glued to the road, watching the concrete disappear under the hood of his car, the miles of trees surrounding either side of them, and not a car in sight. It was perfect, minus the fact that Dream was so close to cumming down George's throat, he was scared of swerving the car right off the small bridge they were approaching.

"George, I'm close -" Dream lifted his hips slightly, the feeling of warm wetness doing deeper on his cock.

A small pool of saliva started collecting at the base, dripping down his cock and into the patch of hair at his pubic bone. He pulled George's hair; the moan leaving the brunet's mouth sent a jolt of electricity right down his cock. After another quick glance at the clock, he'd be approaching his destination in four minutes.

"We're close," Dream gasped, hips rising again, foot pressing against the pedal.

George jostled with the speed change, but his lips never left Dream's cock. Dream didn't want it to stop; of course, he wanted to cum down George's pretty, tight throat, but he also wanted to fuck him senseless in the bathrooms of the airport. The sign to the airport was right in his sights; cars were beginning to fill the road he turned down. Civilization does not need to see this.

Regretfully, Dream used his free hand to weave through George's hair and pull him off. George gasped for air, catching his breath and licking his lips sloppily.

"Gotta wait," Dream whispered, haphazardly stuffing his hard cock back into his sweats and finding the nearest open spot in the drop-off zone of the airport.

George smiled, watching Dream situate himself before he put the car in park, "Dream."

Dream looked up and was pleased to see a blissed-out, yet so sloppy, George smiling at him.

"So dirty," Dream reached into the backseat of his car, pulling a random shirt from the floor and wiping George's face.

George pulled away from the shirt and stepped out of the car. "Come on, get my bags."

"Sure," Dream whispered, turning the car off and stepping out to the trunk to grab George's bags.

George slung his backpack over his shoulders, standing on the curb and patiently waiting for Dream to gather his bags.

"We've only got a half-hour for sex," George mumbled once Dream pulled the bags up onto the curb breathlessly.

Dream glared at him, "Really, George?"

"You'll be happy to know. I don't need any prep, just need you to fuck me like you mean it," George tapped his cheek and waltzed through the automatic doors to find the nearest restroom.

Dream made sure to lock his car as he grabbed George's bags and dragged them inside of the building. It wasn't crowded as it usually was, a few dozen people scattered around the doors, others lingering in line to check their bags.

"Should we check my bags first, and then you can fuck me?" George batted his too-long lashes at Dream.

Dream caved instantly. He should be embarrassed about it, but right now, he only had one thing on his mind, and that was slamming George up against the nearest bathroom wall and fucking into him. George pulled one of his bags towards the shortest line, allowing Dream to follow. The line didn't take long. George did all of the talking while Dream just stared at the brunet in front of him. From what Dream heard, George spoke of London to the man behind the counter. A man who was very obviously flirting with George.

"Have a safe flight. We're so sorry to see you go," The man licked his lips so quickly. Dream almost missed it.

Dream glared, wrapping an arm over George's shoulder and walking towards the bathrooms.

"Ow," George swerved from out of Dream's grip, "You hurt me."

Dream didn't even realize he was squeezing George so hard, "Sorry."

"You're jealous," George scoffed, knocking on the family bathroom door, "It's so hot."

Dream rolled his eyes, "We can't fuck in the family bathroom."

"Please," George curled his fingers into the fabric of Dream's t-shirt, "Fuck me over the changing station."

Dream laughed, pushing George towards the communal men's bathroom.

"Ew, gross, is this what you think of me? A bathroom where anyone can walk in on us?" George gasped, actually offended by his lover's choice.

Dream said nothing back, just dragged him into the furthest stall from the door and threw his backpack on the floor. George looked up at him with wide eyes, pushing his hair from his face, waiting for Dream to say something.

Anything .

“Pants down, face the wall,” Dream instructed.

Finally.

George didn’t hesitate to follow. Facing the wall behind him and pushing his pants down to his mid-thigh. Dream groped him, kneading the flesh of his ass between his hands.

“Oh Georgie,” Dream mumbled, the sound of a stall slamming shut startling the both of them.

George turned his head, his cheek pressed up against the wall of the stall as he tried his best to watch Dream’s movements. He glanced up, Dream’s finger pressed to his lips in a hushing movement, then that same finger was at George’s lips. His tongue jutted out, licking the digit in front of him coyly.

“Gotta be so quiet,” Dream whispered, a tone so low and gravelly George barely heard him, “Get them really wet for me, princess.”

George’s moan was immediately cut off by Dream’s finger intruding his mouth, sliding down the back of his tongue, almost pulling a gag from the brunet. But George was in control of himself right now, slowly swirling his tongue around Dream’s finger and pushing back against Dream’s clothed cock.

Dream’s strong hand grasped his hip, pushing him back towards the wall, “keep to yourself, princess, we gotta make this quick.”

George whined in response, a muffled beg around the single finger threatening to touch the back of his throat. Dream added another finger between tight lips.

“Wet them, princess. *Quick* .”

The flush of a toilet made George jump under Dream’s touch, collecting as much saliva as he could and making sure the fingers in his mouth were wet enough to enter him. Hurried feet shuffled to the nearest sink as the crackle of a voice spoke through the intercoms. George opened his mouth, deeming the fingers wet enough, and turned his face away from Dream.

“Good boy,” Dream kissed the back of his neck gently.

His hand slowly made its way down George’s back, fingers stopping at his hole to press against it. George whined, low from the back of his throat. Dream pushed through with his middle finger, attaching his lips to George’s neck to muffle any sounds that dared to leave his lips. George sighed, feeling the finger inside of him quickly moving around.

“Dream,” George whispered, “Another.”

Dream hummed, quickly adding a second finger inside of his boyfriend. George choked on his own moans, hands gripping at nothing against the wall. Dream hooked his fingers up, George tried to stop the noise leaving his throat, but it was no help. A stuttered, and shaky moan ripped through his chest, echoing inside of the empty bathroom. Dream’s eyes widened. His free hand that once held a tight grip on George’s hip was now clapping over his mouth.

“Didn’t I say to be quiet, princess?” Dream pulled his fingers out harshly.

George cried from beneath his large hand. Then, nodding his head and arching his back, tempting Dream to add another finger.

“Sorry,” George’s muffled voice escaped between Dream’s fingers, “Just fuck me.”

Dream laughed, pressing his lips to George’s ear, “beg for it.” A stuttered breath stopped George’s words from leaving his lips. Dream’s tongue lapped at the shell of his ear, “come on, beg.”

“Dream, please,” He whined from under Dream’s hand, “fuck me *so hard*, please.”

Dream laughed, coming straight from his gut all rough and low. He removed his fingers from the smaller man, bringing them to his mouth.

“Dream!” George gasped, turning and gripping his wrist as Dream wrapped his lips around his own fingers.

Dream sucked his fingers dramatically in front of George’s face, winking in his direction and then pushing him back up against the wall. Pressing his face to the stall wall and pulling his fingers out of his mouth, Dream reached around and gripped George’s cock in his hand.

“I’ll give you anything you want, princess,” Dream whispered.

George moaned in response, pushing his hips back up against Dream’s clothed cock.

“Fuck me, then,” George whispered, the sound of a rolling suitcase filled their ears quickly. Dream took it as an opportunity to push his own pants down to his mid-thigh, backing away from George slightly to bend him over and spread his cheeks. George whimpered quietly, “D-Dream.”

A loud shush came from Dream’s lip, and a pinch to George’s upper thigh startled him. Dream palmed himself through his boxers, looking towards the door of the stall. No feet were visible from under the door, and the sound of the suitcase never picked up again.

Dream gathered saliva under his tongue, looking directly at George’s stretched hole and spit directly on it. George fell forwards, moaning loudly as the spit dripped down to his thigh.

“Shut it, princess, or I’ll leave you just like this and have Karl suck me off when I get home,” Dream threatened. George’s eyes squeezed shut, leaning his cheek against the wall. He reached behind him and spread his own cheeks. Silently begging for Dream to stick his cock inside of him.

Dream was aching hard in his boxers, cock throbbing at the sight in front of him. He pushed them down to his knees to join with the fabric and grasped his cock in his hand after spitting into his palm. He wanted to talk to George, hear him cry, and beg, but the slam of a stall door reminded him he needed to shut the fuck up. He pumped his cock in his hand a few times, running his palm over the head, and finally stuck the tip inside of the waiting hole in front of him.

His breath caught in his throat, biting his tongue as he pushed himself further inside of George. George’s bottom lip was drawn between his teeth, biting down so hard Dream was convinced if he didn’t let go soon, he would make it bleed. Dream bottomed out, staying as still as he could, not only for George to adjust but for himself. He was so close to cumming already. From the head in the car to right now, Dream was begging to cum anywhere at this point.

“M-move,” George whispered.

His lips quivered as Dream pulled out and immediately pushed back in. George looked so pretty right now, Dream concluded. Face pressed to the wall, tongue practically hanging out of his mouth as he let Dream fuck into him. The unstable walls of the stall shook with each thrust, but Dream was too busy focusing on George’s faces of pleasure to notice that obviously, something was going on in the last stall on the right. George keened as Dream’s speed picked up. The familiar feeling

building in his lower stomach, the same feeling that made his cock twitch inside of George. He was so close, after hours of relentless teasing and not being able to cum, Dream broke.

“Fuck, *fuck*, George, I’m cumming.”

Dream’s hips stuttered, losing rhythm as he pressed his hips against George’s ass.

“Inside me, *inside me*, please,” George begged, reaching behind him and digging his nails into the flesh of Dream’s ass, “Fucking cum in me, please.”

Dream’s cock twitched for the last time, filling George’s insides blissfully in white. He moaned loudly, reaching his hand around George to stroke him towards his own orgasm.

“So good, princess,” Dream mumbled, continuing to thrust his hips through his high.

George cried out. The nails holding Dream’s hips started to painfully dig into the skin, holding Dream completely still.

“Don’t move,” George mumbled, “h-hold me.”

Dream did as he said, pressing George flush against the wall and using his free hand to hold George’s back close to his chest by placing his hand over George’s heart as his other hand continued pumping his cock.

“Close, princess?”

George choked on his breath as his cum painted the wall in front of him. Dream could feel George’s heart rate begin to go back to a regular pace as he came down from his climax. The brunet went pliant under him; Dream sighed quietly once he pulled out of George.

“Fuck, I feel so *full*,” He whined, face still pressed to the tile.

“Shut up before we get caught,” Dream laughed, turning George around and pulling up his pants for him.

“Get to sit on the plane with you inside of me,” George whispered, pulling Dream closer and kissing him deeply.

“You’re gross,” Dream smiled against his lips, instantly kissing him back, “I love you, George.”

George moaned sweetly against his mouth.

“I love *you*, Dream,” George whispered back, “And go ahead and tell Sapnap and Karl that I love them too.”

Dream kissed him harshly, pressing him against the wall next to the door and gripping his hips.

“No, no, no, I’ve got to go.” Dream whined as George pulled away from him entirely, grabbing his backpack from the floor and stumbling towards the bathroom door, “I’ll see you next month, okay?”

“Okay,” Dream sighed, following him out of the bathroom and heading to the exit, but not before hugging him one final time.

Burying his face in George’s hair and blinking back tears, Dream rubbed George’s back. George mumbled something into Dream’s chest that sounded just like “I love you.”

“Love you more,” Dream whispered, feeling the grip George had on his waist loosen, “Bye, princess.”

George blinked up at him, “Don’t -” He looked around nervously, “Don’t call me that!”

Dream laughed, backing away towards the exit. George waved at him before he grabbed his backpack and walked towards security.

“Did you see the car getting towed outside? Poor bastard’s gonna be really pissed,” Dream overheard a couple of people walking past him. It couldn’t be.

Could it?

His eyes widened, “*Shit.*”

He ran, sprinting out the doors and to the spot where he left his car. There it went, chained up to the back of a tow truck, Dream’s pride and joy.

“Fuck!” He shouted, wanting so badly to throw something at the truck that was now speeding out of the airport altogether.

Dream grabbed his phone, calling the first person that came to mind. Sapnap answered on the second ring. He explained everything to him, every detail that Sapnap probably didn’t even want to hear in the first place.

“Dream, just find somewhere safe and wait. We’ll be right there. Forty minutes.”

Dream sighed, sitting directly on the curb with his legs tucked to his chest as he listened to Sapnap struggling to find the keys to his car. He hung up, calling George quickly. He was probably just sitting waiting to board anyway. He answered quickly as well.

“Let me guess!”

George’s laugh made his blood boil but made his heart flutter all at once. “*Fuck off,*” Dream said quickly. Cars passed by almost teasingly slow, drivers staring at the tall blond sitting on the curb like a lost puppy.

“It got towed away?” Dream hummed, “I’m so sorry, Dream, but that’s really funny.”

The sincerity in his voice was quick to disappear, replaced with small giggles and the sound of the crackling voice of airport workers over the loudspeaker.

“I get to board early,” George explained, “So I have to go soon. Please don’t think about this too much, and I’m sure Sapnap will be here soon.”

Dream sighed, leaning his elbow on his knee and cradling his head, “I love you.”

“I know,” George’s snarky comment made Dream smile, “Goodbye now, I’ll call when I land.”

Dream muttered an agreement, hanging up the phone and looking around the busy road in front of him. He hated alone time with himself, too much time to think about everything going on in his life. What was he going to do without them? He looked around at the people being dropped off around him, watching tears spill from eyes he’s never seen before. Laughs from mouths he’s never heard before, but all of the overwhelming emotion pushed him to the edge.

He missed George and Karl. Even though Karl was on his way to see him right now, George was

leaving. And soon Karl was too; he was starting to feel an empty ache in his heart now. Clutching his phone against his chest and lying against the warm concrete under him. He wondered silently if someone would check on him, see the tears threatening to spill from his eyes and ask if he was okay, but this was the Orlando airport. No one batted an eye to him. He sat there for what felt like forever (it was only forty-six minutes) until he heard the whiny horn of Sapnap's beat-up Volkswagen. He sat up quickly before getting a lap full of Karl on the concrete.

"I didn't even put it in park yet!" Sapnap shouted from the driver's seat. Karl hugged Dream tightly, his arms wrapping around Dream's neck as he hid his face in his neck, "You're an idiot. I can't believe you got towed."

Dream looked up at Sapnap, watching him round his car and stand in front of the pair sitting on the curb, "You okay? Did anyone talk to you? See if you were okay?"

"I'm okay," Dream smiled at Karl, pushing his hair from his forehead and patting his hip as a gesture for him to stand up from the concrete. Karl did, helping Dream stand from the ground as well, and looked to Sapnap. He looked disappointed, but a little lighthearted smirk covered the look easily. Dream wanted to kiss him, "You're mad."

"You're an idiot," Sapnap stated simply, "Now poor Karl has to be at the airport two hours early because you *had* to fuck George in a public toilet."

Dream frowned, glancing at Karl, who was bouncing on the balls of his feet, "I'm so -"

"Don't," Karl held his hand up, "It's alright, get in the car. We're gonna kill some time."

Dream raised an eyebrow, looking between the two but reached for the passenger's side door anyway. Karl shook his head, blocking his hand before he could open the door, and pointing to the back seat. He laughed, getting into the back of Sapnap's car anyway - It was a lot cleaner than Dream's - Sapnap got into the driver seat, starting up the car and blasting the air conditioning.

"What is going on?" Dream laughed. Karl climbed into the back seat with Dream, making sure the door behind him was locked before he climbed into Dream's lap, "What -"

Karl shushed him, pressing his lips to Dream's jugular as Sapnap drove off quickly out of the airport.

"This is *wildly* dangerous!" Dream said nervously, hands gripping Karl's hip as Sapnap took a sharp right turn onto the highway.

Karl laughed against his throat, "Shut up and let me ride you."

"Karl!" Dream gasped, glancing past Karl's shoulders and catching eyes with Sapnap in the rearview mirror.

Karl pouted, "you get to have Sapnap all to yourself, whenever you want him. S'not fair."

Dream sighed, holding Karl's face in his hands before this went any further, "you really wanna do this? In the back of Sapnap's car?"

Karl nodded, "Already prepped, Sapnap and I had sex before we left to come to the airport and -"

"Hey!" Sapnap shouted from the front seat, "Can you just get on with this? He doesn't need to know everything, Karl."

Karl kissed the blond fiercely, shrugging his hoodie off his shoulders and dropping it to the floor of the car. Underneath, he wore a pink t-shirt that Dream didn't pay much attention to detail - but he swears he's seen George in it before - before he was throwing that off as well. Lips barely left one another as articles of clothing flew all over the back of Sapnap's car. Karl whimpered in Dream's lap, wiggling his hips to get any sort of friction against his cock.

"Baby, slow down," Dream whispered, running cold hands over Karl's body.

Karl shivered under his touch, eyes slipping shut as his head tilted back blissfully, "mhm, daddy, please touch me."

Dream kissed him, swallowing his every last word that tumbled from Karl's lips. His hands met at the small of Karl's back, holding him close against his body as his tongue slipped into the older man's mouth. Dream moaned as Karl pressed as close as he could to him, rubbing their cocks together through the thick fabric of Karl's jeans and Dream's sweats.

"More," Karl whined as soon as he pulled his mouth off of Dream's.

The blond smiled at him, leaning up and catching his lips in a quick kiss before pushing him off his lap and into the seat next to him. Karl complained quickly, pulling his pants down before Dream could even get his hands back on him.

"Oh baby, you're so hard," Dream teased, fingers tapping against Karl's thigh.

Karl bit his lip, head rolling back and gripping Dream's hand in his own. He whined, pulling Dream's shaking hand up his thigh and towards his aching cock. Dream licked his lips, leaning forward to lap his tongue over the tip of Karl's cock.

"Oh god," Karl flushed, leaning back against the door and pushing his hair from his face.

Dream loved the way the flush on his face expanded down his neck to his chest. Splotchy cherry red took over his cheeks, and his usual grey eyes were clouded over with dark lust. With just one bat of his too-long lashes, Dream would do anything for him, he decided. Absolutely anything. He just looked so pretty all of the time. Dream wanted to *devour* him. But right now, he was on a mission, pulling Karl's legs, so he was lying on his back across the car seats underneath them. Dream maneuvered himself between Karl's legs, dipping his head down to press small kisses to his lower abdomen.

"Dream," Karl cried out.

Sapnap turned quickly, just to peek, then turned back to the road, "oh come on, brat, you *know* that's not what you call him."

Dream was so happy Sapnap was getting involved right now. He didn't want him to feel left out in any way as he drove. Karl only whined, reaching his hand out to touch Sapnap as Dream's lips finally, finally brushed against the shaft of his cock. His gasp caught in his throat, shaking fingers gripping Sapnap's t-shirt.

"You're such a good boy, baby," Dream whispered, licking a wet stripe up from Karl's balls to his leaking head and circling his tongue around the tip.

Karl cried out, the hand that was just gripping Sapnap's shirt now buried in Dream's hair. Dream wrapped his lips around the head easily, sliding his cock down his throat and moaning as it hit the back of it. Karl sobbed, throwing his head back in ecstasy.

“Talk to him, baby, tell him how good you feel,” Sapnap reached back, hand splaying out against Karl’s thigh, causing him to jump under the touch. His hips fucked up into Dream’s throat, causing the blond to gag unexpectedly and pull off of him.

“No! No! I’m sorry,” Karl cried out, shaking hands pulling him closer, “Please, daddy, it feels so good, please -”

Dream glanced at Sapnap, a permanent smirk on his face as he drove down the highway. Dream hummed.

“Have you been good? Do you deserve to fuck my throat?” Dream cocked an eyebrow, and Karl’s breath caught in his throat.

He nodded wordlessly, bottom lip jutting out in a pout. Dream laughed in return, pinching Karl’s thigh and going right back to swallowing Karl’s cock down his throat. Karl whined, hands flying right back to Dream’s hair and pulling the blond locks roughly. He thrusts his hips up, holding a high grip on Dream’s hair as he watches his cock disappear into the younger man’s mouth.

Karl’s sigh broke, watching the head of his cock disappear between wet and kiss bitten lips. He pushed Dream’s head down further, watching him nuzzle his nose against the bare skin of his pubic bone. Eyes squeezing shut, he lifted his hips, the sound of Dream gagging on his cock filled the car. Karl cried out, pulling Dream off his cock entirely and pressed kisses down the shaft. Karl sobbed into his arm, hiding his face.

“Look at me, baby,” Dream whispered before dipping his tongue a little further south and lapping at Karl’s balls.

Karl’s arm fell next to him, eyes wide as he watched Dream’s tongue roll out of his mouth and lick a wet stripe right over his hole. He gasped loudly, hands coming out to grip his hair again. His sobs sounded broken and desperate for Dream’s tongue, fingers pulling softly at the golden locks between digits. Dream continued licking frantically at Karl’s entrance, hands gripping the fat of his thighs aggressively as he continued.

Another run of his tongue before pushing inside of him made Karl scream in pleasure. Mumbling incoherent sounds and words that sounded just like Dream and Sapnap’s names mixed into one. The feeling of a third hand entering his hair paused him for a second. Sapnap’s hand tangled into his hair now along with Karl’s. He moaned as Sapnap pulled his hair so hard he had to pull away from Karl.

“Sap-” Dream cleared his throat, looking at the driver with an angry expression, “What the fuck?”

Sapnap laughed, reaching into the middle console of his car and pulling out a bottle of lube, “Get him off already. We’ve only got 10 more minutes before we have to drop him off.”

Karl whined at that, hiding his face again behind the crook of his elbow. Dream bit back the teasing sentence he had for Sapnap about the lube in his car, only took the bottle and lathered his fingers quickly.

“I’m so sorry, baby. I don’t think we have time for my cock.” Dream pouted, and Karl’s eyes instantly filled with tears, shattering Dream’s heart to a million pieces all over the floor of Sapnap’s car, “It’s okay, shush baby, I’ll make you feel so good.”

He rubbed his free hand over Karl’s abdomen softly, trying to calm him the best he could as the lube covering his fingers of his other hand dripped onto Sapnap’s seats. He glanced at Sapnap

quickly, hoping he didn't see the mess of the liquid that would possibly stain. Dream circled Karl's hole with his middle finger carefully before pushing into his first knuckle.

"More, more Daddy," Karl whined, shifting his hips as Dream finally sunk his middle finger all the way to the hilt.

Dream smiled, large hand wrapping around Karl's leaking cock. He shuddered under the touch, bucking his hips up into Dream's hand.

"So wet, baby," Dream leaned down, licking the tip of his slit quickly before rubbing his thumb over the head a couple of times, collecting the precum building there and dragging it down the shaft of his cock, "I make you feel this good?"

"Yes, yes, so good, so fucking good," Karl cried, lifting his hips to try and coax Dream into pumping his cock.

Dream took the hint, finally moving his hand against the hardness in his hand as he moved his finger in and out of the shorter man. The noises Karl made were music to Dream's ears, soft little whimpers mixed with loud and lewd gasping and moaning. Dream *loved* it.

"More, daddy," Karl begged, head lolling to the side as Dream slipped a second finger into the man, "Feels so good."

Dream smiled, ducking his head down yet again and taking the head of Karl's cock between his lips. The car stopped, but Dream never looked up, only focused on the cock heavy on his tongue pushing its way to the back of his throat. Karl shifted up at the same time a third hand joined his hair for the second time. Sapnap wrapped the hair between his fingers as he lifted Dream's head and pushed it back down.

"Come on, do a better job. He's leaving."

Dream gagged around the cock invading his throat as Sapnap pushed his head all the way down.

"You take him so well," Sapnap seethed into Dream's ear, his body uncomfortably thrown over the middle console and squeezed between the driver and passenger seats, "Like you were made to suck dick."

Dream moaned around Karl, pumping his fingers quickly in and out of him. Karl whined, begging for more, more, *more*, and mumbling words that barely made sense.

"Add another," Sapnap kept eye contact with Karl, "He wants more so bad."

Dream obliged, teasing the third finger at Karl's hole before pressing it inside of him. Karl mewled at the feeling. Hands moving from Dream's hair up over his head to grip at the seats. His legs squeezed tightly around Dream's head.

"Oh, m' god -" Karl cried out.

Sapnap laughed, pulling Dream's mouth off of Karl and gripping it in his own hand, "Such a good boy."

Karl's eyes slipped shut, words never leaving his mouth, only sounds of pleasure.

"What color, baby?" Dream rasped, voice completely fucked.

Karl shook his head, "Gr'n."

"Are you sure, baby? We can slow down," Sapnap twisted his hand perfectly around the head of Karl's cock before dragging it down the base.

Dream watched Karl's face contort in all different emotions as he hooked his fingers upwards right into his prostate.

"THERE!" Karl screamed, hips coming up and grinding back down on Dream's fingers, "Again - 'gain!"

Dream continued the movements, pressing all three fingers against the spot that made Karl scream the loudest. His hair was everywhere, blush now raised on his cheeks, almost reaching his lower lashes. He looked beautiful.

"He's close," Sapnap murmured, glancing at Dream then back to Karl, "Right baby?"

Karl nodded, his hands shaking with every pump of Sapnap's fist and every twist of Dream's fingers.

"Words," Dream used his free hand to smack against Karl's inner thigh, "You know how this works."

Karl whined, clearly not wanting to speak, "Yes, s'close," Karl sobbed, "M-more."

Dream's eyebrows raised, pressing his fourth finger against Karl's hole. He pushed the tip of his pinky inside of his entrance as Karl came all over himself. White bouts of cum reaching up to his chest as well as pooling right under his belly button.

"Oh, you're such a good boy," Sapnap praised, stroking him through his orgasm as he shook with pleasure, "Good boy."

Karl sobbed, hiding his face when Dream pulled his fingers out of him slowly, wiping the lube on his shirt. Dream fell on top of him, kissing his neck and jaw.

"Good boy," Dream cooed, whispering softly against his skin, then finally kissing his mouth, "Did so well, baby."

Karl hiccuped, trying to calm himself down with the weight of Dream to calm him. Dream's shirt absorbed the cum lying on his chest and stomach as Sapnap started the car up again and got back to the drive.

"We're far enough for him to come back to us by the time we get there," Sapnap said, pulling a pair of sunglasses over his face like he didn't just help Karl through the best orgasm he's probably ever had - or at least that's what Dream was telling himself.

Dream just hummed in approval, hiding his face in the crook of Karl's neck, sucking a bright red mark right under his jaw. Karl whimpered, holding Dream close as he tried to catch his breath.

"You did so well for me, baby," Dream whispered, "You're always so good." Karl sighed, eyes closed as Dream held him, "Let's get you dressed."

That earned a whine of protest out of Karl as Dream pushed off of him, looking down at his dirtied shirt.

“Shit.”

Karl giggled, and Dream stripped his cum-covered shirt from his body, using it to clean Karl as best as he could and pull his pink shirt over his head.

“No, you wear it,” Karl mumbled, grabbing the hoodie he was once wearing over the pink shirt, “I’ll wear just this.”

Dream smiled, rubbing Karl’s stomach as a ‘thank you’ and pulled the pink fabric over his head, “you okay to sit up, baby?”

Karl nodded, letting Dream pull his jeans up over his thighs before he sat up and let Dream pull the hoodie over his arms and zip it up to his neck. Karl laughed, pulling Dream in by the collar of *his* shirt, and kissed him quickly.

“Thank you, daddy.”

Dream rolled his eyes playfully, “Anything for you, baby.”

Karl sat back in his seat, pulling the seat belt over his chest and staring out the window. Dream admired him; he was so calm and content sitting there after getting ruined by the two others in the car. Dream leaned over and kissed him.

He *had* to.

“We’re here,” Sapnap mumbled without a second glance behind him.

Dream wondered if he was okay. The tone of his voice sounded heartbroken like he was losing the most important part of him. And maybe he was, and maybe Dream felt the same way, but he never said it out loud.

“Okay, Sappy?” Karl mumbled.

Sapnap scoffed, “I’m fine, just pissed we can’t three-way kiss right now.”

“That’s not a thing, you freak,” Dream reached over the seat and pushed his head playfully, then looked at Karl, “Go get your bags.”

Karl pouted, eyes widening as he soon realized Dream was not going inside the airport with him.

“Don’t look at me like that, I’m not going in there hard as a rock in sweatpants,” Dream frowned as Karl hung his head low, staring at the car floor before stepping out and shuffling toward Sapnap’s trunk to grab his bags.

“What the hell, idiot?” Sapnap glared at him, stepping out of the car to help Karl. Dream joined as well.

Dream shook his head, “What?”

“Take him inside, you big dumbass, tuck it into your waistband like a real man would,” Sapnap scoffed, “I’m going to wait in the car.”

With no help from anyone else, Karl removed his bags from the trunk, set them on the curb, and ran towards Sapnap, hugging him tight and kissing him right on the mouth. Dream snickered as Sapnap pulled away nervously, looking around at all the people standing by with a burning blush. Dream grabbed Karl’s bags, repeating exactly what he did with George.

“You’re gonna walk me in?” His eyes widened.

“Of course,” Dream smiled, “let’s go, don’t wanna miss your flight.”

Karl walked ahead of him, holding the doors open for him and standing abnormally far from away.

“Karl -”

He looked up from the tacky carpet as they waited in line to check his bags, “Hm?”

“I love you,” Dream brushed the hair from his face, “I don’t want to see you sad.”

Karl nodded, wrapping his fists into Dream’s shirt and yanking him close, “I love you too, now please kiss me.”

Dream glanced around, the small line of people in front of them minding their business and paying attention to shuffling feet. Dream leaned in, pressing his lips to Karl’s. Karl made a happy sound between closed mouths, and with a satisfied hum, he pulled away.

“Thank you.”

Dream shook his head, walking up to the familiar person behind the desk. Shit.

“Back again? With a new side piece, I see,” He quipped, and Dream’s blood boiled.

Karl’s brow furrowed quickly, then laughed when he connected it all, “Oh! George? He’s our boyfriend; he’s not cheating or anything!”

Everything was so easy for Karl, and Dream admired it. He always took things with a grain of salt, never pressed too hard on situations when it came to his private life. The man behind the counter’s jaw dropped, an angry smile across his lips as he tagged Karl’s bags before placing them on the conveyor belt behind him, “Lucky man.”

“*Him?* I’m the lucky one,” Karl turned to Dream, patting his chest softly and pressing his lips to a sharp jaw.

Dream knew Karl could feel the angry clench in his jaw as soft pink connected with the blond stubble growing there.

“Have a safe flight; thank you for choosing the Orlando International Airport.” The man smiled, bowing his head at Karl as the two walked off.

Dream tried hard to fight the comeback, but he couldn’t help but slip out, “like we had a choice.”

“Dream,” Karl’s hand gripped the back of his shirt.

Dream walked off to the side of the counter, knowing full well they were still in view of the man, and pressed his lips against Karl’s again, this time around replaced by desire and straight jealousy. Karl kissed him back, wrapping his arms around his waist as he pulled him closer.

“I love you so so much,” Karl mumbled against his lips.

Dream smiled against his lips, “I love you so much more.”

Karl turned, grabbing his dropped carry-on and slinging it over his shoulder. He stared up at Dream, eyes glistening with something Dream knew was love - he blinked back tears.

“Goodbye, handsome.”

Dream waved, watching him back away until he disappeared between a line of people waiting to get past security. Dream turned, practically sprinting out of the airport to Sapnap, who waited quietly, standing outside of his car scrolling on his phone. He’s grateful for Sapnap being there, his heart was going a mile a minute, and he needed someone to hold him right now. He placed himself in Sapnap’s arms, a surprised expression leaving Sapnap’s lips, but he hugged him back anyway.

The Texan’s hand rubbed small circles right between Dream’s shoulder blades, whispering something in his ear that Dream couldn’t quite hear as his blood rushed loudly through his veins. Minutes passed by, but to Dream, it felt like forever until he looked up at Sapnap, smiling patiently at him. Dream kissed him, rushed and nervous, and Sapnap just accepted it. They kissed for only a flashing moment of white-hot lust and scarlet fervor until Sapnap finally pulled away.

“It’s okay, Dream,” He laughed, cradling Dream’s face in his palms as if he didn’t care who saw them in this intimate position right now, like the only person that mattered was Dream.

Dream sighed, pressing his face to Sapnap’s neck as he tried to calm his heartbeat, “I’m freaking out.”

“I know,” Sapnap ran his hand through his hair, “You’re good, just breathe, stay here as long as you need.”

Dream closed his eyes again, hands gripping Sapnap’s hips as Sapnap’s hands weaved into his hair and held him close, “what’re you thinking?”

Dream sighed, “I think I want to pick up my car and go home,” Dream mumbled, leaning his forehead against Sapnap’s dramatically.

“Then get in the car.” The shorter man laughed, rubbing his back and turning to the driver’s seat.

-

This was it - just Dream and Sapnap with the big empty house to themselves. They settled on watching a movie, this time Dream’s choice; he couldn’t bear to sit through another one of Sapnap’s boring historical action movies. They sat domestically close, Sapnap with his head leaning against Dream’s shoulder and their legs intertwined together. Patches sat directly on Sapnap’s lap, purring quietly as she slept.

Dream loved this, but he couldn’t ignore the empty feeling in his heart that something or someone was missing. Sapnap looked up at him, kissing his jaw and turning back to the film.

“Stop thinking.”

Dream nodded, “Thought about popping our cars’ tires so they couldn’t leave.”

Sapnap laughed loudly, holding his stomach as he did, not caring if Patches woke up or not.

“Like Uber doesn’t exist.”

Oh. *Right.*

“Well, fuck, now I’m glad I didn’t.” Dream laughed with him.

Sapnap wiped a fake tear from his eye as his laughing subsided, his phone ringing loudly from somewhere in between them. Dream jumped up, rummaging between couch cushions to finally pull Sapnap’s phone free. Karl’s name with an obscene picture of him covered the screen.

“Jesus Sapnap, what is this picture?” He gasped.

Sapnap leaned over, “Two nights ago, right before I covered his pretty face in –“

Dream didn’t want to hear it anymore, swiping the answer key and putting the phone on speaker quickly before Sapnap could finish his vulgar sentence.

“Hi, handsome,” Karl said at first, “I just got into an Uber.”

Dream looked at Sapnap, “Hey, sexy.”

“I’m here too,” Dream said before the conversation went further.

Karl went quiet, “Hi, D – Dream, I would say something else, but I’m not alone.”

“Don’t,” Dream warned, already knowing what the man was going to say, “But hi, baby.”

Sapnap looked at him funny.

“I hope for your sake we’re not on speaker,” Sapnap giggled with Karl.

Dream reached over to pet Patches head as she slept.

“You’re not, you’re not,” Karl laughed, “Told me to text when I got to the house and settled, but I missed your voices.”

Dream pulled his phone out from under himself and scrolled to George’s contact as Sapnap and Karl continued their small talk.

< Soon as you get to your house Discord VC

< Miss you already :(

“Dream?” Karl’s voice disrupted his thoughts.

He looked over to Sapnap, who was no help to him, “I’m sorry, what’d you say?”

“Do you miss me?”

Dream smiled, leaning closer to Sapnap, so his mouth was closer to the mic, “Of course I do, baby.”

Patches stirred in Sapnap’s lap, angrily standing and climbing off of the couch completely. Almost as if she knew what was coming.

“He doesn’t miss you, Karl, just me.” Sapnap shrugged, and Dream grabbed at his hips to make him squirm, “Hey!” Sapnap laughed, pulling away from Dream, “He says he hates you, Karl, and he only wants to fuck me.”

Dream scoffed, “He’d never believe you.”

"I hate you guys," Karl laughed.

Sapnap took a seat back down next to Dream, "You home yet?"

"Almost at my mom's house," Karl confirmed, "two more minutes."

Sapnap's brow furrowed, Dream knew what was coming, but the muffled voice of the driver speaking broke their conversation; Karl thanked the driver and left the car to get his bags from the trunk.

"Why do you keep calling it 'the house'? You're weird."

Sapnap was never one to hold back.

"Because my home is with you guys," Karl murmured as the *pop* of the trunk opening rang through the phone.

Sapnap groaned, "I'm hanging up; you need to think about what you just said."

Karl laughed with him, Dream leaning his head on Sapnap's shoulder.

"Did George land yet?"

Dream sighed, looking down at his phone and shaking his head, "He's still got another six or so hours before he lands."

Karl hummed, "I'm here now. I'll unpack, take a nap, and call you when I wake up?"

Sapnap agreed, hanging up quickly and looking at Dream. The pout on the blond's face was obvious. Sapnap only rolled his eyes at his best friend.

"Come here," Sapnap opened his arms, and Dream was quick to bury himself beneath Sapnap's arms and hide his face in his broad chest.

Sapnap sighed at the weight against him, Dream lying fully on top of him and holding him close, "I love you."

"God, you're annoying," Sapnap teased, "but I love you too, idiot."

Dream breathed slowly, taking in the scent of Sapnap as it lulled him into a comfortable state of drowsiness. He easily fell asleep in his arms.

-

When Dream woke again, he was alone on the couch. His phone next to his head ringing with text messages coming from a group chat he didn't even know he was a part of. He lifted his head, grabbing at his vibrating phone, and checked the time.

George was home!

A message from Karl lit up his phone.

> VC 1

He stood from the couch quickly, head feeling a little dizzy as he stood so quickly. He shook it off and headed towards his room. Passing the once occupied rooms without a look back and entering his office to turn on his monitor. He sat excitedly as the setup roared awake, the Discord app opening first before all else. He logged in, opening voice chat one to what sounded like an argument.

“Fuck off, Sapnap!” George said pointedly, “You’re dumb and stupid, and I hate you and the state of Texas!”

Dream laughed, turning his mic on and clearing his throat, “what the *hell* is going on?”

“Oh, look who decided to wake up!”

Laughter filled the call. Dream couldn’t lie. He *did* miss this. Stress-free conversations between best friends - *no* - boyfriends.

“What is going on?” Dream repeated.

George huffed, ready to rant and rave about his little argument with Sapnap, but Karl cut him off entirely to explain his side of things, “Sapnap said George is stupid for living in England.”

“He’s right,” Dream smiled, mouth close to the mic as he spoke.

George huffed angrily, “fuck you guys.”

“Hey! I didn’t say anything!” Karl defended himself, “George -”

George turned his camera on; his arms were crossed over his bare chest. Why was he shirtless?
“Fine, Karl, I don’t hate *you*.”

Karl giggled happily and started up a different conversation. Words that went right past Dream’s ears into the air as he was too busy looking at George sitting there looking *so fucking pretty*.

“Do you know your camera is on?” Dream asked.

George nodded, “we’ve made plans to start up Minecraft and play some manhunt.” Dream smiled, reaching to turn his camera on immediately, “And this time around, we can see your pretty face when you cum.”

Dream raised an eyebrow, “I’m too tall. You either get my face or my dick.” Sapnap laughed, turning his camera on already completely nude. “Are we even going to attempt to play Manhunt?” Sapnap shook his head at Dream’s question.

“Come on; I’m already ready!” The youngest complained, “Karl, turn your camera on.”

Karl obeyed, camera blurring to life on Dream’s screen. He was wearing the pink hoodie he found in the back of Dream’s car on his first day here - *home*.

“The hoodie,” Dream smiled; Karl hid his face with sweater-covered hands, “you look cute.”

He shook his head, “shut up, nimrod.”

Silence followed, everyone’s eyes glued to somewhere on their monitors. Dream watched George look down at himself, toying with the strings of the sweats he was wearing, Sapnap trying hard not

to touch himself.

Dream pulled down his pants, shirt following right behind as he placed his hands on his knees, "Same rules apply, I assume?"

The other three nodded, "alright, boys, get your dicks out."

Without hesitation, four cocks appeared on Dream's screen (including his own), and just like a week ago - *god, was it only a week ago?* - Dream's eyes traveled straight to Sapnap. Always the most eager out of the four, "Ready?"

"Ready," George confirmed, all of them gripping themselves in their dominant hands.

"Go." Dream commanded, and just like how it started, the four of them started.

Dream started off slowly. He knew now he had to pace himself. George was always in this for the long run. Karl already began whimpering, licking his lips as the tip of his cock leaked precum down his shaft.

"Oh baby, you're so wet already," Dream laughed, and Karl cried out at his voice.

His head was thrown back, headphones barely on his head as he listened to Dream speak to him.

"Look how wet he is for us," Dream laughed; all eyes were on Karl now as he slowly rubbed his thumb over the slit of his cock, "Yeah, baby, get your cock all wet for us."

Karl bit down on his lip so hard he was sure it was going to bleed, "please, please focus on someone else."

Dream listened to his begs, turning his eyes to the usual champion of these games, "*Georgie*."

"Oh, you *fuck*," George sighed, squeezing the head of his dick before sliding his hand down his shaft again, "*What?*"

"You look like you need a finger in you, princess."

George whined, "my fingers aren't good enough anymore," George confessed as he reached out to grab more lube.

Dream's eyebrows raised; he missed them. Sure he could head down the hall and see Sapnap, finger him, and fuck him until he was screaming for more, but Karl and George weren't here to help out. He didn't realize how much being together would change their dynamic of being apart. George couldn't quite make himself feel as good as he wanted, Karl couldn't get himself off without being talked to, and Sapnap finally has someone's hair to pull while he's being pleased. Dream was starting to get sad.

"Hey, hey, no thinking about dead puppies to win," Sapnap snapped at him, quickly catching Dream's state, "Come back to us."

Dream was quick to apologize, picking up the pace of his hand, "Anyone close?"

"Nah, had a wank on the plane," George mumbled.

Dream laughed at the casualness of his sentence as Sapnap scoffed, disgusted with what he just said, "that's terrible, George."

He shrugged, "I was thinking dirty things, having Dream still inside me."

Dream bit the inside of his cheek, waiting for the repercussions of what George just confessed; he hadn't told the others.

"You came in him?!" Karl was first to shout it.

Sapnap almost - almost stopped right there and then, watching his monitor in disbelief.

George smirked, "Yes, are you jealous?"

Karl pouted, nodding his head meekly.

"You're *ruining* this!" Sapnap complained, "Come on, I can't be the only one close here."

His hand was moving quicker than his mouth, the tip glistening with precum, "Oh Sap, go ahead and cum for us."

The Texan whined, "no, *no*, none of you are even close."

"Fuck," George gasped, and once Dream's eyes glanced over to his camera, he noticed he was already one finger deep inside of himself.

His eyes widened like this was their first time doing this all over again. Like he had never seen these men naked before. His skin filled with chills, flaring up with each twist of his wrist.

"Dream, are you gonna cum first?" George teased, breath hitching as his fingers grazed his prostate.

"Nah - Sapnap though -"

"Fuck off," Sapnap mumbled, hip leaving his chair as he thrusts into his fist, "Fuck - fuck you guys."

Dream smiled, watching Sapnap paint his chest and stomach with white-hot stripes of cum. Sapnap whined through his orgasm, mumbling Dream's name that sounded a lot like him just cursing Dream off. The blond let it slide though because he got to watch one of the most gorgeous men in the world cum because of *him*, now onto the other two most gorgeous men Dream has ever laid eyes on.

"I'm gonna win this one," Dream laughed, pressing his thumb to the sticky slit of his cock, collecting more precum to slick the rest of his shaft.

Karl hummed, hips twisting in his chair. Dream knew he was close, but George was even closer. His breath catching with every turn of his wrist, every hook of his finger inside of him.

"Go ahead and let go, princess," Sapnap whispered into the mic, and George practically shouted as he covered himself in cum.

He whimpered as he fingered himself through his orgasm, moaning loudly down the mouth of the mic, "Fuck you, Sapnap."

Dream laughed, "you're next, Karl."

"No, I want to win, daddy," Karl whined; Dream's eyes fluttered shut.

George looked down at himself, trying to clean himself up as he spoke, “I cannot believe you’re into that shit.”

“Only with Karl,” Dream murmured, “Right, baby?”

Karl nodded, hips leaving his chair as his stroking got sloppy, “yes, daddy.”

“Why don’t you be a good boy for me and cum?”

Karl shook his head, and Dream groaned, “after you.”

Sapnap’s eyebrows raised at the challenge. Dream knew all eyes were on him now. He was close, *dangerously close*, but he would never admit it. All he had to do was not think about George’s lips around his cock, or Sapnap’s hands buried in his hair as Dream sucked him off. Or the loud whining of Karl as Dream ate him out.

Fuck.

Dream’s fist was covered in his cum, and just as he looked up, Karl was making a mess of his hoodie with his.

“Damn, a tie.”

Karl’s eyes were half opened, speaking slowly as he came to the realization, “I win.”

"No way! That was a tie!" Dream protested.

But at the same time George spoke, “Yes, good job, brat, you win.”

Dream hated to hear it.

“Gift me my subs,” He giggled, turning in his chair almost as if he was preparing to fall asleep in it.

Sapnap leaned over, typing something on his keyboard, “take your gifted subs, asshole.”

“How endearing,” George laughed, “Can I go to bed now?”

Dream nodded, glancing over at his clock. It was already 3 am.

“Goodnight, boys,” Dream reached for his mouse, ready to end the call, “I love you all.”

“Love you,” The three said back in unison, “Again tomorrow?” Karl asked.

“Yes, but we’re actually going to film a Manhunt first.”

They all agreed and left the call one by one. George was the first to leave, then Karl, leaving Sapnap and Dream to stare at each other over a computer monitor. He felt bad coming down from his climax; no one was there to cuddle him.

“I can tell something’s wrong. Wanna cuddle in my room?” Sapnap yawned, stretching in his chair.

Dream nodded his head and left the call.

I know what you're thinking: "The end ?? but there's 10/11 posted?"
Yes, you're right ;) keep an eye out !!

- Kudos and comments are much appreciated
- Thank you for reading :)

Follow me on Twitter! [@ToastedPoison](https://twitter.com/ToastedPoison)

All Good Things Must Come to an End

Chapter Summary

The boys celebrate Karl's birthday - with a twist.

Chapter Notes

Well this is it.

Please enjoy.

The last chapter of For The Love of Manhunt :)

Thank you so so much to [@STARZIEEE](#) and [@GNFBLUNT](#) and [@DNFSINNER](#) who beta'd this chapter for me :']

please go usersub to them all and follow them all on twitter !!

[Ro James](#)

[Nik](#)

[Millie](#)

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

Dream's hands were clearly nervous as he pressed "*Purchase Now*" on the United Airlines app on his phone. He had secretly spoken to Sapnap and George alone everyday since the beginning of the month just to plan this. They would be landing in North Carolina at the same time - well, George would land twenty-five minutes earlier than Dream and Sapnap, but that gives him enough time to go through customs and meet them at their rental car - but that didn't make Dream any less nervous.

Sapnap's bags were packed in an instant, quietly complaining about taking a plane instead of driving; he loved a good road trip.

The day came quickly, Karl's twenty third birthday. Sapnap and Dream found themselves sitting in the Orlando airport at 7am waiting to board their plane.

George had already been on his flight - he hasn't heard from the Brit in so long he was beginning to get nervous. But the calming rub of Sapnap's hand on his thigh and burning kisses to his jaw in a dark corner of the loud airport settled his nervous brain.

The three of them had agreed to text Karl at midnight - saying how sorry they were they couldn't be with him - just to throw him off of the scent of their arrival. The brunet put on a brave face, telling them he'd just do a late night stream and go out to dinner with the Mr. Beast Crew. Karl thought he had it all planned out, and Dream was extremely nervous but very excited to throw a wrench in the entire thing.

They boarded the plane easily, Sapnap immediately leaning his head on Dream's shoulder and closing his eyes before they even took off. Dream sent a text to George that he knew wouldn't send until both of them landed, then leaned his head on top of Sapnap's until they landed.

Dream sent Sapnap to find George in the small airport while he dealt with the rental car. It was quick and painless, unlike any other rental interaction Dream has had before. Someone pressed themselves to his back before he could turn away from the counter.

George.

He turned, the man attached to him never letting go. “Hi you big dummy,” he smiles. “We’ve gotta hurry up and go before we get recognized.”

George looked up at him with a pout, lips looking so kissable. “It’s been a month, can you kiss me, please?”

Dream did without hesitation, running a hand through freshly cut hair. “Did you get a haircut just for this?”

Sapnap laughed. “That’s what I said! He keeps denying it though.”

“It was *not* that short last night on call.”

George blushed and with a roll of his eyes he wordlessly made his way to the parking garage that held their rental car. Dream’s hands on George’s shoulders guiding him as they wandered the airport for a little longer than they originally planned. None of them have ever been here before and to the naked eye the signs were very confusing. Sapnap pointed to a revolving door, speaking of hopes for an exit, and George was glad they listened to him, although he would never admit that out loud, because they finally found themselves in the parking garage they couldn’t find for a solid sixteen minutes.

And so what if he cut his hair a bit shorter this time around? Karl always liked his hair shorter anyway.

The car was a safe spot for the three of them, Dream drove with Sapnap in the passenger's seat and George resting in the backseat, it was almost *deja vu*. Someone quietly resting in his passenger's seat and someone in the backseat, he missed them so much. George stared out the window for most of the ride, trying to blink away the sleepiness, Sapnap typed away on his phone, texting Karl to keep him off their trail.

“So, Jimmy has Karl out filming all day today,” Sapnap explained reading the text message Karl sent. “Then he’s got a dinner planned for him. I asked when he would be home to film *Manhunt* and he said around seven or eight tonight.”

George groaned. “It’s not even noon!”

“Perfect,” Dream nodded, typing Karl’s address into his phone and getting directions. “We’ve got so much to set up.”

“Set up? We’re here for 3 days, there’s nothing to really set-”

Dream turned to look at George, “Why are you so miserable? Do you want sex that desperately you can’t wait a measly 8 hours?”

George crossed his arms and looked away from Dream. “No, I just want to see Karl is all.”

Dream smiled fondly at the Brit, rubbing his thigh before he started up the car and drove out of the parking garage for their hour and a half trip to Karl’s. It was a quiet ride, Sapnap fell asleep almost instantly, leaving George and Dream to steal glances at each other through the rearview mirror

until George fell asleep as well.

Dream sighed, alone with his thoughts. He hopes Karl enjoys the surprise. When they pulled up to the house Dream let them sleep for a little as he let himself into the home. He'll never forget the lecture he gave Karl for keeping his spare key taped underneath his mailbox, but he knew the boy would be too stubborn to move it. He reached under the mailbox, pulled the key from under it and reached for the door handle, but to his surprise the door was swung open by a man with a scared look on his face.

Fuck.

"Who are you?" The man said.

Dream froze, "Chandler, listen -"

"I'm calling the police." Chandler reached behind him to grab his phone.

Dream shook his head, "No! Wait, wait - it's - I'm Dream." Chandler squinted at the tall blond, like he was piecing together something in his head, but Dream didn't catch the thought process, just continued with his ranting and pleading, "Chandler, please, I'm here for Karl's birthday, I was going to surprise him and -"

Chandler's jaw dropped slightly, "Oh my fucking god, *you're* his boyfriend?"

Dream scratched the back of his head nervously, shrugging his shoulders in the process, Chandler smiled wide and pat Dream on the arm.

"Come in, you goof," He laughed, "Karl's out filming today though and then we've got dinner as a crew, he won't be home -"

"I know, but uh...how much do I have to pay you to leave, like, right now so I can set up the house?" Dream asked hurriedly, he needed Chandler out before George and Sapnap woke up, he didn't want to be the one to explain.

Chandler laughed. "Holy fuck - I really cannot believe Karl's dating *the* Dream."

Dream wondered what he would think if he knew Karl was dating two others.

"Chandler-" Dream sighed.

He held up his hands with a quiet laugh. "I'm gone. I'm gone. Don't get him pregnant."

Chandler backed out of the house, winking at Dream leaving the front door wide open. Dream left it, the other two would join when they woke up.

Dream placed the last of the rose petals against the duvet and smiled. He was so proud of himself, he did it mostly alone since George and Sapnap slept half the day away inside of the car. They joined Dream to help clean the house and do last minute finishing touches. After all of their hard work, the two sat on the couch cuddled up to watch a movie while Dream panicked over everything being perfect.

He stepped back from the bed, looking over the room and flicking on the last electric candle, placing it on the floor. From the short time - and little help - Dream was satisfied with how nice everything looked. He hoped Karl would appreciate it.

Someone wrapped their arms around him from behind, causing the blond to jump slightly at the unexpected touch.

“Come watch a movie, please. Sapnap is making my neck hurt.”

Dream turned to look at George. Neck covered in marks that were slowly growing darker as time went on, bruising his fragile alabaster skin. Dream laughed, running his thumb over the mark right below his Adam’s apple.

“He *ruined* you,” Dream teased and George rolled his eyes with a click of his tongue, “you look so pretty.”

George pulled his lip between his teeth quickly trying to distract Dream from the deep blush growing across his nose and cheeks. “Movie.”

Dream nodded, allowing George to pull him out of the room with one quick glance behind him. George led him down the stairs, pushing Dream onto the couch next to Sapnap and sat on the other side of the tall man.

“There, I put a barrier between us, can’t bother me now,” George crossed his arms and turned on the television.

Sapnap groaned, “You’re such a fucking cocktease, George.”

Dream laughed, leaning back into the couch and putting an arm behind Sapnap’s head. He turned to George, watching the Brit glue his eyes to the television, trying to figure out how it even worked. He then turned to Sapnap, fidgeting in his seat trying to get comfortable under Dream’s arm.

“I love you guys,” Dream blurted out in the newfound silence. Both George and Sapnap glanced at each other and groaned playfully. Dream only rolled his eyes, leaning into Sapnap, “I’m serious, you guys mean so much to me, even if like - like down the line if you guys don’t - if you don’t want me like you do now, I’ll still love you guys either way.”

George rolled his eyes with a soft smile, trying to play off the swirling emotions in his chest. On the other side of him, Sapnap attached his lips to Dream’s jaw. Nibbling softly before he pulled off completely.

“I love you, you nimrod.”

The blond blushed, pushing his hair back and smiling as George repeated the same gesture, pressing his lips to Dream’s jaw quickly before whispering in his ear, “I love you, Clay.”

Dream could have honestly fainted at the words from both men. Seeping right into his brain to take permanence in his memories. He leaned against Sapnap, allowing the younger man to throw his arm over his chest. He patted his chest for George to cuddle, but the brunet only crossed his arms and leaned against the arm of the couch.

“I’m putting on Titanic.”

Dream waited for the protests, he knew they were coming, a 3 hour film about love and death

would not hold Sapnap over well. As predicted, Sapnap complained almost immediately, “Fuck no! That movie is forever long!”

George shrugged, “Karl will be home in 3 hours. That’s how long it is.”

“Dream,” Sapnap whined his name, “Tell him no.”

Dream looked over at Sapnap and shook his head, “Let him watch Titanic, babe.”

George glanced over at the pair cuddling up on the couch and curled in on himself, trying to bring his knees to his chest and get comfortable as the movie began.

“Come here, George,” Dream offered one last time but George remained in his seat, “You’re so stubborn, I hate you.”

George scoffed, “Did you not just confess your undying love to us four minutes ago?”

Dream flipped him off dramatically and turned his attention to the film in front of them. Sapnap was right, the movie is forever long. George fell asleep not even an hour into it. Sapnap fought to keep himself awake but ended up dozing off 2 hours in, but Dream was in a comfortable state of tiredness, about to fall asleep until the flashing headlights shined straight through the front window.

“Fuck! Get up! Get up, he’s home!” Dream jumped off the couch, rattling both George and Sapnap in their sleep.

“Five more minutes,” Sapnap mumbled as George rose from the couch and stretched the ache in his back away.

Dream groaned angrily, pulling Sapnap up from the couch by his shirt, “Go hide.”

“Why do we have to hide? Why can’t you hide? I want to greet him,” Sapnap mumbled, rubbing his eyes.

He felt guilty doing it, but he pressed his hands to Sapnap’s shoulders, ready to push him out of the room if he didn’t leave himself.

Dream sighed, “Please just go get in the nearest closet or something please -”

Sapnap’s eyebrows raised, George’s hands wrapping around his bicep to drag him away, “Nice choice of words.”

The keys jingled in the front door, Dream pleaded with his eyes, a silent apology that Sapnap was quick to accept as George pulled him out of the room. Dream looked around nervously, running his hands through his hair to try and tame the mess that it had turned into from lounging on the couch.
Should he be shirtless right now?

Why would he even think of that?

Should he though?

Through Dream’s internal turmoil, the door finally opened, Karl stepped inside with his head down at the floor. He was on the phone with someone.

“Yeah, the door was locked,” Karl mumbled, “I think maybe it’s someone from the neighbors party -”

Shit - the car in the driveway, Karl was probably terrified right now.

"I'll keep you updated, Chandler, I promise. I've gotta go film a video with -" Karl turned stopping in his tracks as he caught eye contact with Dream. "Dream."

"Hey," Dream smiled, watching the phone drop from his hands and clatter to the floor.

Dream's heart was racing a mile a minute, beating against his rib cage so harshly, he felt like he could hear the blood rushing from his veins to his heart. Karl looked beautiful tonight, clad in tight jeans and a colorful sweater. Paper confetti stuck in his hair either from the video he filmed today or his birthday dinner with his coworkers. He looked beautiful nonetheless. He held his arms out to him, waiting for the crushing feeling of their chests being pressed together. But Karl kicked his shoes off first before stepping one foot in front of the other.

Karl ran to him, jumping into his arms and hiding his face in his neck. He was saying something Dream couldn't hear, the fabric of his t-shirt muffling all of his words as he spoke. Dream's hand flew to his hair, holding him close in his arms and closing his eyes as they swayed. The feeling of Karl's lips pressed to his neck almost had him a moaning mess.

"You're *here*."

Dream hummed, hiding his face in Karl's shoulder, "I'm here. Happy birthday, baby."

Dream set him back down onto his feet, kissing him softly. Karl smiled, turning to pick his phone up from the floor and hang up on Chandler without even saying goodbye to him. "Where's Sappnap?"

"What makes you think I brought him?" Dream laughed.

"His shoes are by the couch."

That fucker, Dream called out to the youngest, he slowly walked out of the kitchen, a small smile on his face as Karl ran to him, hugging him just as tight as he did Dream. Karl kissed him, slow and gentle. Sappnap laughed into the passionate kiss, pulling away but lips were immediately brought between Karl's again. He did not want to stop kissing him.

"Let him breathe, Karl." Dream joked as Karl pulled away reluctantly.

He stood between the pair, looking back and forth before he spoke up again.

"No George?" Karl asked, a pout on his lips.

Sappnap smirked, "No, he didn't wanna see you."

Dream rolled his eyes, pulling Karl into his arms yet again, resting his chin on Karl's head.

"You're lying," Karl's eyes widened, "Is he here?"

Sappnap shook his head, a playful, "No," falling from his lips.

"Are we not enough?" Dream scoffed.

Shuffling from behind Dream made Karl pull away from him, glancing straight passed Dream and towards the kitchen where the noise was coming from.

"George!" Karl pushed away from Dream tackling George. George laughed, wrapping his arms

around Karl as they fell to the floor.

Sapnap turned to Dream, "What the fuck? Where was our hello like that?"

Dream laughed, pulling Sapnap under his arm and kissing his hair. The pair stayed on the floor, whispering barely-there words to each other before standing and fixing themselves. Dream raised his eyebrows, waiting for an explanation that never came.

"I'm so - I'm so happy you guys are here," tears filled Karl's eyes.

Dream saw it coming, Karl was a very emotional person and he knew this might have been a bit too much all at once for him. Dream reached a hand up, capturing Karl's chin between his index finger and thumb.

"You okay?" Dream smiled, watching a single tear fall from his eye before a couple of more followed.

Karl nodded, sniffing quickly before reaching up and wiping his tears away, "Yes, I'm just so glad you guys are here for my birthday. You all said you couldn't make it and - I wasn't mad, but I was really sad you couldn't be here."

Dream kissed him, soft and confidently before Karl could pull away, "Was scared I had to get off in front of a camera again instead of having you guys help me out."

George scoffed, a small laugh following as he leaned into Sapnap, "You're so horny, can't you just enjoy our company?"

"Yes!" Karl gasped, "Of course! I uh - want to watch a movie? Or anime? Or -"

Dream rubbed his back, leading him over to the couch where the three of them were just sitting waiting for him. Dream sat first, squishing himself next to the armrest of the couch and waited for the others. Karl crawled next to him, burying his face in Dream's neck as he whispered sweet nothings into his skin.

"I love you, Karl, happy birthday," His hand was flat against Karl's back, rubbing small patterns against the fabric of his shirt.

A bump of another hand doing the exact same thing threw Dream off. His eyes opened, Sapnap caressing the man in his lap lovingly as he took a seat next to Karl, followed by George sitting at the other end of the couch. Dream thought he was way too far away.

"Don't hog him," George murmured, leaning against Sapnap and staring directly into Dream's eyes.

Dream laughed, nodding his head and kissing Karl's hair, "How was dinner?"

The man in his lap only answered with a shrug, burying his face deeper into Dream's neck. Dream pulled Karl closer, glancing at Sapnap who was reaching for the remote.

"What anime?" Sapnap asked absentmindedly before turning to George and stealing a kiss from his lips.

George blushed, rolling his eyes and sitting back against the couch, pulling his knees up to his chest and turning on the first anime he saw as soon as he opened Netflix. It wasn't one any of them have seen before, well - it's not like Dream watches anime willingly anyway. He always just sits on

the couch and watches Sapnap enjoy whatever is on screen - and Dream isn't even paying attention to the titans attacking or whatever happens in the show in front of them, because Dream's mind was occupied by Karl, Karl, *Karl*.

Sitting pretty in his lap, his face never leaving his neck as the television rumbled with action. Dream wondered if he was sleeping, contently wrapped around his body, but then he felt lips press to his skin, teeth grazing against the thin expanse of his neck, Dream laughed quietly. Making sure not to disturb George or Sapnap.

"I have to shower," Karl whispered against the shell of Dream's ear, lips wrapping around the lobe before nibbling it, "Then, will you all promise to fuck me?"

Sapnap jumped from the couch, "I'll help you shower."

Dream laughed, watching Karl lift his head to look at the youngest man with a smile. Dream knows Sapnap has been desperate for any sort of contact, especially after the trailing marks he had left along George's throat. Karl stepped away from Dream, nodding his head and allowing Sapnap to lead him upstairs to the bathroom.

Dream glanced at George, then back to the television once he realized George was not looking at him. He did hear a small scoff though, Dream's head turned back to the Brit, a small smile on his face as he felt the green eyes burning into his profile.

"Look at me," Dream mumbled and George immediately turned his head and smiled.

He batted his eyelashes at the blond, "What?"

Dream didn't have an answer, he doesn't know why he told George to look at him. He shrugged his shoulders, scooting closer to the brunet with a smile. George turned to him fully, legs lifting to the couch and spreading for Dream to crawl between. Dream placed his head against George's chest and inhaled.

He missed this so much. Just being around the three of them again made his heart swell with all different kinds of emotions. None he would ever speak out loud, that would be too embarrassing. George rubbed his back, nose buried in blond locks.

"I missed you all so much," George mumbled against his scalp and Dream's eyes widened.

He looked up to the brunet, eyes glossed over with what seemed like lust mixed with definite love. Dream surged forward, capturing his lips in a tender kiss. George pressed forward, silently begging for Dream to deepen it and take it further than what was intended.

Dream obliged of course, who was he to say no to George? Hands rubbing circles into small hips as George wrapped his legs around Dream's waist, allowing the blond to hover over him and kiss him deeper. George moaned slightly as Dream's hands squeezed his hips.

"Missed this," George whispered, "Fuck."

Dream did too, savoring the moment of *just them*. It's been a little too long - and soon it'll be *all of them* together again - the day Dream has been waiting for since he watched Karl and George walk through airport security.

"You're not here," George's fingers tapped at his cheek, "What's going on?"

Dream blinked his eyes open - *shit* - he hasn't been kissing back this entire time. He shook his head

with a small laugh, “Nothing, nothing, sorry, princess. All eyes on you.”

George slid up on the couch, completely detaching himself from Dream, the taller man frowned. George crossed his arms, looking at Dream, “What’re you thinking about?”

Fucking Karl senseless.

“Nothing.”

Fucking Sapnap until he’s begging for more.

“Dream,” George scoffed.

Fucking George with a hand wrapped in his hair.

“Thinking about getting your dick in my throat, if I’m honest.”

George laughed, “You’re so annoying.”

Dream pounced on him again, attacking his lips and jaw with passion. George giggled, holding him closer and tilting his head to give Dream better access. A small noise cut their little affair short. George pulled away looking behind Dream with wide eyes.

Dream turned, smiling deviously at Sapnap and Karl, both of them soaking wet and covered with towels.

“Showers done,” Sapnap raised his eyebrows, “And I didn’t even fuck him - wanted to save that for when we’re all together.”

Dream stood with George, “How generous of you.” Dream laughed, wrapping an arm over Sapnap’s shoulder, “Look at us, we’re all together again. I missed this.”

“Are we going to give Karl his present now?” Sapnap asked innocently, unraveling from Dream’s grip and sitting on the edge of the couch still wrapped in a towel, leaning back against the cushion and waiting for what came next.

Dream glanced at Karl wrapping his arms around him, “Yeah, he’s been so good, tonight.” His finger traced Karl’s jaw. Karl shook excitedly in Dream’s grip, kissing him deeply and closing his eyes, letting Dream take full control.

“Go to your room, get rid of this towel, call us when you’re ready and we’ll be right up.” Karl nodded at the words, sliding out of Dream’s arms and over to Sapnap, kissing him quickly and whispering something almost inaudible, then doing the same to George.

“Thank you for being here,” Karl smiled before he sprinted upstairs to his room, hand gripping the loose towel around his waist as he did so.

George stood from his spot on the couch, stretching his arms and cracking his back, trying to distract the others, but Dream knew he just wanted a head start.

“You’re not subtle, sit back down, desperate slut.” Sapnap laughed.

George lunged at him, tackling him against the couch. Dream rolled his eyes as the two of them roughed each other up, pulling each other's hair and clothing - or lack thereof, in Sapnap’s case - laughing between every playful hit. Dream’s ears perked when he heard his name be called from upstairs. He glanced at the fighting pair.

“Last one upstairs fucks Karl last,” Dream said as he sprinted towards the stairs, the other two following quickly behind.

When they reached the bedroom, Dream was taken aback by the sight of him. Karl was bent over on all fours, ass in the air and face buried into the crook of his elbow with his back arched ridiculously steep. Dream licked his lips, staring at the purple gem at the base of the plug inside of him on full display.

Sapnap and George slammed into Dream’s back upon their arrival, “George came last - George cums last.” Sapnap laughed, stepping into the room and stepping forward, “So I get him first right? Since I was good and didn’t fuck him in the shower?”

Karl giggled, Dream’s hand reached out to him, rubbing his thigh softly.

“What do *you* want, baby?” Dream whispered, “It’s your birthday after all.”

Karl turned his head, “Want Sapnap.” He whispered, wiggling his hips desperately.

Sapnap’s hands grasped Karl’s ass, squeezing hard and impatiently. Karl moaned, hips pushing back against Sapnap’s hands. Dream turned to George, gripping him by his shirt and pulling him into a searing kiss. George kissed him back aggressively, slamming Dream against the nightstand. His hands came out to balance himself before he fell backwards completely. His hand crushing a box under his grip.

Karl’s gift.

Dream pulled away from George completely, the Brit’s blood ran cold with frustration and jealousy when all attention was turned away from him. Sapnap and Dream with their eyes glued to the man with a plug in his ass. George wanted to scoff, but instead he sulked back, removing his clothing and climbing onto the bed and sat at the headboard.

“Your gift,” Dream laughed, Sapnap pulled away, watching Karl turn around and reach for the small box in Dream’s hands.

Dream glanced down, Karl was barely hard - it would work perfectly.

Karl ripped apart the wrapping, eyes staring down at the box then going wide when he looked back up to Sapnap and Dream. *A fucking cock ring.*

“Oh -”

“We never got to use it after we bought it,” Sapnap interrupted Karl’s thoughts, “so we brought it here. You’re finally gonna win one.”

Karl giggled, “I’m gonna win this one?”

“Of course, baby,” Dream kissed his nose, “No cumming until we all do.”

Karl whined excitedly, hips lifting as Sapnap easily slid the ring onto his lube covered cock. Sapnap pat Karl’s leg, giving him the okay to resume his position with his ass in the air and face buried into the mattress. Dream backed away, allowing Sapnap to continue what he was doing. Sapnap started out slow, hands caressing every inch of Karl’s body, rubbing slowly all the way from his shoulder blades to the purple gem on the base of the plug inside of him. He pressed small kisses against the curve of Karl’s ass before pulling the plug out slightly. Karl whined, hips thrusting backwards with a moan. Dream loved watching every second of this, the soft gentle

touches between Sapnap and Karl.

Sapnap was never one for physical touch until he met Karl, and Dream loved that he had that influence on Sapnap. Now, he loves to cuddle, to crawl into Dream's bed at night for nothing other than kisses and cuddles. Dream turned his attention back to a waiting George, whose arms were crossed across his shirtless chest angrily. Dream rolled his eyes and pinched his thigh playfully.

George kicked at him dramatically, "Don't pinch me."

"Don't be such a fucking brat," Dream smiled, "Do I need to spank you?"

George hummed, glancing at the pair behind Dream, "Definitely not me."

"I'm sorry, princess, are you not getting enough attention on Karl's birthday?" Dream laughed, trying not to look back at a now moaning Karl.

George reached for Dream, pulling the taller man on top of him and holding him close as Dream trailed kisses from his jaw to his neck. George glanced at Karl, face hidden in his arm as Sapnap fucked him with the plug.

"Get your fucking mouth on me, now," George whined into Dream's ear.

The blond's breath was taken away, he glanced at George and nodded his head, sliding down his body, leaving behind a string of love filled kisses before he reached the base of his cock. George gasped, hands flying to Dream's hair as he licked the underside of George's cock. Dream couldn't help but notice George's eyes were glued to Karl.

Sapnap cradled the birthday boy's face in his hands, kissing every inch of his face he could reach, mumbling words that went straight through Karl's ears, never quite settling in his brain to process as Sapnap slotted his dick between Karl's asscheeks, never quite giving him the satisfaction of actually being fucked. The plug was gone now, discarded somewhere on the floor behind them - Dream silently hoped he didn't step on it later.

"Color?"

Karl looked over at Sapnap, catching his concerned eyes with his and smiling, "Green."

"Are you sure, baby, we can slow down -"

Karl repeated the color again and *again*, hoping Sapnap would take the hint to fuck him already. Sapnap shut him up quickly, placing his lips over Karl's and licking into his mouth. The older man's eyes rolled back into his head, hands falling to his sides as he let Sapnap take all of the control.

Something warm entered his hand. He glanced down, noticing George's fingers slotted between his own. A long thumb running over Karl's knuckles, leaving behind sparks of velvet anticipation for what's to come. He loved these intimate moments with George, cherished the silent communication between the two of them as Sapnap and Dream took what they wanted. Although he was treated like a brat most of the time by George, Karl knew he had a soft spot for him.

Gentle touches, unsaid words filled with lustful eye contact, and soft kisses; Karl knows he was the most gentle lover of the three. From Sapnap's hair pulling and desperate words, to Dream's brutal fingers and aggressive names, George loved the long game. Mean teasing and pinching, soft choking and stinging kissing against his neck, Karl couldn't wait to get his hands all over him.

Dream had George in a concerning angle, both of his legs pushed up to his chest as Dream sucked his cock down his throat. Karl loved to watch it, quietly waiting with bated breath for Sapnap to move on from creating dark marks against his pale skin.

“Nick-” Karl whined, the use of his real name made Sapnap pull away, look down at Karl as if he had done something wrong.

His hands flattened against Karl’s chest, “What’s wrong? Did I hurt you?”

“No, no! Just fuck me, please, I want -”

Sapnap scoffed, cupping Karl’s jaw and leaning in to kiss him swiftly across the mouth, “Baby, you scared me, just because it’s your birthday, doesn’t mean you get to be an impatient little brat.”

Karl whimpered, clawing at Sapnap’s back as he thrust his cock into Karl’s ass. Karl screamed in pleasure, head thrown back and hand squeezing George’s. George squeezed back as Dream’s tongue circled the tip of his cock. George was in heaven, all of them - *here* - together again. George whined - he was so close to cumming down Dream’s throat.

And after all, it’s not *his* birthday, he got to cum whenever he wanted. His hands placed between Dream’s blond hair, pulling slightly before thrusting his hips upwards. The tip of his cock in Dream’s throat twitched as he unloaded into the younger man’s unsuspecting mouth. Dream moaned around his shaft, swallowing the white sticky fluid down his throat easily before he pulled off with a pop.

“Fuck, you fuck my throat so good,” Dream’s voice was raspy, but George is sure he’ll be fine within the next few minutes.

The Brit leaned up, pulling Dream to his lips and kissing him tenderly.

“Oh my god, oh *god! Oh! Sapnap,*” Dream’s head turned to the noise leaving Karl’s lips, leaving George to sloppily kiss his cheek instead.

He and Sapnap looked fucked, Dream’s eyes traveled down Karl’s body. The fluffy-haired man looked amazing, cock bright red and begging to cum, and his legs shook perfectly from the aftermath of the brutal pace of Sapnap’s hips. Dream’s eyes continued to wander down his body, but froze when they landed on his hole. Used and leaking with what Dream could only assume is Sapnap’s cum. All movements stopped, dirty thoughts infiltrated his mind. Thoughts of running his tongue through the leaking mess, licking out every last drop of Sapnap’s cum from inside of Karl.

“*Dream,*” George whined.

Dream’s gaze bounced from Sapnap to Karl to George, his head was *spinning*.

“Fuck, you *came in him?* ” Dream shook his head, trying so hard to shake the thoughts of licking him clean.

George tried his hardest to sit up on his elbows looking at the sight before him. He scoffed almost as if he was disgusted, but Dream knew it was out of jealousy.

“Slut,” George mumbled.

Sapnap laughed, lying down on his back and smiling, “it’s his birthday.”

“Cum in me, daddy,” Karl crawled between George and Dream, completely taking all of Dream’s

attention away from George.

Dream didn't hesitate to wrap his hands around Karl's throat, pushing his back against the mattress and climbing over him. George sat up angrily, eyebrows furrowed in obvious disappointment.

"Happy birthday, baby." Dream whispered, squeezing his hands slightly just to hear Karl gasp under him, "You've been so good, maybe we should take the ring off."

"I been so good, haven't touched myself all week, wanted to wait for -" Karl gasped at the feeling of Dream's fingers tapping the underside of his cock, "m-my birthday."

Dream gasped playfully, ready to praise Karl until George laughed loudly from behind Dream.

"Fucking liar," George scoffed, "You just sent me a video of you getting off with my name on your tongue, *yesterday*."

Karl's eyes widened, trying to sit up, but Dream's grip around his neck was strong.

"No! No, that was old!" Karl tried to defend himself.

Dream's hand released Karl's throat, trailing down his chest and stopping at his navel, right above his leaking red cock. He tapped his stomach with a tilt of his head, waiting for Karl to tell the truth. George, on the other hand, sat with his arms crossed against his chest, his back leaning against the headboard, watching Dream and Karl with the most smug look on his face.

"Do you wanna get punished too, princess?" Dream reached up to grab George's chin. His eyes widened nervously as he glanced at Sapnap, who was cleaning himself up, "Don't look at him, he's not going to help you here."

Dream's voice brought George's attention back to the blond. He moved away from Karl, a hand still on his thigh as if to say he's still right here, but right now he had George in his sights and it made the Brit's skin crawl in the best way. Dark eyes glaring at him with mock hatred, like he was going to devour George, and he would not mind one bit if he did.

"You just *have* to take all the attention away from Karl on his birthday, don't you?" George licked his lips in response, his smirk only growing, never faltering from his face and it was beginning to make Dream's blood boil.

"What are you going to do about it?" George whispered and Dream pulled away from him completely almost immediately.

His smirk fell, watching him go back over to Karl and flip him around so he was lying on his stomach with his face pressed into the mattress and his legs dangling off the bed.

"You're gonna watch me fuck Karl until I cum, then you can have what's left of him," Dream shrugged, "No touching either, princess, Sapnap will make sure of that." Sapnap smiled, climbing back on the bed and wrapping himself around George, burying his face in the older man's neck as Dream spoke, "I like the sound of that, don't you baby?"

His hand disappeared into the mess of Karl's hair, fingers wrapped around curls and pulled up. Karl whined, looking up at George with tears in his eyes, George could tell he wanted this *so bad*. Karl nodded.

"Nuh uh - use your words, you know better by now," Dream demanded, hand getting rougher with the tugging at his hair.

Karl cried out, eyes slipping shut as the pain in his scalp quickly turned to moan-inducing pleasure, “Yes, yes I want that.”

Dream leaned forward, kissing red-raw lips softly, before placing another kiss on his cheek, “And you’re going to keep your eyes on that other *brat* until I fill you with my cum, understand?”

“Yes, daddy,” Karl whined, turning his head slightly to look at George, blinking away tears before Dream’s fingers entered him.

Eyes slipped shut at the feeling of Dream’s long fingers pushing into him, George wanted to kiss his stupid mouth shut, but the grip Sapnap had on him was a tight one. The younger man pressed soft kisses to the back of George’s neck softly, whispering praise into his ear.

“Sap-” George’s head lulled back against Sapnap’s shoulder as Sapnap’s lips moved from his neck to his shoulder, “Touch me.”

Sapnap laughed maniacally, “Nice try, Georgie.”

George had nothing left to do but to watch. Head leaned back against Sapnap’s shoulder as his hands roamed his body, but never gave him the touch that he needed most. Karl was a moaning mess in front of him as Dream licked at his hole as if it were his last time he would ever do this. Karl’s hands were buried in the duvet as he cried out the blond’s name. Dream loved every second of this, lapping his tongue across the used hole in front of him. The taste of Sapnap’s cum and lube on his tongue was a comforting familiar taste. He never wanted to leave his spot between the New Yorkers thighs, but Karl pulled himself away.

“Please - please I need you,” Karl begged helplessly, “Need you to fuck me.”

Dream flipped him, looking him in the eye for the first time in way too long and smiled, “Okay, baby, you’ve been so good tonight.”

Karl shuttered, eyes closed with a small smile on his lips. The peering eyes of Dream staring into his body made him weak; he *loved* this.

“Think you can handle George after me? It’s okay if you can’t, baby, he already got off.” Dream laughed, as he pumped his cock, waiting patiently at Karl’s hole.

The blond glanced over at George whose eyes wide and filled with anger as he spoke for him.

“No - no - want George,” Karl whined as Dream slid the tip of his cock into him, “*Oh fuck!*”

Dream breathed out harshly, hovering over Karl and pressing his lips to his own, “Fuck, you feel so fucking good.”

Karl whined, legs wrapping around Dream’s middle as he pressed himself all the way inside of Karl. Karl cried out, holding Dream close but eyes stayed on George.

“Can - can feel all of you,” Karl moaned and Dream’s stomach tightened, he pulled out slightly and gripped his cock, there was no way he would allow himself to come this soon.

Sure he had been waiting for this moment for so long, to fill Karl full of his cum. He’s done it with Sapnap many times before when it was just them two (although, he would never tell that to the others). Hell, the night before they got on the plane Dream filled Sapnap full of two loads of his cum. He loved it - loved that he was here, slowly fucking his bare cock into Karl. Taking in the moans of the man under him, swallowing every small gasp and moan that left his lips. He would

glanced over his shoulder every-so-often, watching George's dead stare into Karl's eyes.

The pair hasn't looked away from each other since Dream started fucking him, like they were silently planning something ahead of time. Dream ignored it though, too focused on the squeezing around his cock, beckoning him to fill the already used hole he was inside of. Dream fell forward, body against Karl's unmoving.

"Dream?" Karl cradled his face, "Are you okay?"

Dream hummed, "You feel so fucking good, I don't wanna cum too fast," He whispered against the skin of Karl's neck, too embarrassed for the others to hear him.

Karl giggled, wrapping his arms around Dream and hugging him close, "But I want you to fill me up. Please?"

Dream groaned, picking up the pace of his hips yet again. Karl gasped, eyes going back to George. Dream decided to play this up, the silent conversation he wasn't a part of. He gripped Karl's jaw harshly, like he was the one to force Karl to watch George - but Karl did that all on his own.

"Good boy, look at him, he's so desperate to get his hands on you," Dream peered over to George and Sapnap.

A large hand wrapped around George's throat as Sapnap rutted his hips against George's back, probably getting himself off with just his dick caught between his own stomach and George's spine. George's hand reached behind his back, stroking Sapnap through yet another orgasm.

Everyone around Dream was getting off, he desperately wanted to do the same, but he loved the feeling of Karl taking his cock so well. His hand fell from Karl's jaw, burying his face into the soft skin of Karl's chest.

"Doing so good, baby," Dream mumbled against Karl's collar bone, biting his teeth into the skin.

Karl screamed, "Fuck - *fuck* - feels so good, so good. I'm so good."

"So good," Dream echoed, catching his lips between his teeth before pulling on his bottom lip aggressively.

"*Oh*, fuck, I wanna cum, please," Karl whined, "Please, I'm being *so good*."

Dream shut him up with a kiss, pulling away sloppily, a string of saliva still connecting them, "No baby, no cumming, not until George."

Karl sobbed loudly as he turned his head to face George who was now pulling his cum covered fingers into his mouth, Sapnap dazedly leaning against him. He came *again* and Karl didn't get to cum once. Dream's rhythm faltered, he was close, George could tell. The blond was gripping Karl's hips for dear life as he maneuvered Karl's legs around, giving him a better position to get his cock squeezed tighter in the older man.

George wanted to laugh, they both looked so desperate, begging to cum but also begging not to. George watched quietly, lapping up the last droplets of cum on his fingers before turning and kissing Sapnap deeply. He knew Sapnap could taste himself, licking his tongue against George's and wrapping his arms around the older man.

Dream's moans were beginning to piss George off. He wishes he would just cum already so he can finally give Sapnap and Dream the show they have been waiting so long for. The show *George* has

been waiting so long for.

“What are you waiting for, Dream?” George batted his eyes at him slowly, “Fill him.”

Dream came with a loud, but muffled, grunt into Karl’s neck. Hips stuttered to a halt as he filled Karl with his cum, Karl whined at the feeling, the full feeling he had been waiting so long to feel. He was tired, voice was beginning to hurt from all the noise he was making, and he was so, *so* desperate to cum.

His cock ached, leaking filthily all over his lower stomach, begging to be touched - to cum. George pulled himself away from Sapnap, but not before a sloppy kiss to the corner of his mouth before crawling over to Karl with a sly smirk.

Karl’s eyes were filled with tears, threatening to fall but staying in his waterline, George pressed the softest kiss to his forehead, then another to his temple. Karl’s eyes slipped shut, allowing the gentle touches to his skin. George smacked his tongue against his teeth, the noise startling Karl.

“You think I’m going to treat you like a king just because it’s your birthday?” George laughed quietly before sneaking a peek behind him at Dream and Sapnap.

Dream’s eyes were glued to him. Staring deep dark burns into his skin as he watched George’s every move. Fingers trailing lightly against over-sensitive skin - down Karl’s shaking torso to his quivering thighs stopping right at his used and leaking hole.

Sapnap was in a familiar haze of having just cum for a second time, but his sleepy eyes remained on Karl’s cock, tip almost too red with the need to cum.

“Slut,” George spat, index finger circling slowly and collecting the cum leaking out of the younger man.

Karl released a sob, hands flying to his mouth as if he were going to get punished for making any noise, George bent forward, lips pressed to Karl’s thigh soothingly.

“You can make noise, brat. Tell them how good you’ve been, how good *I’m* making you feel.” George seethed.

Karl’s mouth fell open, no noise leaving his lips as George’s fingers pressed inside of him, “George.”

The Brit hummed, moving his fingers in and out of the man below him. He didn’t need prep, he had more than enough of it with Dream and Sapnap inside of him prior, but George loved the noises he was making with every twist and prod.

“M-more,” Karl spoke quietly, hands reaching out to touch George’s arm - or maybe still his moving fingers.

George pulled out, “More? What *more* could you possibly want? Haven’t you had enough?”

“*You*, George, want you.” Karl said almost too quietly, head thrown back as he spoke desperate words into the air.

George nodded, “Okay, you’ve been good, I guess.”

Karl beamed at him, a smile so bright and happy it made George’s heart flutter slightly, but he would never admit it out loud. His eyes raked down Karl’s body, stopping at the hole begging to be

filled yet again.

“You’re such an attention whore, Karl,” George lined his cock up with Karl’s entrance, pressing the tip in slightly before pulling out completely.

Karl whined at the teasing, wiggling his hips for George to finally press into him. But instead George’s hand came out and wrapped around his throat. Karl’s eyes widened, there was no squeeze to his grip, just a touch that said ‘I’m here’ and it made Karl shut up. Finally, George focused on pushing his entire cock inside of the man under him. He did it slowly, bottoming out and staying still for a moment. Letting Karl adjust to the feeling of yet another cock inside of him.

“Can m-” Karl’s words were cut off with a moan, “move, please, Georgie.”

George pulled out and snapped his hips into him and Karl cried out. Tears that had been threatening to fall finally dropped out of the corner of his eyes, he squeezed his eyes shut as George found his pace, but George would not accept that.

“Look at me, slut,” George demanded and the eyes snapped open again, grey melting into a darker shade of almost black, pupils blown so wide he could barely see the pretty grey when he looked at him, “so fucking pretty.”

Karl licked his lips, “Feels so good, you make me feel so good.”

George turned a quick glance to Dream and Sapnap, just making sure they heard the words. The blond’s mouth was on Sapnap’s neck as he pumped his cock slowly to the rhythm of George’s thrusts as Sapnap stroked Dream to a different beat. The younger man’s eyes were pointed directly at George.

When George turned back to Karl, he noticed his face was red and splotchy, a blush blossomed across his cheeks and down to his chest. He looked next to the ring holding Karl’s cock tightly, his mind raced. If he took it off he was sure Karl would cum immediately, before George.

George could win this one.

George smirked to himself, hand leaving Karl’s neck and reaching for the ring around Karl.

“Oh I don’t think so -” Sapnap’s voice startled him, a strong hand wrapping around his wrist, “You’re going to cum before him, Georgie.”

George whimpered, eyes fluttering down to the aggressive hold on his wrist. He turned to Sapnap who caught his lips in a hungry kiss. He could feel Sapnap’s hands wandering towards his ass, and he did nothing to stop him. Only flicking his tongue against Sap’s bottom lip for access inside.

Karl shouted as George’s thrusts turned sloppy - he didn’t even realize how close he was. He pulled away from the kiss, eyes fixating on the sobbing brunet in front of him.

“I wanna cum - please. Please, I’ve been so good. Please.”

George panted, looking to Sapnap, “He wants to-“

“After George, baby,” Dream’s voice made George’s eyes pull away from Sapnap’s.

Dream attacked his lips to Karl’s jaw, forcing Karl’s eyes away from George.

“Hey,” George groaned, hips slowing - he was so fucking close, “Look - look at me, slut.”

Karl whined, eyes flying right back to George, wide and overwhelmed, “Can I cum, George? Please.”

Sapnap’s lips trailed kisses down George’s neck as Dream did the same to Karl. Everyone distracted around him, he slipped the cock ring off Karl easily, watching the man cum all over himself untouched.

George came at the sight, filling the man under him with a loud moan. Dream and Sapnap pulled away, the ladder rubbing George’s back through his orgasm as Karl cried when Sapnap wrapped a hand around Karl, tugging every last drop out of him.

He won, George fucking won - he felt pride swell in his chest, a smirk growing on his face as everyone focused their attention on Karl. No one will ever know George was the last to cum, he’ll let Karl have this moment.

For now.

“Good boy, you’re such a good boy.” Dream praised, wiping Karl’s tears from his face and kissing the burning skin, “You did so well, Karl, you okay?”

“So okay,” He whined as George slowly pulled out, wincing at the loss of warmth around his cock and falling back against the headboard.

Dream looked away from praising Karl, eyes going straight to George who was fighting sleep as soon as his head hit a pillow, “Get something to clean them up,” Dream whispered to Sapnap.

The youngest frowned, “But I’m tired!”

“I’ll get it,” Karl mumbled, “Want a bath.”

“Me too,” George mumbled, standing from the bed with newfound energy and helping Karl stand, “Clean yourselves up - losers.”

Dream scoffed as Sapnap laughed, pulling a familiar shirt from the floor and cleaning himself and Dream off.

“That better not be mine,” Dream glared as Karl and George walked out of the room.

Sapnap only shrugged, throwing the shirt back to the floor and pressing his lips to Dream’s jaw, “Thank you.”

“For what?” Dream laughed, leaning off the bed to pull on a pair of boxers he wasn’t even sure were his.

Sapnap shrugged, a blush crawling up his cheeks, “Everything I guess.”

“Sappy, you thank me all the time for ‘everything’, you okay?”

Sapnap nodded, leaning in to kiss Dream quickly, “I would - I probably wouldn’t be as happy as I am right now if it weren’t for you guys.”

“Sap -”

His hand went up to stop the blond, “No seriously, I love you and I mean it. You said if we ever don’t want you like we do now down the line you’d still love us...but I have always loved you like this, and I won’t stop loving you like this ever.”

Dream was ready to cry, listening to the heartfelt words fall from his best friend's lips. He kissed him, hard and with purpose.

“Don’t start anything - I’m too tired, you didn’t even fuck me tonight.” Sapnap laughed, stepping off the bed to rummage around the room for his underwear, “Are those mine?”

He pointed to the black pair hugging Dream’s thighs - oops.

“Probably, and don’t you worry your pretty head, sweetheart, I’ll fuck you in the kitchen tomorrow morning before the other two wake up,” He teased, stepping off the bed and throwing a random pair he found on the floor at his head, “Let’s go find a new room to sleep in - this bed is covered in cum.”

Sapnap gagged, “Why do you *always* fucking do this?”

“Because I *love* you!” Dream sang, running after Sapnap as they explored the rest of the house.

—

Karl had a guest bedroom only two doors down from his bathroom. The bed was a bit smaller than Karl’s own, but it would work. Sapnap dove onto the mattress first, pulling the blankets up and over his head before he turned on the giant flat screen TV mounted on the wall across from the bed. Dream shook his head, turning out the light and climbing in next to Sapnap. He wrapped his arms around the shorter man, burying his face in Sapnap’s chest and inhaled softly.

Sapnap’s hand weaved into his hair, caressing blond locks gently easing Dream into a deep sleep. Dream doesn't know when he woke up, but he felt the warmth of another person pressed against his back. The TV was on but almost silent in volume, the only thing illuminating the dark room. He turned slowly in the bed so as to not wake up Sapnap, who was asleep under him.

Karl was pressed to his back, softly snoring into the air, on the other side of him was George, quietly scrolling through his phone, “Hey,” Dream whispered so quietly he wondered if George even heard him, so he repeated it again, “Hey.”

George glanced up from his phone, eyes wide and glossy.

“What’s up?” Dream whispered, “You okay?”

George nodded, “My uh - my visa was approved.”

Dream’s eyebrows raised, jaw slightly ajar. Was George serious? He sat up a bit more, “*What?*”

“They approved my visa - I can move here, I can *live* here,” George smiled, turning a bright phone screen to face Dream, “I’ve just got to go home and pack and figure everything else out - but I should be okay to move in within the month.”

Dream wanted to kiss him, hold him and calm the growing nerves he knew were bubbling in George’s chest. But Karl slept peacefully between them, and he didn’t want to rattle the man awake so Dream only nodded. His hand stretched out to caress George’s jaw softly.

“It’s okay to be nervous,” George huffed out a stuttered breath, peeking over at Dream with a

knowing look, “But you get to be with us soon, all together. *Forever.*”

George scoffed out a laugh, “God, you’re so corny. Besides, Karl still lives ten hours away.”

“I said I was open to moving,” Dream shrugged, “And we could participate in Mr. Beast videos easier too - if we wanted.”

George hummed, the thought of moving to the middle of nowhere North Carolina did strike a bit of fear in him, but he’d be with his boys, so really, what did it matter where they lived? As long as they were together.

“Okay, I’m going to sleep now.”

Dream smiled, watching the brunet lock his phone and place it on the nightstand next to his own. His hair splayed out on the pillow softly, arms coming up to wrap around Karl before he settled in for his slumber. Dream fell back to the pillow, closing his eyes and breathing slowly.

This was it, this is how they would live - of course Dream would buy them a much bigger home - but they could finally be together.

Forever.

All thanks to a stupid game during a Manhunt recording - *fuck.*

Dream shot up from his place in his bed, scrambling to leave the bed and find the nearest computer.

“What are you doing?” Sapnap yawned.

Dream groaned, grabbing his phone from the nearest nightstand. Damage control, “I promised I’d upload Manhunt tonight.”

George snickered against Karl’s skin, immediately thinking up something Dream could tweet out.

“Tell em you pushed it off for sex, they’d understand, or don’t tell them anything at all,” the Brit mumbled.

Always the clever one, ignore it until it goes away was George’s favorite thing to do. Dream had grown quickly to understand George and his avoiding tactics.

Karl was now awake, eyes barely open in the dark room, “Editing error, need it to be one hundred percent before you upload it. Now come back to bed, I’m cold.”

He was so smart and lovely, Dream couldn’t help but smile at the sleepily mumbled sentence. Sapnap cleared his throat, ready to speak the sleep away from his voice.

“Nah, tell ‘em you just got the best dick of your life and you need another couple of days to recuperate,” Sapnap added.

Always the raunchy one, but he took their suggestions to heart, sending out a short yet sentimental tweet that would calm down the anticipated masses. He threw his phone onto the nightstand, crawling in between his boys. As different as they were, Dream was so happy to be here with them, snuggled between the warm bodies of his three best friends.

Dream loved them so fucking much.

Chapter End Notes

So this it is, this is the end. I hope you liked reading it as much as I liked writing it.

- Follow me on Twitter

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- Comments and Kudos are appreciated.

- Stay subscribed to the "For The Love of Manhunt" Series. I would like to keep the FTLOMCU (For the love of manhunt cinematic universe) alive with some side chapters. (not any time soon, but ... soon)

Thank you again. Enjoy my other works while you're here as well !!

Goodbye :)

Please [drop by the archive and comment](#) to let the author know if you enjoyed their work!